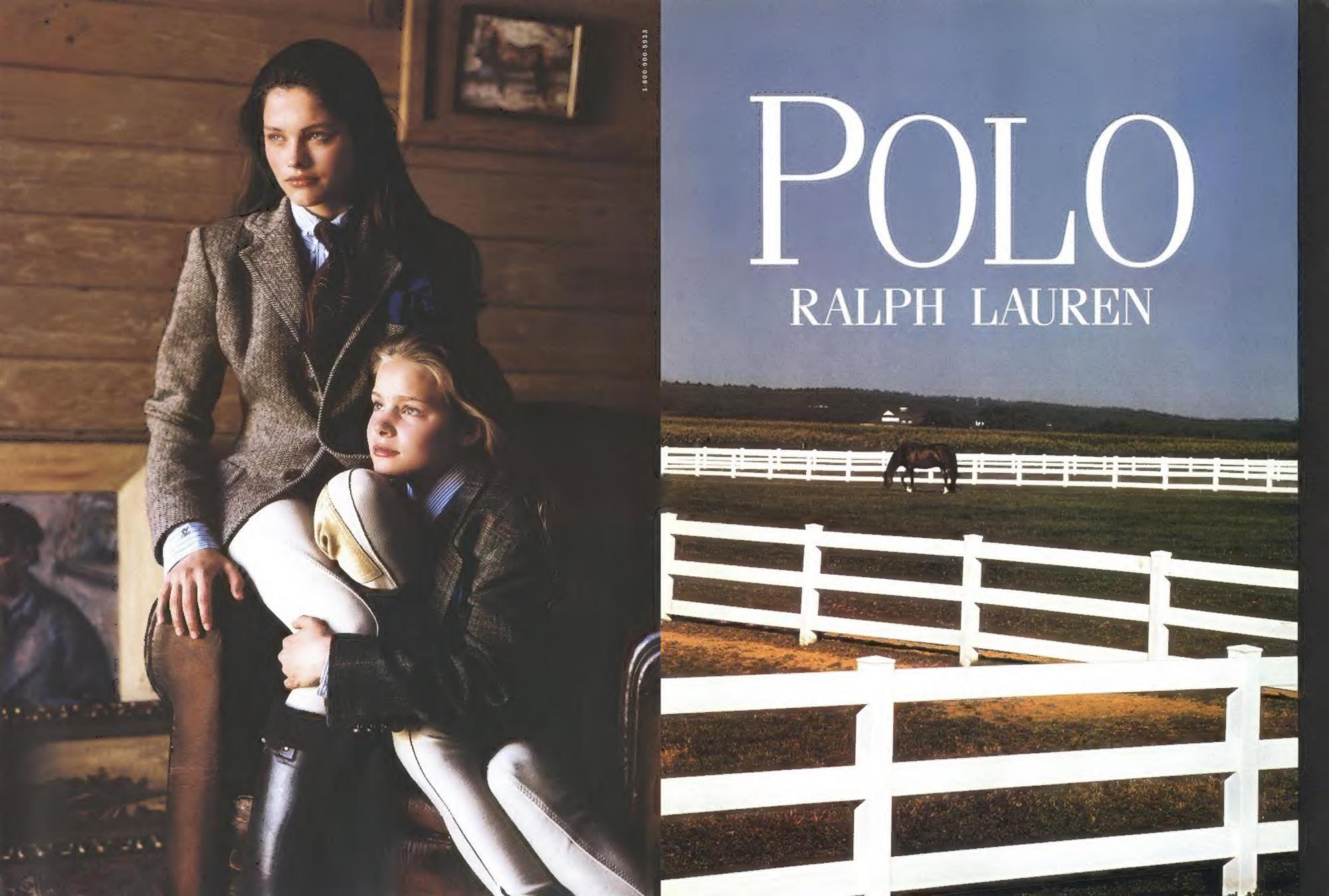
Cocaine, the CIA, and a Good Man Destroyed Nic Cage Slept Here America's Actor Goes Home By Scott Raab 84Thingsa Man Should Know **FALL FASHION** The Suits You Need The Perfect Shirt and Tie All About Cashmere A Beautiful Story About an Old Man By Mike Sager Terrell Davis's Five Keys to Success Jeff George's One Way to Fail













6 am, Saturday morning.
I hate it when I oversleep.









STYLE AGINDA

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Quality, versat e briefcases are a must for the on the-run '90s professional Today's styles are sleck in design with rich soft leathers. Pictured Briefcases with titan amfinishes by Prada. Available in all Prada houtiques.

Esquire Invites You to Support Tanqueray's American AIDS Rides



Tanqueray's American AIDS Rides

Since 1994. Tanqueray has helped make possible the most successful. AIDS fund trusers in history. As presenting sponsor, they've proudly been there on every Ride to help support each of the 22 000 particular of the 22 000 particular four years these extraordinary peopic have raised a gross total of over \$70 million. You can help too. Whether you ride, work on the crew, volunteer or make a dona-

tion, we hope you I join Tanqueray and the tens of thousands of AIDS R de heroes in the continuing battle against HIV and AIDS. Come and cheer on the riders at the closing ceremonies of the 1998 Boston to New York R de on September 19 or at Tanqueray's Texas AIDS Rice, ending in Dal as on October 11. For more information about the closing ceremonies or to find out how to get involved, call 800-825-1000 or visit the Website at www.aidsride.org.

Experience the Charity Softball Game of the Year

Join Esquire in celebrating the 50th anniversary of the Artists and Writers Softball Game, a celebrity filled charity event in

New York's Hamptons On Saturday, August 22, 1998, come see sports figures high-profite politicians, and famous actors and writers to nitorces to play in the softball game of the year and raise money for local charities. The game will be held at Herrick Field in East Hampton, NY at 3.00 p.m. The suggested door contribution is \$8.00 Afterwards, oin us at 6.00 p.m. for a party at The Laundry 31 Race Lane in East Hampton, NY To RSVP for the party call 212-649-4042



Leading Tough Guy Nick Nolte Has a Soft Spot for Pal Zileri

During the awards ceremony for this years Italian Oscars. Nick Nolte was resplendent in a tuxedo by Pa. Z len his Italian designer of choice. When he's not shopping for Pal Z len in the States, he's making the rounds in Europe. On a whitward pression this past May, made possible.

by Nolte's friendship with Lorenzo Dela Croce, marketing director of Pa. Aleris parent company. The Lorall Group, and with the owners of the Moda Mario bout que in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. No remade time it stop at a number of Pa. Aller boutiques in Milan. Venice, and Munich, where he added to his stylish, confident wardrobe.

1800 Tequila and Fsquire Salute One of Mexico's Premier Artists



Esquire and 1800 Jequila are proud to be part of the opening night reception for an exhibition by Mexicos Juan Soriano who has been painting and sculpting for more than half a century. This retrospective of

Sortine's graphic works, presented by the Mexican Cultura Institute of New York, will be no distribute of the Mexican Cultural Institute 27 East 39th Street, New York: September 8 through October 23. As excitative spirits sponsor. 800 Tequala will be served during the opening-night recept on on September 8.





















106 Nic Cage's Suburban Nightmare BY SCOTT RAAB

This is the house where Nic once lived, this is Long Beach, California, and this is his homecoming. He says he hasn't been back for twenty years, but what's with this creepy déjà vu vibe? Consult the writing on the wall.



112 Old

BY MIKE SAGER Glenn Sanberg is a man of years shaped, nicked, filled up, and pared down by more than his biblical span of time. He is old. He has been old far longer than he was ever young. And he is still waiting to grow up.

122 The Great Unknown

BY PAUL ATTANASIO

A great novelist, a ghostwriter, and a gun: excerpts from a new screenplay by America's top screenwriter. Esquire's exclusive first look at a major work in progress.

126 Jeff George, All-American

BY TOM JUNOD

He can make coaches weep with his miraculous rising spiral. The Raiders' QB may be the losingest quarterback in the NFL, but that doesn't mean he isn't splendid.

150 The **Pariah**

BY CHARLES BOWDEN

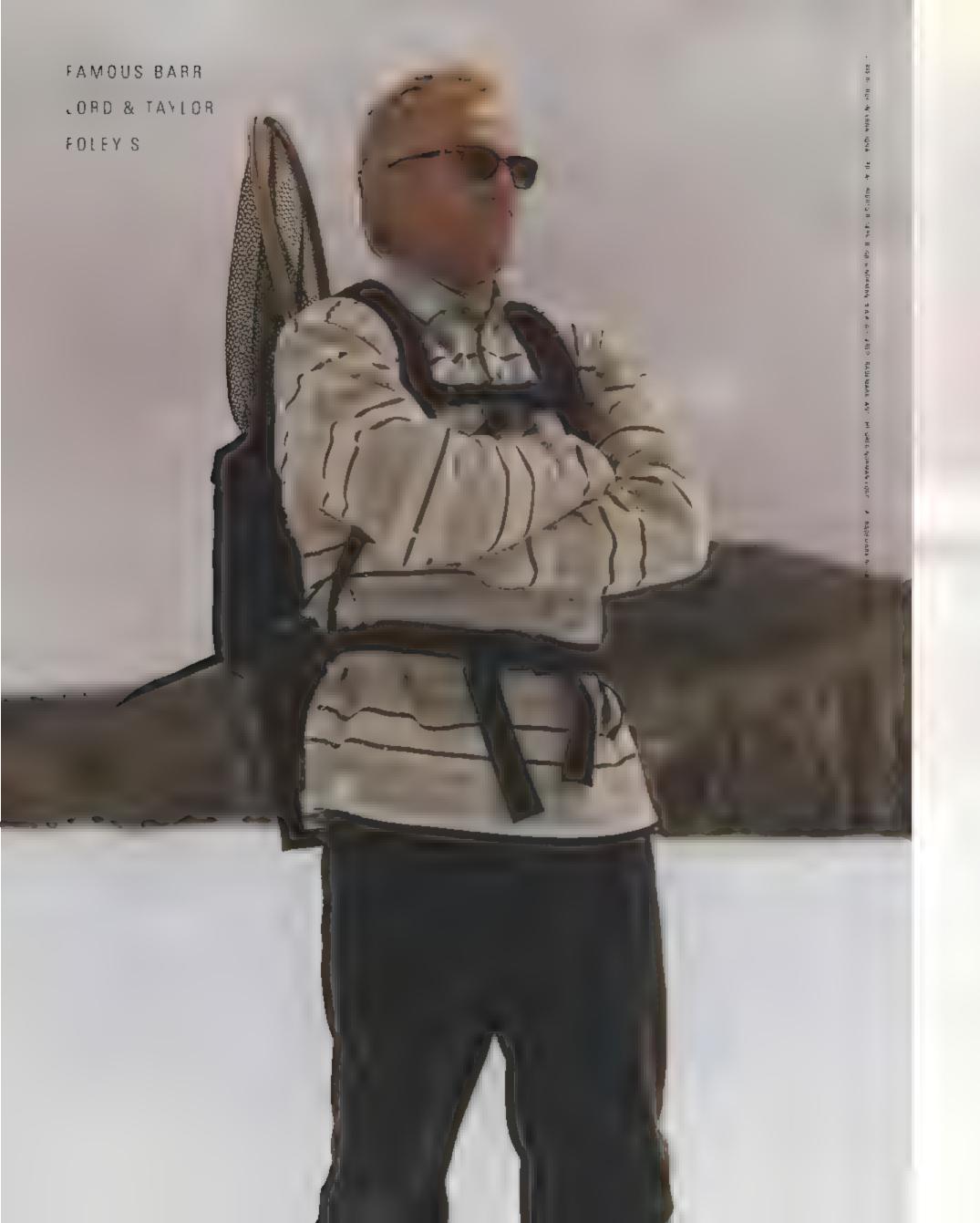
Gary Webb reported what seemed to be the story of the decade and was humiliated and ultimately banished from journalism as a result The funny thing is that he was right.



The the third introducing campean

ON THE COVER Photographed exclusively for Esquire by Anton Corbijn Styling by Maryam Malakpour T-shirt by Prada.





A T T A C K



Eaquite CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

Columns and Departments

36 The Sound and the Fury

40 Contributors

44 Editor's Letter

47 Esky



51 Manat His Best

How much would you be worth dead? How about Monica and Leo? Plus: shoes with traction; the revolution in cheap wines, chattering with the Squirrel Nut Zippers; John Edgar Wideman's new novel; Jamie Lee Curtis frightens herself; the renaissance of New York's landmark restaurants; perfect matches; and Dangerous Knowledge.

68 Green How do you make a bundle in red chip stocks? Very carefully BY KEN KURSON

74 The Screen Director Cat. Franklins subdued new movie, One True Thing, is startling in its compassionate and savage frankness. BY DAVID THOMSON

81 The Culture Genteel 1930s St. Paci goes a bittle bit havwire in Robert Clark's caterly unforgettable crome novet Mr. White's Coplession,

84 The Lives of Men This is the life she wanted isn tit? So fifteen years later what is she stid waiting for? BY ROBERT HUBER



88 Fiction You're very close to losing everything that's sacred "Providence" a debut short story BY DAVID ABRAMS

94 America Lincoln Spoor is a man with a mission. He yearns to bring Krispy Kreme to a faithless, doughnut ess land. But the road to Las Vegas is not paved with powdered sugar BY MARTHA SHERRILL

161 The Male Animal

Strength, speed, agility, coordination, intelligence. Sounds like the NFL Combine. And like the foundation of every healthy man's life. Bronco running back Terrell Davis shows you the NFL way to fitness.



Style

56 Material Man

A matchless guide to matching the sharpest shirts and ties.



130 Live Like an Argentine

On a trip to the hemisphere's hottest city, Esquire showcases the fall's coolest clothes: coats, ties, shirts, and suits sophisticated enough to tango in. PHOTOGRAPHS BY KOTO BOLOFO

144 Things a Man Should Know (About Style)

Suspenders, ill employed, produce wedgies, and other truths from the stylish man's rule book. PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRIAN VELENCHENKO

146 Six Goats to a Sweater

It's the fabric of the gods, but it's spun from the goat. For centuries, the making of cashmere was hush-hush Now its secrets come out of the closet. PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL STEELE

172 Hardware

Tools for the stuff you wear: hangers, shochorns, brushes, steamers, and irons all essential weapons for the well-dressed life.



168 The Perfect Man

The sense of smell, dirty socks, Vicks VapoRub, win dow putty, the perfect Scotch. Our hero learns to rejoice in his sniffer's neglected gifts By CAL FUSSMAN

184 Snap Fiction

It's mating season. And Jimmy knows what to stay away from this time of year, by tony farley



Ermenegildo Zegna





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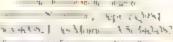
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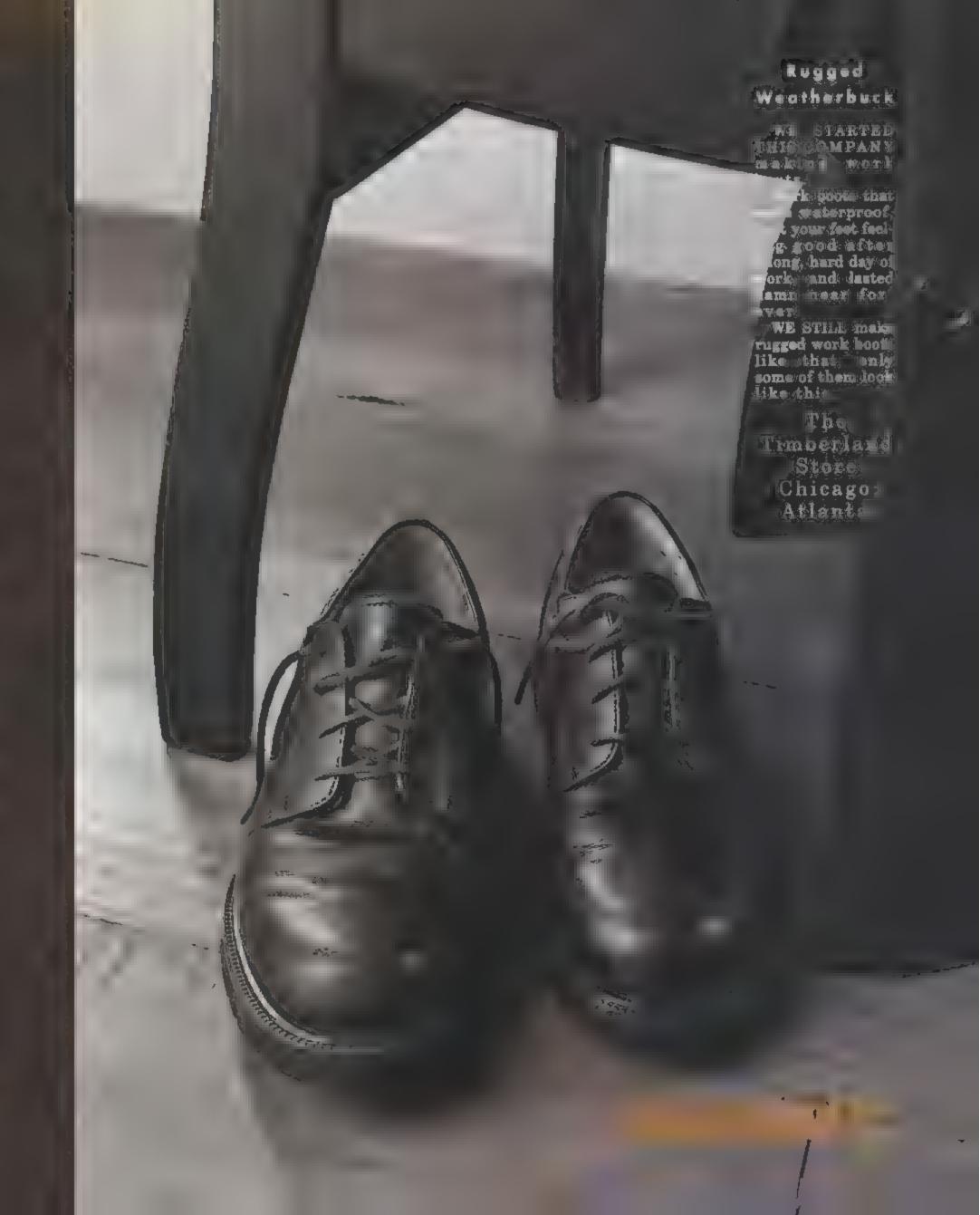


THE AMERICAN DREAM

is too small. It's not enough to be the quarterback and marry the cheerleader and make senior VP and have the tiniest cell phone. We can be great, but

IT WILL NOT BE MEASURED BY

investment portfolios or personal fitdess frainers if will be measured by
the roice inside yourself that refls you
what you are truly capable of The Amen
tean Dream will always be there for you
But your own dream it you listen is
MUCH, MUCH BIGGER.





the sound and the fury

Fiction and Feasts

In July, Esquire's summer fiction issue included a piece by Garry Shandling, who penned an ode to his imaginary friend Larry Sanders, an experimental story by David Foster Wallace, an excerpt of the Rounders screenplay, and a short piece by Rick Moody. Meanwhile, food critic John Mariani compiled a top-ten list of the best American restaurant cities. Some readers, full of civic pride, would count his rankings as fiction, too.

Mariani's survey of the best restaurant cities contained few surprises, making San Francisco number one is hardly a revelation. However, saying that he wished he could have included Cleveland and not Cincinnati really hurt Could it be he hails from Cleveland, where a

gourmet meal means a hunk of black bread and kielbasa? Cincinnati has a ways been considered the best restaurant city in Onio-second best next to Chicago in the entire Midwest I'll bet Mariani didn'i even consider it

ROBERT O JOHNSON Cincom at Ohio

You would have done your readers a great service by including Toronto in the best-restaurant-cities list in your July issue Since Toronto is one of the most visited North American cities by Americans, you could still maintain your loyalty by acknowledging its existence and he.p educate your readers at the same time. I guarantee you, Toronto would place no worse than second in your survey

> MARTIN GALLA Venue Fla

Thomas's Promise

In Ron Suskind's exclusive conversation with Clarence Thomas (And Clarence Thomas Wept July, the Supreme Court justice rerealed his formula for success for black stu-Jents in white America Blend in

Can one imagine a Jewish adult telling a young lewish child not to study lewish history? Imagine a Native American, Hispanic American, or white American being told to ignore his or her ethnic history? In your story, Justice Clarence Thomas recently advised a young black student about to begin classes at Brown University to avoid "that Afro-Amencan-studies stuff"

In an effort to outrun poverty in Pin Point, Georgia, Thomas, it appears, de cided he must work hard and deny any connection with the reality of his blackness The familiar formula for success

that Thomas describes has its roots in the hard work and determination that is the American way However, Thomas feels it necessary to omit studying the historical experiences that made it possible for him to assume his present position And isn't it ironic that the paintings of Booker T Washington and Frederick Douglass that don the walls of Justice Thomas's office are often not ful ly explored except in African Americanstudies courses

It would be one thing for Thomas, as a role model and mentor to warn a young man against limiting himself in tellectually. But it is quite another to suggest he hide from or escape his blackness by belitting a facet of American history. As interneding warfare continues in some segments of the African-American community it would be wise to counsel that the key to survival is rooted in the African American history that Thomas seems to deny

> TH BEKRY Timpe Fla

Under His Skin

In his June column Charles P Preses posited that in the grand scheme of things . . Young August temmer fedn. Mirtings may be better than Smarta at least one of the Chairman's level fans is looking to terring some body's neck over the suggestion

I live in the land of John Elway, and I am true to my school Yet I like to beheve that, with age, I've gained enough wisdom to be willing to rearrange my priorities instead of living with those I chose as a child. This flexibility, however, has apparently eluded Charles P Pierce The answer to his question is, Hell no' The case



cannot be made that last years, this year's, next year's, or any other year's Cy Young Award winner is better than Frank Sinatra In fact, no sports figure is better than Smatra

CHAS GALL Denoct Colo

Long-Lost Brothers

Though Esquires special issue on brothers came out back in fanc reactors continue to respond as a letters. Maybe they re a but tards but they is salt get a right to be heard uspecially if they have something meetersays

I loved, loved, loved your Brothers issue It sone thing to have that cureka moment over dinner, it's quite another to then go ahead and put together such a diverse and compelling collection of stones and subjects. I was especially touched by Joe Kennedy's account of losing his brother It had quite an effect on me.

-KEN P SAND Whitestone NY

When I read the Brothers issue, I was as touched by the photographs (especially the one of His Holiness the Dalai Lama and Tendzin Choegyal) as I was by the stones. I have two older brothers, with whom I am sadly, not very close I hope that as we continue to grow and hopefully mature we will have the same closeness and the same respect the brothers in your magazine displayed

SHANNON COLLAGRAN Anahem, Calif

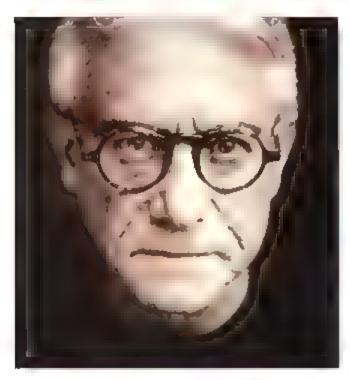
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KENNETH COLE new york



contributors



In s month marks the debut of The Culture coramn by Greil Marcus, who has been recognized as a crench introduct observer and entic since his formative years it a fledgling Romas Stone "I want to start with something one he is principal or a single the of dia legue from a movie, and their bear down enthat are act as and is possible, says Marcus. and recatly curited in expansion at the White Museum in New York and is the ju 1. If so er, books, neuding Misters Trans and the Pather I train "It you bear weren hard in eight on this art and it it accually begins es and incito cranslate the language of our custure. In smooth's price "Everything Happens So newhere" chage see may revolve ound. Robert Clark pover but The Culture will right our dinonal book column "The ser as will ringe rum the observas to the seemings impossible but the training of 12 St years & motor he offer sus"

A nather than sheer use on the areaded a situate as grane nothers narsing home veits ago or the more thought of starting even day with a bowl bringered a istle of prescription pers. writer in arge Mike Sager has long been in his words "kind of versoro getting ild Needless to say a reporting his affecting story "Old" page a telephed agreat deal about the two 12% of mains were and the hardens no ambors that come along with it A corspone ngine weight the count Irea y lattike I have three of while is bold sers sizer i the tree of a stanter beause then was sele of these mere in the isprove matrick the water out should the state of the person had at time you doct with which and



Paul Attanasio has been working on The Great transcention the past taree years, and yet it cm, ps, sook it progress. It is as close to finished is my screen plays ever are which is to say not very," he says. I tenu to keep reverting an it is shot That's when you rase the white flig. Since his on y days as a firm entire for the Waranger Fourt. The was my film school he says. Adams it has penned he screenpage. for Que She's Decision and Domine Busic and created the accumined NBC series Home de life to the Shear "I ke to think my screenplays are meint to be read is well as seen and I'm just happy that Esquire egrees with me. For a snock preview of the orest colorien, cente page, -

Two weeks after Gary Work's "Dark A cance so ries appeared in the Norgos Mercury News in August 1995 contributing editor Charles Bowden found himself in a bar having a few drapks with some nares (his idea of a good in ght). For some reason, Webb's piece came up and I asked the guys. So what do you in 162 Is what Webb wrote about he CIA true" recalls Bowden the author of filteen reaches including plant wind and ware. The ladrers in a Nor Future "And they all turned to me and said Of ours as That's when I kne y that some body would have to do this stery and I figured i might is well be no "The Pinih Bowden's story on Webb, a month describes as freat smalt. real straigh lives on tixtu de sac fam is man a that crap begans on page 150

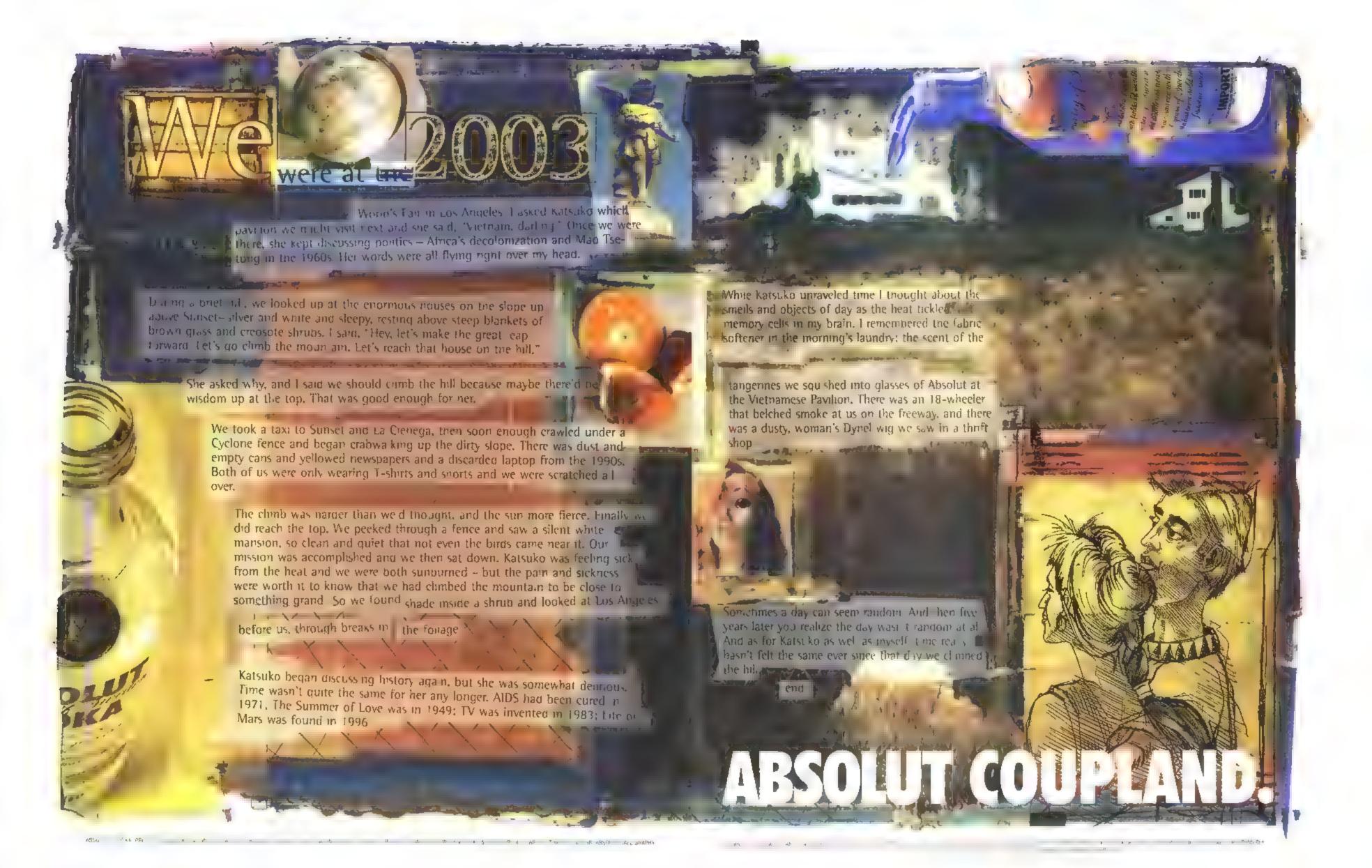


Koto Bolofo had never been to Argent ha before. "About a . I knew " he says, "was Eva Paron and the Filklands War" so he wasn't quite sure what to expect when he jumeyed to Buenas Aires t. snoot the style feature. Live Like an Argentine - page 15.1 "We used non-node spoil the street and I was completely taken by their appenness. and war nih" says Bo ofo, who was born in South Africa but spent many of his age, t years hang in Europe is a peritial refugee "Argentines have a raw sense of style a sense of dignity and pride that is annote. It doesn't master what cothes was put them. in the pride shines through Thiaddition a being in editional, that it and advertising photographer Bo of a coldinamenter Two of his atest. The Land of White the Seed t bo a and african boset with reservented this November at the hand from in New York City





GIORGIO ARMANI LE COLLEZIONI



editor's letter

A few weeks ago, I went home from the office, talked with my daughters about their day at school, helped them get ready for bed, fixed a plate of leftovers from the party we'd had two days earlier, poured a glass of wine, and sat down at the kitchen table to read the manuscript of a story by Mike Sager, the final

version of which appears on page 112

It's a long piece about something that will happen slowly to all of us getting old Long as the story is though, I didn't want it to end. In "Old," Mike did what great storytellers have always done. He made me live in someone else's life for a little while. He gave me an experience that is different from mine but not the least bit foreign. And when the story end ed and I had to leave that world, I felt sad and elated and fulfilled

"O.d" is a special story in an issue of Esquire that offers many wonderful experiences. As I write this, I am returning from Italy, where I continued what will be my lifelong education in style. On this trip, I had the considerable advantage of traveling with Stefano Tonchi. Esquire's new fashion creative director. Stefano grew up in Tuscany and resides in New York, but he lives in that place where style and culture come together. His gift for interpreting that place is most apparent in the style portfolio "Live Like an Argentine," which begins on page 130 Like Sager, Stefano and photographer Koto Bolofo take us to another world in this case, the most cosmopolitan of cities, Buenos Aires-and abow us to live there for a little while. Live there, that is, in the best suits we can imagine.

The world Charles Bowden leads us into in his story, "The Panah" (page 150), is, on the other hand, a place few would willingly visit. Reporter Gary Webb chose to enter the alternate universe where the CIA sponsors armies and sometimes finds itself allied with drug dealers who sell their wares in the United States. Webb wrote a newspaper series that documented how the Nicaraguan contras of the 1080s were in part financed by just such an arrangement—and he was then professionally destroyed for it. Bowden in the course of reporting this story over the last six months, found considerable evidence that parallels and supports Webb's articles-including revelations from one of the DEA's most decorated agents, who speaks for the first time about the CIA's complicity in the drug trade. It was not, however, the agency's ties to drug traffickers that Bowden found most disturbing. It was that a man can lose his livelihood, his calling, his reputation, for telling the truth

These stones in particular make it a pleasure to edit this magazine

-David Granger #

Someone Else's



THERE ARE NO ERRANDS JUST CHANCES TO DRIVE.



NTRODUCING

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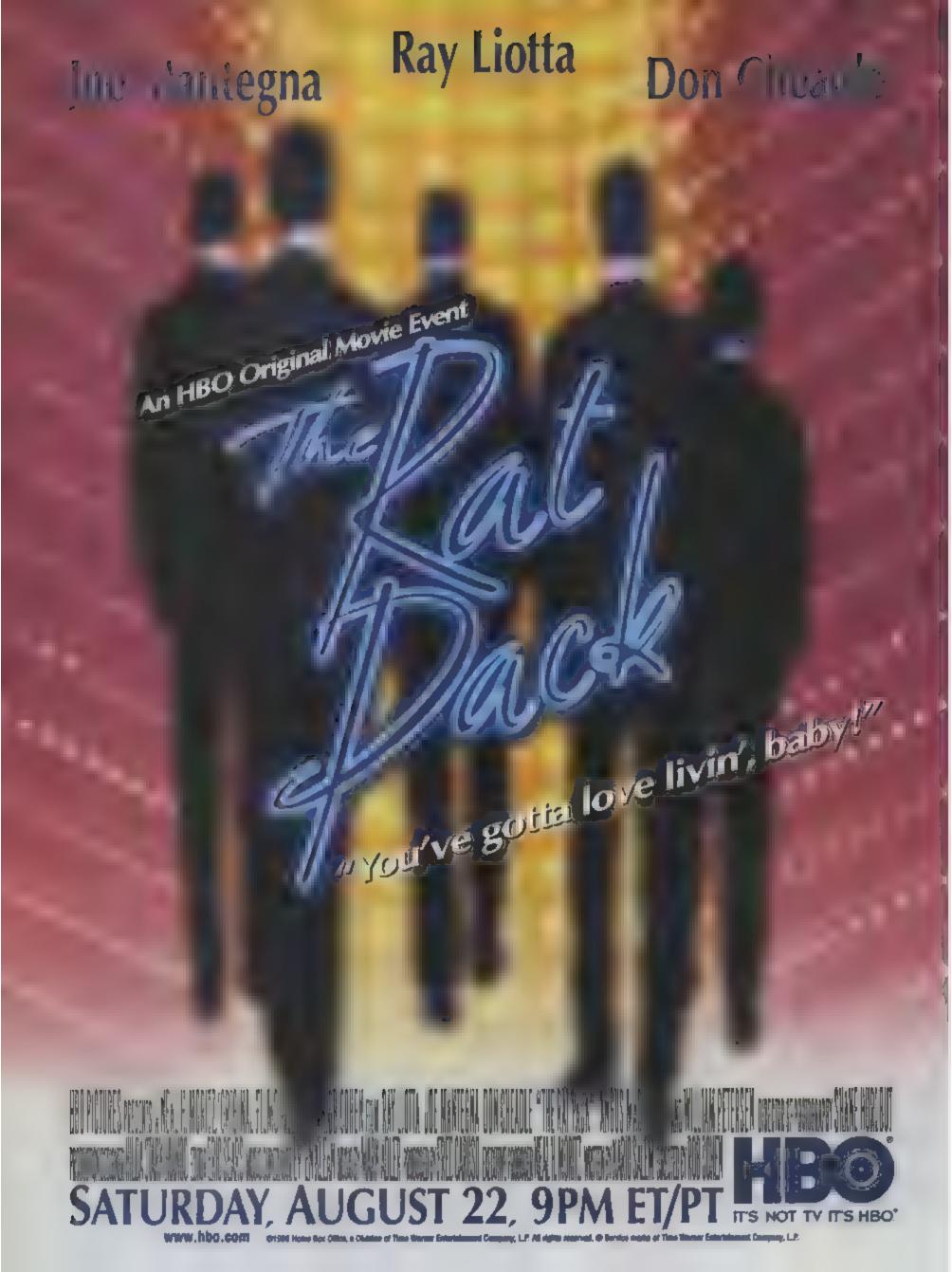
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HOLE MODEL SHOWN, FEATURES WARY BY MODEL







It is 3:00 A.M. We slip into waking, thinking we're still asleep, and watch as the Technicolor leaches out of another Ionesco nightscape,

our stream of subconsciousness until edge of a revolution in [journalism]," all that is left is an episode of Suitdenty Susan It is usually then that we Press Club recently. We would not feel that sharp twinge in the solar have thought of Las Vegas, the place piexus, the one that reminds us where waning fads and fashions go to You be lost it

Christ, we then realize, it isn't even the word for it anymore. It as anyone who still has it knows, is edge. To possess it is to have an edge or preferably

the edge to be edgy or, if at all possible, the cutting edge. The alternative is to go soft, which is as bad as it sounds and just as mevitable

Because edge is a young man's game

First goes the edge that cuts vertically down the torso, overrun by billowing, soft horizon tals But this is not the edge that matters, we

can successfully delude ourselves. It's don't automatically associate it with, what sup here that counts-not hair necessarily but sharpness of mind and acusty of outrage But soon enough. we realize that we're not storming out of as many meetings as we once did that we no longer frighten people, that we think about the consequences of our actions before proceeding. Age is a powerful brain softener (see page 112

Our matter has gone so gray that we can't even recognize edge when we see it anymore. We would not have vice president of marketing and combeen able to identify Matt Drudge the munications. While the network's Internet tool, as being "on the cutting slogan will remain unchanged, new

as our mental overlord subdues, untwists, and contextualizes as he was introduced to the National commit speciacular suicide, as being "on the cutting edge of everything v.sionary," as its mayor claimed a few weeks ago. When we hear the phrase "extreme, edgy entertainment," we

make Welcome home seem totally in your face "It's all about the execution and style," Schweitzer said That's probably also the case at the Fox Family Channel, where semor vice-president Eytan Keller has promised something "slightly edgy, yet sti., fam.ly-friendly" Of course, anyone in advertising will

graphies and music will somehow

tell you that the real cutting edge stuff on television is the commercials "A atthe edgy and off-center a lot like [our product]" is how lan Beavis described the new campaign for his company The little edgy and off-center product

15 -you're way ahead of us-the 99 Mercury Vi. lager min.van obvious.y. and the little-edgy pitch men are, quite naturally. the Rugrats, those Nick elodeon cartoon bables who say the darnedest things when their parents aren't looking

As we pointed out. a's a young'un's game

Which brings us to the edgiest thing around

until something else comes along South Park, remarkably still popular for its cutting edge portrayal of eight year old boys swearing for the sheer oy of it, cruelly taunting those different from themselves, being fixated on all things anal You just don't get any edgier than you are at eight (It's a bit ironic, though We've lost our edge, and yet it seems as if we fart more

It all makes you feel for Nic Cage's predicament (see page 100). After all, eating bugs may be edgy as hell but it's strictly for kids. Re



as an Advertising Age editor did the Six

work server of such soft foods as The

What Happened to Dick Van Dyke Myster-

ies would be pretty much edgeless

But we hear that, starting this fall, the

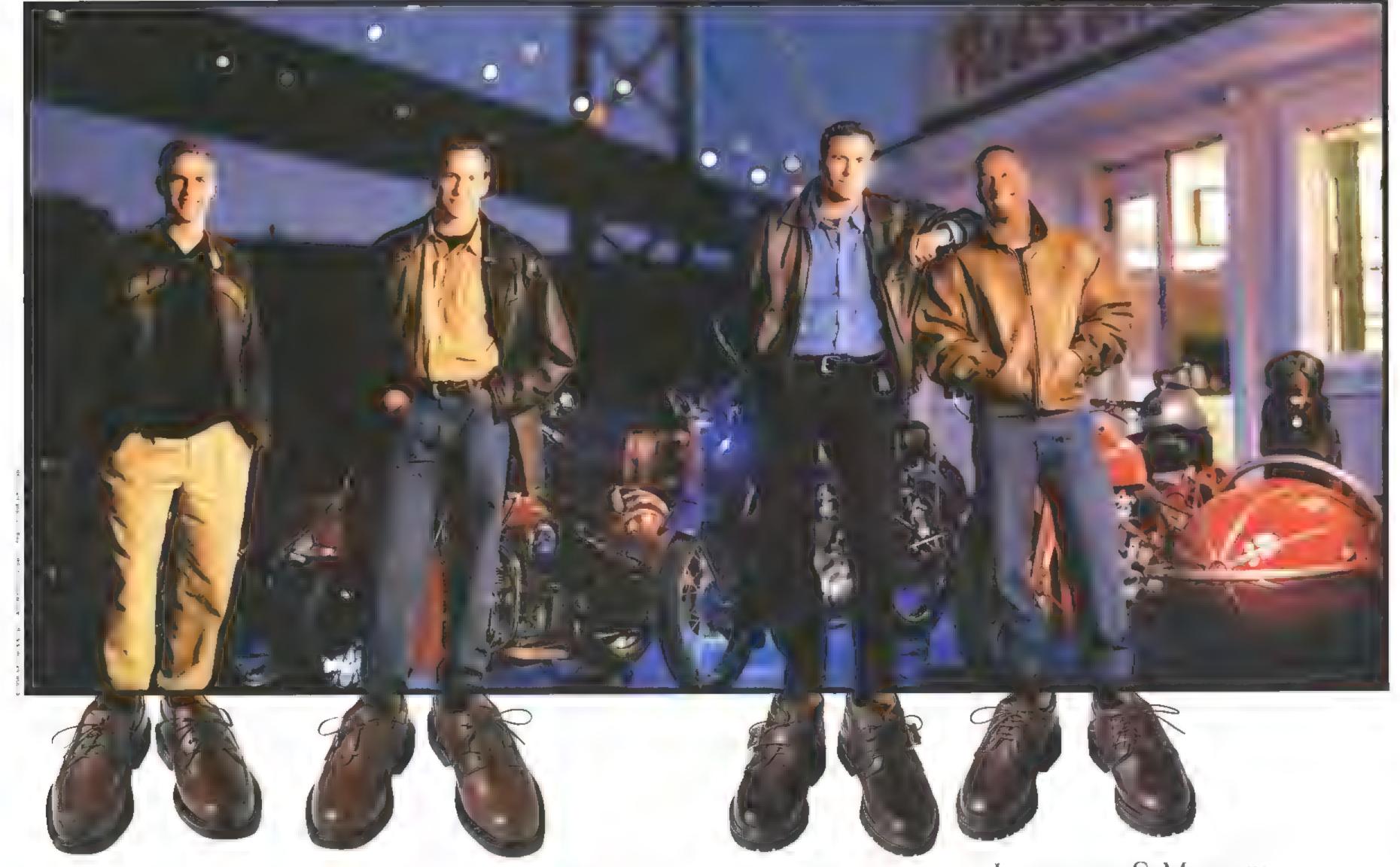
network's promotiona, spots "will have more of an edge and a contem-

porary ice, to [them ' or so said

George Schweitzer CBS's executive

You would assume that CBS net-

Flags theme parks

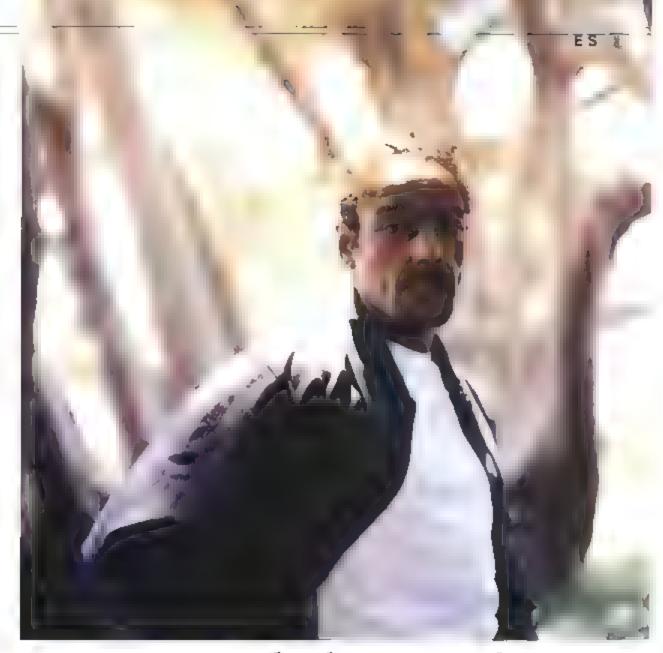


HANDCRAFTED FOR GENTLEMEN SINCE 1850 JOHNSTON & MURPHY

OUNKIR'S PROFETTS MICRAI







Homicidal Tendency

WHEN MAJOR CHARACTERS LEAVE TV'S BEST COP SHOW, THE PRODUCERS DON'T PANIC, THEY JUST CREATE BETTER ONES.

Giancarlo Esposito has been bad, and he's been good. In movies, in life. This fall, he brings to bear his wholesome and sordid sides as the latest copper with a past—replacing the departing Andre Braugher and Reed Diamond—on NBC's searing noirfest Homicide Life on the Street. —Ted Allen ESQ Are real cops as perturbed during interrogations as the dicks on Homicide? Espos to Thave to say, I ve been behind bars a couple of times for minor stuff in my life, and the prevaling attitude toward people in handcuffs is not good. How did you land in the big house? I was at a movie theater in Hartern with my mother and my brother. He went to the bathroom, and couldn't find him. He was in the alley with this copil think he was either going to beat my brother up, or—it almost looked kind of sexual. So isaid, "Come on!" Next thing know, the police officer was screaming at my mother. He started to grab her and itumped on his back and livent for his gun. The officers cuffed me, and they walked me up the steps, and when we got to a corner they would just run me right into the wal. I was ten years old. Did you watch cop shows. when you were a kid? I iked Adam-12. One of my favorites was Car 54. Where Are You? Then I started getting into Dick Tracy Tim a great fan of noir. What makes Homicide work? For me, there's a reality and a grit. tiness that appears to my sense of danger and adventure. It doesn't show you what we're used to on TV the violent action of a crime lit shows you the aftermath, which is equally violent, it sitelling you something, but it's not telling you what you may want to hear and that's the nature of good television. Unlike the heroes on simpler cop shows, these people are damaged by the work they do. Absolutely And what's interesting about those scars is that some of the characters can't live without them at this point, because they know nothing else. Because that's what excites them in life. Because they may feel like it's too late to change. Tell of your character. He's the long lost son of Al Grardello, who s prayed by Yaphet Kotto—he's African, and he plays this italian guy He's an FB lagent who at some time fell out with his father and left Bait more, and now he's back. You've played your share of bad guys, too, what's the deal with aiming your gun sideways? it's an interesting thing, it comes out of the inood. When you shoot your gun straight. you take the recoil and your arm bends, and it goes up. Their ds in the ghetto learned very quickly that if you turn your arm to the side, it stays locked tighter It looks pretty cool too

Snow Shoes

All you need is a gimmick. For Diego Deila Valle, founder of J. P. Tod's, it was the pebbled, rubber bottom of his driving moc Della Valle came up with the design twenty years ago for his buddy, industrialist Glanni Agnelli, who required "pedal traction" in order to satisfy his penchant for driving fast. The gimmick caught on, especially with the celebrity set, among whom the moc is worn by everyone from Jack Nicholson to David Duchovny The gimmick migrated to other shoes that J. P. Tod's makes, too-shoes like these brand new cordovan boots. Although the pebbles still offer traction for the pedal, in this model they also offer protection in a pile of snow—stylishly. Which isn't so much of a gimmick.



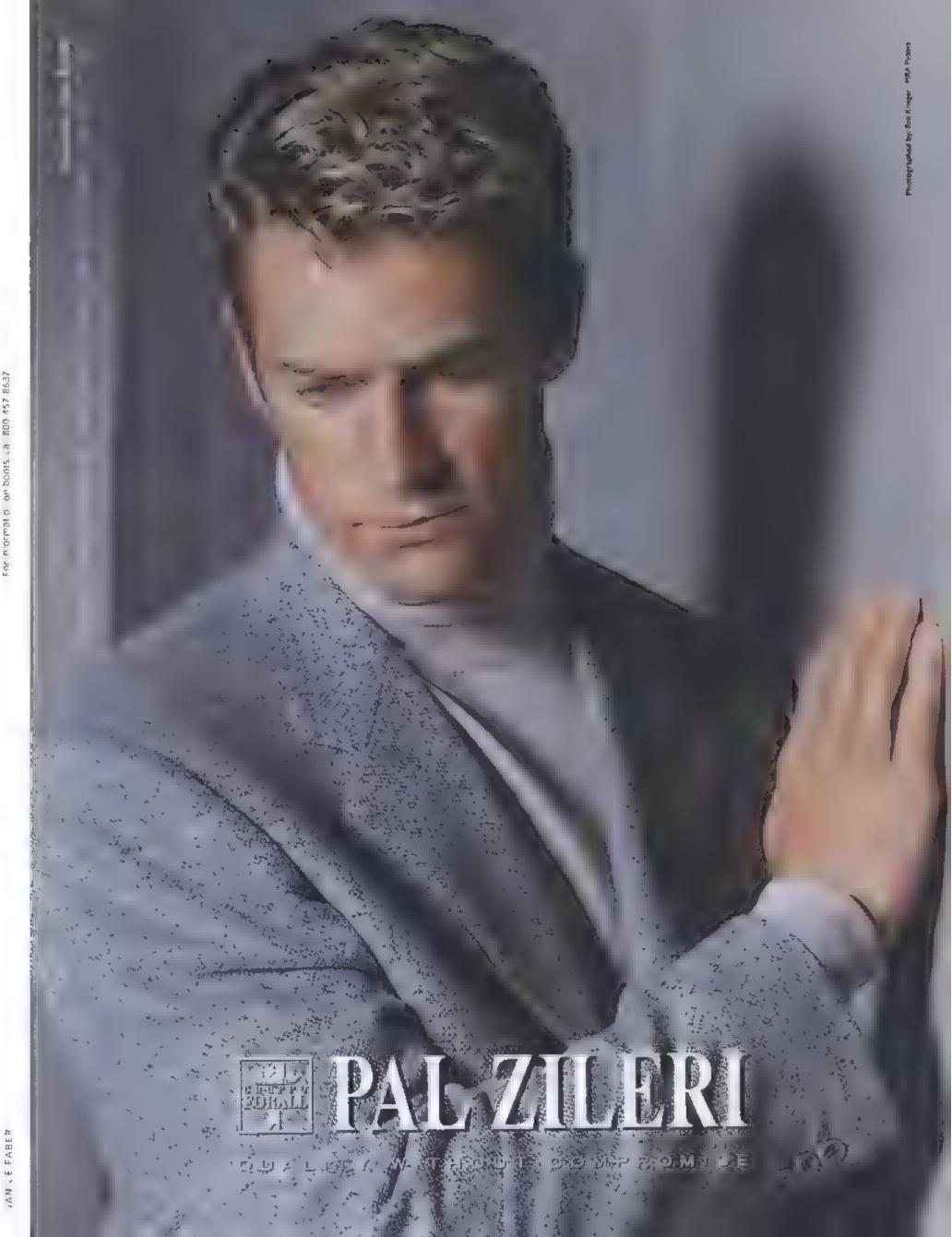
Buried Treasure

HE'S IMPORTANT NOW, BUT DECEASED, BILL CLINTON'S WORTH ONE THIRTIETH OF KOBE BRYANT

Sonny Bono, John Denver Ph. Hartman. The loss induced by the senseless, untimely death of one of our nation's celebrities is often hard to quantify Unless, that is, you reverome Staller Founder of the Philadelphia-based Center for Forensic Economic Studies, Staller has spent the last eighteen years putting prices on lost lives. Factors he most heavily considers, celebrity or not, include age and earnings at the time of death, maritar status, and number of surviving children. "With the famous," Staller exprains, "we have to compare them both quantitatively and qualitatively to their colleagues. How long does their career continue at the current level? How much is the inpopularity based on their youthful looks? What will they be able to do over time to mature in their careers? Have they had a recent string of bombs?" For answers, "experts" are called to testify coreagues, agents, studio heads, managers, et cetera. "It sibasically high-stakes poker," he says. Below are a few estimates, courtesy of Staller of how much some current celebrities would be worth dead

- 1 Monica Lewinsky: \$1.5 million: "This is based on the average earnings of a conege graduate—\$36,000 per year in 1995 dollars for females over a forty-year work. feight perhaps one tell-att book that could not her \$1 or \$2 million. Potentially a deduction for self-inflicted negative notoriety that could hurt her overal employment prospects."
- 2 Bill Clinton. \$3.9 million "Based on potent at for speaking engagements, consulting, and fundraising paying \$300,000 per year over a thirteen year remaining work life. Perhaps another \$3 million for memoirs. Lawsuits and divorces are not relevant to calculation of future earnings."
- 3. Leonardo DiCaprio: \$90 million: "Based on average earnings of successful potentially long-termistar say \$3 million per year over a thirty-year work life-assuming early retirement at age fifty five Deductions include entourage and possible dark side of fame."
- 4 Kobe Bryant \$120 million Based on twelve-year-average playing career, shooting ability is good, but other parts of game—passing, defense—are undeveloped) plus perhaps \$30 million in endorsements and the possibility of coaching speakng, or sales after retirement. Deductions include entourage and arge personal expend tures."
- 5 Jim Carrey: more than \$200 million "Top of his field has found success in a variety of venues and genres. Currently earning \$20. million per film. Personal expenditures and entourage would account for a 20 percent deduction "
- 6 Burt Reynolds. \$1 million "Personifies possible ups and downs of an actor's career, He's sixty-two. An average of \$200,000 per year for remaining work life—say the next five years. Deductions for entourage and personal expenditures. could be as much as 60 percent

All these doomsayers worrying about Y2Kr The real problem as any competent millionnialist will tell you, is that we haven't yet come up with a snappy moniker for this decade, and it's almost over! As part of our ongoing commitment to defining and packaging vast elements of time and space. Esquire offers the following cognomens for the 1990s. The Hooray for the Tight, White Ribbed T-Shirt Decade • The Very, Very, Very Baggy Pants Decade • The Period When Everyone Was Confusing Le. with e.g. Decade • The Is Madonna Still Around? Yeah, Madonna's Still Around Decade • The Tiger Woods, We're Pretty Sure We'll Be Sick of You by the End of the Decade Decade The Famous People Cheating on Their Spouses with invariably Ugly People Decade • The Women in Rock Decade • The Year of Women in Rock Decade • The Decade of the Year of Women in Rock Decade • The Isn't He/She Gay? Oh, Definitely! Decade . The Decade When Walter Matthau and Jack Lemmon Made All Those Shitty Movies Decade • The Decade After the Last Decade, Which, Come to Think of It, Never Really Got a Name Either Decade



manathisbest



THE ENDORSEMENT: OHIO BLUE TIP MATCHES

There are those who hold that a man can bring forth fire from his pants. That, sufficiently skilled and endowed, he can do so anywhere lanytime, but that he is particularly liable to do so in the American West, under full moons and carpets of twinkling stars, when the cows have been poked and a young hand's thoughts turn justify to beans, He pulls it out of his trousers. an Ohio Blue Tip "strike anywhere" match hewn from native aspen in Cloquet Minnesota, by Diamond Brands, Inc., the one and only wooden-matchstick company left

> in the J. S. and rakes it up his zipper, a mage cal friction between brass and phosphorous sesquisurfide that causes a flame bright, velow, and true to ensue

There also are those who hold that a match should combust only upon contact with a matchbox safer, they say, and maybe it is. "Some people will foo ishly take three or four strike anywhere matches and put them in their pocket, and they rub together," concedes a Diamond spokesman "And people wonder why they go off!" But, you know, people do many foolish things, for which tam not to blame. Give me the blue-headed. sticks with the white tips. Give me a boot heel or a sidewalk. Give me the eternally ready flame. And keep my pants dry -Ted Allen DANGEROUS KNOWLEDGE

It's like a cross between a minimumsecurity-prison sentence and being trapped in a badly furnished airport founge, waiting for a plane that doesn't depart for hours, days, weeks even My fellow Americans, welcome to jury duty. which you-because many states are more aggressively seeking out citizens to serve-won t be able to avoid like you used to Of course, that doesn't mean you have to sit as the foreman on a long, drawn-out trial

According to one New York district attorney, any reasonable person can get off a trial simply by recounting personal history. During the voir direthe question-and-answer period when the judge and the attorneys on both sides interrogate potential jurors bring up your previous experiences with the courts, the law, and the case in question. The more information you reveal, the more prejudiced you'll appear to the lawyers who are tooking for impartial folks. But be warned: You'll want to keep your responses fairly factual. Lying in court is a criminal offense That said, six DA-recommended strategies to ensure your exclusion from the company of those twelve angry people.

Prove you meet conditions for guaranteed exemptions: Bring in documents that cite your chronic back problems, your hearing loss, your felony convictions, or, in Nevada, your career as a locomotive operator

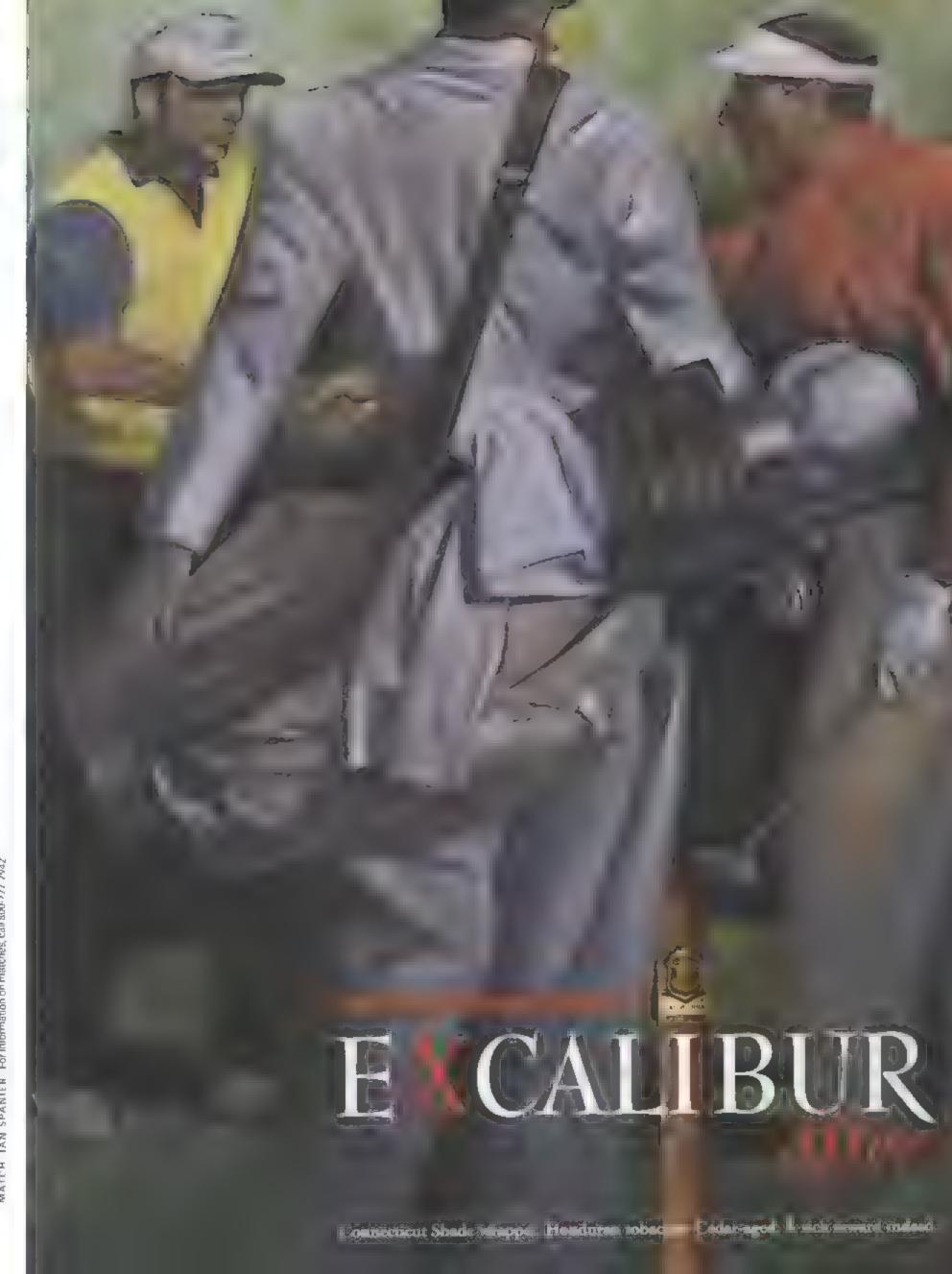
Make sure to discuss any and all refevant biases, such as having had a messy separation if the trial involves marital

In criminal court, explain that you have had a bad experience with the police or that you were once a victim of police brutality or once a victim of crime yourself and thus might have some difficulty in fairly assessing testimony. Beg off for a specialized medical ap-

pointment that you cannot reschedule, preferably something private and potentially embarrassing that you need to discuss in the judge's chambers.

Mention your relatives, the close friends whom you frequently see, or your many business acquaintances who work in law enforcement.

Never feign Ignorance or stupidity "Being plain old dumb doesn't help you here," says one court veteran.



Rule No. 41: When someone says he is "pumped" about something, it usually

means ne's about to do something stupia. Rule No. 167: People named Gil never win awards.

manathisbest

A few seasons ago, solid-colored ties were the only neckwear to wear And although such a look is still sharp, men who know style are now working a more soph sticated angle one in which the colors and patterns of one s shirt and tie subtly match. A blue microchecked shirt, for example, with a bolderchecked blue tie. A shirt narrowly striped in purple with a be whose royally colored bars. are more confidently expressed. Esquire has a few other relevant shirt-and tie rules to heed, too. Follow them-along with the exampies shown here—and before long at the other guys in the office might just be followng you Sartona ly, that s.

(A) The single most stylish thing to do Buy textured shirts rather than simple pima or oxford cloth, they look rich and generally fast longer (B) Make sure your tie is always darker than your shirt (C) Leave the flowers and fruit in the garden, which is to say, opt for geometric patterns only. (D) The more substantial the fabric of your shirt, the heavier in weight your tie must be (A flannel shirt, for example, requires a wool tie.) (E) When purchasing accessories, keep in mind that the sharpest-dressing men are opting for narrower ties and shirts with collarssuch as the English spread—that are a little more generous. (F) Matte woven ties are more appropriate than shiny prints.

SOLIDS WITH SOLIDS 1 Tan coften shirt \$125) by Boss Hugo Boss, ran cashmere tie, \$150 by Raiph Lairen Purple Labe 2 Lavende cotton shirt \$98 by Polo by Raip : Lauren purple sitk her 5115) by Raiph Lauren Purple Laber 3 Gray cotton shirt \$ 85 by Taroball & Asser gray silk tie \$61 by Paul Stuarr 4 Bige cotton shirt 555 by Tommy Hilliger blue sikite \$85 by Robert Taibott 5 Blue cotton Shirt \$205 by Salvatore Perragamo, blue woor and 5th he 595) by 8055 Hugo Buss STRIPES WITH STRIPES 6. Paid ye low cofton shirl with white and brown pinstripes \$88 by valenting onto yel iw suk tiel with beige stripes \$5 i by Brooks Brothe's 7 White coffee sit is with purple stripes \$185 by Turnbu & Asser's kirepp tie with purple and cream stripes (\$80) by Faconnable 8 Gray conton shirt with white pinstripes \$185 by Ermeneg do Zegna, charcoal wool and sok striped tie \$55) by Tommy Hilliger 9 Cotton shirt with blue and white stripes \$185 and black siver and blue broker stripe six tie '\$95 by Turnbu & Asser 10 Cotton shirt with blue and white stripes (\$75 by xM) black six tie with blue stripes \$40r by Perry E. s. Portfolio CHECKS WITH CHECKS 11 Ye ow lat tersal cotton shirt \$95 by Blooks Brothers grid and but checked sikite \$155 by Hermes 12 Lavende checked cotton shirt \$110 by Thomas Pink purple and mauve checked 5- K tie 555 by Tommy Hillger 13 Light gray cofton shirt with alack and blue checks, 550, by Naut ca by David Chir bide sirk and woor tie with gray checks (\$55). by Tommy Hul ger 14 Light-bide ging lam cotton shirt (\$190) by Sturrt's Chorce by Paul Stuart, dark blue got blue and gray checked six tie \$95 by Turnbal & Asser 15 Dark blue checked co ton shirt \$195 by Raiph Cabren Purple Labe iblaik white and blue checked silk the \$95 by Turnbull & Asser For store information see page 183















ESQU RE 57

<u>manat his</u>t



Clockwise from top: Band members Ken Moser, Jim Mathus, Chris Phillips, Tom Maxwell, Stu Cole, Je Widenhouse, and Katharine Whalen.

Unzipped SOME CHATTER WITH A SQUIRREL NUT

Just a few years ago, the Squirre, Nut Zippers found themselves playing their Chapet Hill version of hot jazz and swing at a wedding reception in which the best man wreaked havoc on the guests. "He was outta control and tackling people, says guitarist and saxophonist Tom Maxwell of the inebriated guest. Somehow the group endured the "wedding from her " pocketed a platinum plus album Hot, and can now be found on the road, supporting its new release, Perennial Favorites —Christopher Berend Esquire. The band has based success on a strong regional following in the South. What has being from the South done for your music? Maxwe. This kind of music originated in the South, and the way we approach it is a very southern way of approaching it. Our attitude, what we taik about, how we all use basicany head arrangements—we never write anything down. These all strike me as being uniquely southern. Speaking of southern, when you guys were just starting out as a group, you would get together for loose polluck jam sessions. Yeah, we would just get together and play acoustic instruments in the parior where Jim and Katharine were living. Somebody would find chick en, and someone was drinkin' bourbon. It was mostly a lot of laughing and just trying to get through a song. You credit Cab Calloway, a Cotton Ciub legend, and Fats Waller, the grandfather of the jazz organ, with influencing you. Then you mention calypsonians with names like "the Growler" and "Lord Executor." Have you guys given yourselves sim-

ilar titles? Ken is "the Escalator" because he can escalate any situation. He once convinced a cabdriver in New York City to ram the cab in front of us. Only Ken has the magical ability to make people do things that they would never. ever do The first song off Perennial Favorites is "Suits Are Picking Up the Bill," a rompish commentary on the rewards of success. Was it a personal statement from the band on the music industry? We wrote that song before we even tasted any of the success we have now. We velcome to understand that there sia weird breakdown between the business and social interaction. Ike most of the industry people that we deal with inthough there are some who assume the facade of friendship. They say "Oh iwe" igo out and get a few drinks." Builshit. They reithere for business. You just completed the video for that song. Can we expect a cameo from the outta-control groomsman? It's supposed to be ike a Little Rascais episode. There are some farm an mals. And there is a monkey—a live monkey. So we introduce the monkey, kell is the most normal thing, like a member of the band. And, in the end, he saves the day



IRE RECOMMENDS

Shudder to Think. First Love, Last Rites

Gist: Downtowners do Indie-movie tenor saxophonists plays the soundtrack with guest vocals by Billy Corgan, Liz Phair, Jeff Buckley Sounds like: A musical Bartlett'sthey quote Robert Johnson, Neil Diamond, Phil Spector, the Partridge Family. Also note. The best track is backup vocals by a folksy troupe sung by Cheap Trick's Robin Zander. of Guadeloupeans.

David Murray, Creole Gist: One of the great modern African diaspora. Sounds like: World music, but in the best (noncommercial) sense Also note: James Newton on flute, D. D. Jackson, a rising planist and

Paolo Conte, The Best Of Gist: Come to the cabaret, mio amico! Aging Italian throwback offers his greatest in first major U.S. release. Sounds like: Leonard Cohen meets Tom Waits meets Kurt Weill—in Italian. Also note: Sings like a dream, but looks like Josef Stalin

Richard Buckner, Since Gist: Acclaimed No-Cal singer songwriter suffers for you on spare, rootsy album. Sounds like: A guy with a guitar, sitting on a milk crate, singing on a street corner, in that town from The Last Picture Show. Also note: His songs are much better written than these reviews.



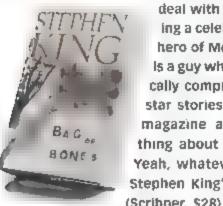
So much about a family is revealed in its faces.



Ever heard of Saul Bellow's Theory of the Blows from Henderson the Rain King? Says that people either disburse all the blows they've been dealt, or, like a dream deferred, they just explode. But where does one go with the cumulative effects of a lifetimea collective racial history—of blows? What happens when intelligence is frustrated, when hope vanishes? John Edgar Wideman's eloquent, angry, elegant novel Two Cities (Houghton Mifflin, \$24) is a novel that howls. The two cities of the title are Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, and the characters are a widow, her tenant, and her would-be lover Jammed with sudden torrents of poetry ("his legs spread wide, hovering over the ball like it's an egg he laid"), Two Cities is more about a state of mind than it is about plot-it's about the crises that bring people together and tear them apart, about being black, about life and loves at war



Famous and writer go together about as well as German and cuisine, according to Jay McInerney in his novel Model Behavior (Knopf, \$24) This season, two big books ("big books"-don't you love it? that's a book reviewer talking) self-congratulatorily



deal with the pains of being a celebrity author The hero of McInerney's novel is a guy who writes (artisti cally compromised) moviestar stories for a women's magazine and who has a thing about dating models Yeah, whatever Meanwhile, Stephen King's Bag of Bones (Scribner, \$28) is a thoroughly

compelling thriller whose stressed-out narrator is a writer of best-sellers. First, he loses his wife (she's pregnant when she dies, but with whose child?), then he loses his mind These may not be literary land-

marks, but they're both delicious books stuffed with bad-for-you delights.

Also recommended Simon Winchester's The Professor and the Madman (HarperCollins, \$20), an oddball, funny, and oh so terribly-English tale of the shamefaced history of the pompously, imperially correct Oxford English Dictionary (its biggest contributor—he wrote something like ten thousand entries—was a patient in a mental hospital) and the bleakly beautiful Death in Summer (Viking, \$24), by William Trevor—one of the most compassionate, generous, and large-hearted writers alive Adrienne Miller



IN THIS BOOK, DOUBT SPREADS LIKE AN STD

It's May 1968 on the Left Bank in Paris. While ten million workers, intellectuals, artists, and even athletes are caught up in a wildcat general strike, here students fight pitched. battles with the police turning the hights into scary wonderlands of tear gas, furtive sex if ying cobblestones, bizarre symbolist graffiti, and bloody truncheons, it was a revolution, people tried to argue at the time, about what, at the height of the old revo-Jut on 179 years before, Saint-Just had argued was "a new idea in Europe" happiness. For allong few weeks, a great modern nation, la great modern bureaucracy—seemed on the verge of dissolution. Then it ended and people went back to real life, which nonetheless was never guite the same.

More than three hundred books on May '68 were published in the year following the events. Perhaps the most anlikely was The Love Germ, a first novel by the late Jil. Neville (recently reissued from Verso, \$12) about a strain of gonorrhea spreading from rebel to friend to lover and back again like a rumor. like a version of the old surreal st game "The Exquisite Corpse" Here leveryone is beautiful, "running bands of boys and gir's down Boulevard St. Germain, bright-eyed with conspiracy and wreckage," thinks one of Nev Le's infected characters, looking out her window. For Nevi le's heroine, a young Englishwoman named Poily, the book is a comic, sent mental education, for the reader it's a comedy of heroic male posing, baffled female submission, an old world they are actually changing, and a bug that denies them their freedom, their freedom to drink, to make love, to dive all the way into the thrill of having no idea what the next day will look like I read The Love Germ when it came out and guickly lost it. I ve been looking for it ever since it still sings it sist. I funny it still harts.



Mutiny on the 101. It statted was a Attagled fall of the Was unnegray, The years may see their no horizon for a car that sacke to die in a cana souls but found nothing I write, a with the Verksivacian Passat. Starting at S21,200, they let a second for the same thing they did the brover to water te first to jump sate the were such the rown

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Magastaphin in the earlinest earlines on a number of a transport of a trapes the energy with all expenses of a fine of the

Scaredy-Kitten

ONE OF HORROR-FILMDOM'S MOST FAMOUS DEBUTS, JAMIE LEE CURTIS PLAYS THE VICTIM ONCE AGAIN IN HALLOWEEN, H20, SORT OF.

She would have you believe that she is not afraid. Does she fook afraid? She does not.

She has been driven to hooch and fistfuls of Percodan, true Laurie Strode has, she's changed her name and fled town and become headmistress of a remote boarding school (remote school—bad) All of which suggests that she is a bit rattled to these twenty years since Jamie Lee Curtis first. brought the Strode character to life in Halloween and since Michael Myers first flew the booby hatch so as to plunge large knives into Strode's naughty friends.

For her part. Curtis doesn't mind telling you that she herself is far too littery to watch the sort of cinema that made her famous "For me to have made my bread and butter in horror movies is a joke," Curtis says " hate them I mean. I hate them "She does not wish to be frightened, or tickled, or surprised with exclamations of "Boo" When a friend who worked on The Silence of the Lambs asked her to check out the movie, she made him jot down each scary moment. "He gave me all the sheet of paper that said, "When Jodie goes into the garage and touches the door handle, close eyes!" "Curtisire-TWENTY YEARS AFTER calls "When guard brings Hannibal Lecter food in cage, cover eyes and ears for long time!"

> It's thus natural that Curt's believes that Strode ia witness to the julienning of many, should have sustained some damage. And so Strode has inner demons—as wer as that heavy-breathing, murderous one-in Halloween H20 (which also contains a witty cameo by Curtis's mother, Janet Leigh, driving the car she drove in Psycho). But audiences, having endured (or ignored) six Halloween. sequels that were Curtis-free, are primed to see Strode kick some slasher buttinguite primed, evidently seeing as how four rival studios rescheduled the launches of their summer movies to avoid competing with H20's opening if you've seen it already you know why if you haven't, maybe you should. "There is a point where she could run for safety but doesn't. I called it the turnaround jump." shot "Curt's says "It switches to a completely different movie and the woman who was staiked and terrorized becomes, on some level, the terrorist "And the audience goes, "Yes!" —Ted Allen





Good Wine at a Great Price

IT AIN'T GRAND CRU, BUT AT TEN BUCKS A BOTTLE, IT'S WORTH A GLASS OR TWO OR THREE

My father gave me plenty of advice when I hit the Age of Consent-some of it about how women are like trolley cars ("Stay put and another one will come along in a minute"), some of it actually helpful in real life. On ordering wine in restaurants, he had a system down Buy the second-cheapest bottle on the list. The rock-bottom wine, my father figured, Is on the carte by obligation, as a sop to low rollers. The second-cheapest might be something the proprietor actually likes.

That tactic works like a charm these days, because the quality gap between well-crafted everyday wines and bankroll-priced prestige labels is Shrinking every year Praise technology, global competition, and newfangled dirt farming-aimost across the board, the world's wineries are plant ing better grapes, picking them riper,



and making fresher, better balanced wines than they were ten or fifteen years ago.

There's a cheap-wine revolution going on out there, and the dozen wines below, presented in alphabetical order, will fast-forward your thinking. Any of them might well be the second-cheapest wine on a list, any of them can be decanted and poured as world-class ringers.

Beringer 1995 Zinfandel, North Coast, Californ a (\$12, Sweet and toasty oak meets spicy blackberry. Has style and so much concentrated substance it's almost tarry. Throw another kielbasa on the barby

23 Bogle 1996 Merlot, California (\$10) Luscious, ripe, and baby s-bottom soft, a rare wine to come across at this price, with the true, mouthwatering character and style of a good men of 🖪 Borsao 1997 Campo de Borja (Agricola de Borja), Spain (\$5.50). Pull me up to a trough o

this Perfumed, silky, and ingering it's a profoundly disorienting wine value from importer Jorge Ordonez, America's most passionate scout of the Spanish new wave

> Jean-Luc Colombo 1996 "Les Forots" Côtes-du-Rhône, Syrah France (\$12) Unusual in several ways. Because it's air Syrah and not a medley of lesser grapes, and because it has transcended the fruity simplicity of many Côtes du Rhônes with a clean, firmedged elegance while still packing a flavor punch

Louis Jadot 1997 Beaujolais-Villages, France (\$9) t's Beautolais for grown ups. Classic smoothness. shot through with fine gamay-grape spice and wild berry Put a light chill on it while the roast chicken ca's most consistently spot on German wine reaches that perfect golden crispness in the oven

Penfolds 1996 Koonunga Hill Shiraz-Cabernet Sauvignon, Australia (\$9). A surprisingly polished, tooth pur pling synergy of two grapes with strong personalities peppery Shiraz (aka Syrah) and plummy Cabernet Deeply colored, Julcy, and rayered with flavors

WHITES

Anselmi 1995 Soave San Vincenzo, Italy (\$9) Roberto Anse milicame back to the family winery, and he's gonna save Soave's reputation. This ain't your old "pizza white" -- it's smooth medium bodied and flavorful, with a mild creaminess and a crisp bite of acidity A wine for the kind of pichics you spread out by candlelight

Bollini 1996 Chardonnay, "Barricato 40," Trentino, taly (\$10) From the hi sides of northeastern taly, 60 percent of this wine is fermented in cooled down stainless steel to retain its lively fruitiness, 40 percent in French casks to integrate a mellow note of vanilla oakiness. The result is a pillow soft wine that manages to be both mouth filing and de icate, with a bright, ye low-apple tang.

Burgans 1997 Albariño (Bodegas de Vilariño-Cambados), R as Baixas, Spain (\$9) Remember that wine you sipped with your ceviche as you gazed out at the sun doing a flamenco in the powder-bille-and-cobait shaded Mediterranean and how the wine was cold and light but somehow powerful, with a strain of aserlike crispness and elusive grace notes of flowers and fruit? This

Cartlidge & Browne 1997 Chardonnay, California (\$10) Ratchet up your reputation for inscrutable cool nineties style. Serve this wine in an unmarked crystal decanter. to friends who love rich-textured, custardy, nutmeggy, tropical fruited "Reserve" style California chardonnays. And tell them you bought the winemaker's last barrel

El Casa Lapostolle 1996 Sauvignon Blanc, Rape Valley, Chile (\$8) Styled by Bordeaux star Michel Rolland the world's most sought-after "flying winemaker," who has uncovered the wine's varietal crispness. floral aromatics, and bright melony, exotic fruit and allowed it all to shine through in the glass unimpeded by oak

TJ 1997 Riesling, Mosel Saar Ruwer, Germany (\$8) The 7 's for Terry Theise, Amer, mporter the Jis for Johannes Selbach, scion of the wonderful Moser winery Selbach-Oster And it's a beauty light and low-a coho (10 percent) but luscious, like when you ripen a summer peach on your windowsil and bite into it at just their ght hour



Rule No. 66: There are words to say when playing touch football. "Got you" is fine, "Touchdown," expected. But "Hey, too hard!"—that's a no-no Rule No 135: The man who wears a

bunny suit is a greater

man than the one who

wears a business suit.



in Canada? What should I pack?

will an to keep my response simple as a seems your education extends only as let as your wavenexpenence. Sting assultowear - in brush you reetly and domotesty a protectual amile and noq-THE THE ON SHIP

Dear Mr. Blass

My buddy at the gym says it's cool to wear my. SuperGel Cross-Pumper athletic shoes with my usual workclothes to the office. He says it shows the ladies that you've still got it. don't get it. Can you explain

You can only took some of the people some of the firm.

You cannot fool women at all. Stay with a rice areas anow at the office.



Dear Mr. Blass

When I shop for myself, I like to buy outfits that are the color black and only black. My wife says it a mistake and that I'm scaring her the man right?

Your wife is indeed right if yourscare her what do you think you do



Women get all the good clother I feel the time is right to reinvent myself. What do you suggest?

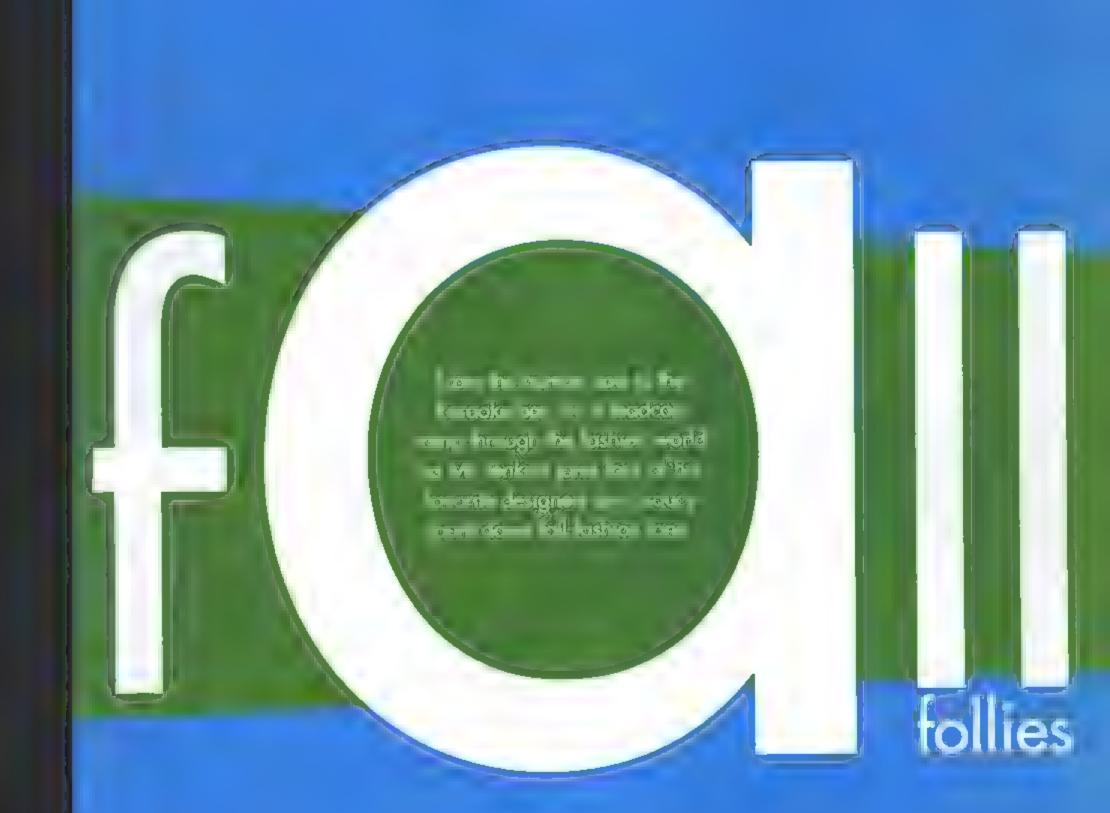
You need my help and the here with ecomplete list of stozes that carry my men's clothing line.

Exnow you feet abandoned, not please do not do enything, lash. Remember concessou wear

uper wide lag jeans to the office, you may have precover be carefulous there.



Powertin design for men





Activence . Felti Dress Rents Diese Shirti Footweet Formal West Hoster, Little Good Nackwest Outerweet Raincoats Seepweet Sportawee Sweater infored Clothing Topocati







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Big Apple Eats

CITY'S HOT NEW RESTAURANTS ARE OLD. REAL OLD.

Two months ago in this magazine, iranked the best restaurantic ties in America, deliberately omitting New York, which has sandbagged the competition with excitement, innovation, diversity, and influence for decades. The nation's first pizzerias, steak houses, delis, and oyster and sushi bars originated in New York—as have pastram, lox, bagels, baked Alaska, neg mak irolis, eggs Benedict, and the Bloody Mary.

Many of the landmark eateries that birthed such alimentary institutions long ago burned down, closed up, or just fell apart. But still others have risen from the ashes (sometimes Lterally). or (for those that have lasted) are suddenly, once again, the piace to be

Take, for example, Peter Luger, which opened in Brooklyn in 1887 at stall serves the world's finest porterhouse steak 110 years later—and more than ever it s as tough to get a table there. on short notice as in any of Manhattan's three-star palaces. Likewise outer-borough neighbor Gage & Tollner, with its 1879 brass gaslights, hundred-year-old mahogany tables, and veteran waiters. It offers the same terrific she-crab soup and clambe lies that I mmy Durante Mae West and Farmy Brice adored. Those establishments have recently been rejoined by Lundy Bros. the quintessential cavernous Brooklyn fish house—opened in 1926, closed in 1979, renovated in 1995—which serves up its signature platters of steamers, softshe, crabs, and hash browns.

Back in Manhattan, there's the majestic Grand Central Dyster Bar, which opened in 1913 You'll still find lines at its counter for dyster stew and nonpareil seafood in the arched, tiled belly of the great railroad station above it. Even more special is the new spark up on Park Avenue at Peacock Aliey, which upon opening in the Waldorf-Astoria Hote in 1931 was as well-known for its dazzlingly dressed patrons (who gave the room its name; as it was for food and service. For decades, all of New York society was seated there by the imperious maître d' known as Oscar of the Waldorf After years of decline, Peacock Alley has again become a destination restaurant Under new chef Laurent Gras (formerly chef de cuis ne at Alain Ducasse in Paris), the foodsuch as loin of yeal pickied in verbena leaves and jasmine itea-scented lamb with apricots—is among the finest in the U.S.

But the grandest return of them all is Delmon co's, the most glamorous restaurant in America for nearly a century. Opened in 1827 by two Swiss prothers, De 's became this country's first true restaurant. It was based on Parisian models, where a man could sit at his own

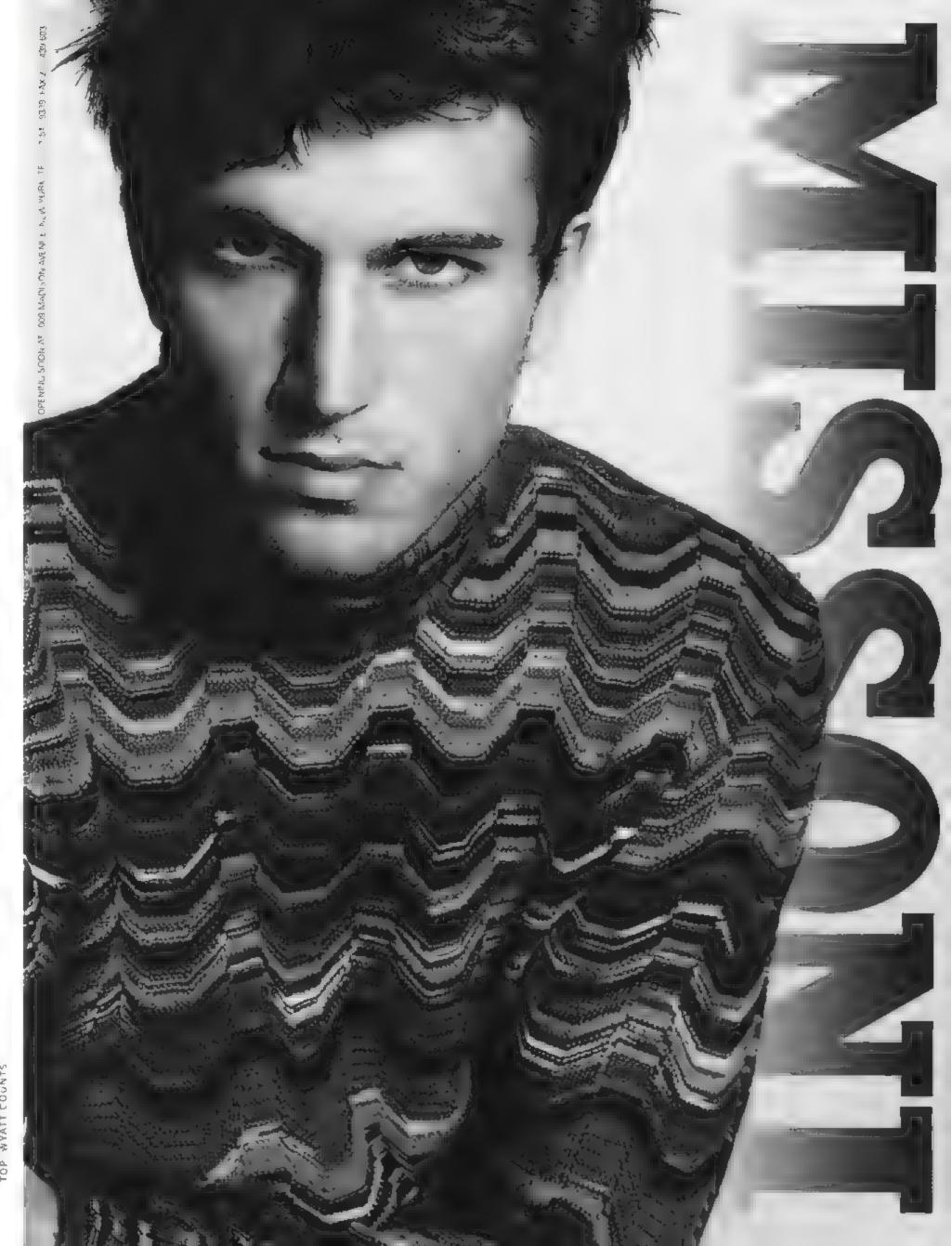
> table, have his own waiter order from a daily menu, drink good wine, and gay for only what he ate-a revolutionary a ternative to the communal eatenes and pot uck meals of the day As New York moved uptown, soid disuccessive Deimonico's restaurants, hosting everyone from Abraham Lincoln and Teddy Roosevelt to Diamond Jim Brady and Mark Twain

> Prohibition brought De monico's to its knees in 1923, but this past spring restaurateurs Roberto Ruggeri and Stefano Fr.ttella renovated what had been the second Delmonico's (1837) at 56 Beaver Street. They restored the stately portals (originally from Pompeii), put in a fine, raffish bar and cigar room, and asked chef Gian Pietro Branchi to spin some Delmonico's classics, including the Delmonico steak obster Newburg, and baked Alaska.

It is in just such a restaurant that you get an immediate dose of New York history and swagger. No matter where 🕝 you come from when you sit at one of the half moon booths at Delis, with the rollicking noise of the city outside and the laughter at the bar, you feel the truth of what Thomas Woife once wrote about coming to the city. "One beiongs to New York instantly one beiongs to it as much in five minutes as in five years. -John Mariani

DON'T EVEN THINK OF EATING HERE

You have a better chance of winning Powerball than sampling the spaghetti carbonara at Rao's, the 102-year-old New York eatery that Woody Allen calls his favorite. Ten tables, one seating, no lunches, no weekends, and—here's the clincher—no reservations. Rao's has instead what regular Nicholas Plieggi refers to as "table rights." To wit: Each night, eight of Rao's ten tables have standing reservations. The other two are held by the owner, who through some arcane system doles them out to a very finite pool of regulars that range from Senator Alfonse D'Amato to a former deli manager called Johnny Roast Beef. And there's never a no-show. If, for instance, Dick Schaap is unable to honor his Monday-night rez, he'll pass it on to a friend or make a trade—possibly a swap with Revion CEO Ron Perelman or Bo Dieti. who's locked up Thursdays since 1977. Why are grown men so fixated on a humble neighborhood joint? It certainly isn't the atmosphere. (The major design statement is a canopied red-leather bar festooned with Christmas lights.) Nor is it the cuisine, which, though quite adequate, doesn't impress foodies. (Salads are made only with iceberg.) And it certainly isn't the location (114th Street in the heart of Spanish Harlem, far away from Manhattan's archipelago of chichi Zagat's shrines). Then again, maybe it is. —Rene Chun



Small, Cheap, and Upwardly Mobile Nothing can be as rewarding as investing in penny stocks. And nothing can make a series are series.

Nothing can be as rewarding as investing in penny stocks. And nothing can make you crazier.

GOTA STRONG STOMACH? BUY THE STOCK OF AN obscure company and watch it double and halve every few weeks. Let it tease you that you ve unearthed the next Microsoft while it simultaneously seems poised to hang out a sone bank RUPT Shingle The world of small stocks is nearly terra ncognita-few nvestors have heard of them, and analysts can't make enough dough to bother following them regularly

So why mess around with unsung stocks that are voiable and hard to follow? Because there's a payoff From January 1926 through December 1996, the S&P 500 has returned an average of 10 7 percent a year Meanwhile, domestic small stocks (we're talking about companies worth less than \$200 m ion or so n market capitalization—share price times number of shares outstanding) have notched gains averaging 12.6 percent. That turns a buck invested in small stocks in 1925 into \$4,563, compared with \$1,363 in the S&P 500

Of course, past is not always prologue, and the current climate happens to be brutal for sma -caps Institutional money dominates the market and many professional investors avoid micro-caps by prospectus or simply because there aren't enough shares available to make even a great performer worth the trouble. And the influx of overseas dollars hasn't helped small stocks nearly so much as it has aided safe-seeming large ones. Small firms have also been hurt by record low inflation, since it. leaves them , the room to undercut the prices of bloated conglomerates that can't move as quickly or operate on such sum margins.

But if you're the sort of guy who thinks bargain when a historically overperforming market sector is lagging, then you want to listen to







RECORDED AND AND AND THE STATE OF A COMMISSION OF THE STATE OF THE STA

someone like Marc Robins, the editor of *The Red Chip Review*, a biweekly guide to small companies. In a realm known as much for scamsters as for soaring profits. Robins is the perfect advocate—a fair but not a cheerleader *Red Chip* has become *the* source of objective information on the three hundred or so firms it tracks, and its summaries put the reports of many "real" investment banks to shame. The journal hosts conferences across the country at which selected micro-cap companies can get their stories out to whoever shows up. These are amusing affairs, with curious contraptions deployed on tables and the look of the true believer in the eyes of many investors.

Robins believes the tide is changing in favor of micro-caps. "You're looking at the generation that made Home Depot a giant. These are people who like to do their own work. As they reclaim management of their money, they're going to seek out the stocks that offer the most growth. That means small stocks."

Small cap stocks are extraord narily volatile, however Because their businesses usually rely on a few products, a critical moment—say, a regulatory decision—can make at the difference. And because there are fewer shares in fewer hands, the stock is more vulnerable to momentum players pring on, short seilers pressing down, and, for that matter fraudulent man pulation. (See accompanying SEC story, page 72.)

A cornerstone of market theory further complicates the picture. Stock bargains are impossible to uncover consistently, the argument goes, because information about company prospects is equally and widely distributed But just because the information is available doesn't mean people pay attention, and the very fact that micro-cap stocks receive so little coverage makes them potentially explosive. The index's large stocks-the S&P 400—have an average of twenty two industry. analysts each By contrast, small-caps average fewer than four and micro-caps (less than \$100 million) less than one That dearth of information restores the potency of the guy who holds what little information exists

A stroil through Red Chip's Manhattan conference this summer showed how this works. There is Ridde if the football-helmet maker, explaining how its entry into team uniforms will grow the company it happen to doubt that Champion and Russe I will let Riddelf eat their lunches, but the fact that i can interrogate CFO David Groelinger about it is the sort of access that investors just can't get from Nike Then there's Exponent, an outfit that provides "fail-

Needles in Haystacks

INVESTING IN MICRO-CAPS: A METHOD TO THE MADNESS

Find Invariably you'll spot the great growth stories of the 1990s—stocks such as General Electric and Microsoft. GE increased its revenues almost 15 percent a year over the last three years—a miraculous feat for a company of its size. But look at the way some small outfits grow their revenues. Niche-software maker international Microcomputer Software has averaged nearly 22 percent growth over the last three years, while alternative-fuel-device maker important percent growth over the last three years, while alternative-fuel-device maker important percent of East an investment—neither is anywhere near as solid or liquid—and remember, revenue growth isn't the same as profit growth. But let's call a spade a spade here if you're looking for growth, you'll be hard-pressed to find any large stock that can match the three-year 20 percent plus you should look for from a small company.

when picking a small company. The ability to attract outside talent is a telitale sign of a firm's prospects. I get worried when a company's founder won't share the reins with professional managerial talent, inventing a great product (or service) and growing a business require two very different skill sets. And if an outside executive with a good track record takes a hard look at a company's prospects and decides he wants to hitch his trailer, it's a pretty strong buy signal. Robins cites Excel Technology and SI Handling as well-led firms.

Naturally, there are a million small-cap mutual funds that promise the best of both worlds, exposure to high-return potential with the risk-reducing diversity of a whole basket of the critters. Unfortunately, small-cap funds haven't assembled a very impressive track record. Mutual funds that specialize in small companies don't attract massive capital, so fund-management stars tend to gravitate elsewhere. And access to the CEO of Joe's Bank just doesn't score props with go-go managers the way a sit-down with Citicorp bigs will. Furthermore, the few funds that seek to track various small-stock indexes are notorious underperformers. There are several small-cap funds, however, that stand above the rest. Look for one in a fund family that's committed to small stocks rather than in a firm that just added that flavor to its menu. And find one with enough assets to throw its weight around with managements but not so burly that it can't nimbly enter and exit without raising the average market cap of its target companies. Total assets between \$100 million and \$2 billion are ideal. Some of my favorites are Wasatch Micro-Cap, Dreyfus Small Company Value, and Longleaf Partners Small-Cap.

My War: The Scorecard

A monthly look at my \$10,000 real-money portfolio

Agouron AGPH)	20	\$616	NA	30 .	\$10	\$606
American Standard ASD)	33	1 273	48 /	44 "	202	1 475
Catalytica, inc. (CTAL	35	392	15	1914	295	687
Dodge & Cox Stock (DODGX)	26.41	2 500	100 60	100 39	152	2,652
DoubleClick (DCLK)	20	843	NA	49 / .	151	994
MBNA (KRB)	-27	(732)	31 /4	33 4	161	-893
Mobil (MOB)	77	1.227	78	76 10	76	1 303
Nice Systems (NICEY)	10	460	36 /	37	-85	375
Oxford Health (OXHP)	50	869	17 %	15 / 1	-103	766
Specialty Teleconstructors, SCTI	R) 28	368	48	37	668	1 036
Summit Bank (Sk B)	20	1.038	50 A	47 /	88	950
						\$9,951
					CASH	\$1,302*
		F	PORTFOLIO	NET WOR	THIAS OF 6:30	\$11,253
		GAIN	/LOSS SIN	CE LAST M	ONTH \$819)	6 78
				GA-N LI	OSS FOR 1998	+12 5%
					500 FOR 1998	+16.B4

*Reflects \$114 in commissions paid through 6/30.

Somebody get me a towel—I took a bath this month. Specialty gave back some gains. Dodge & Cox continued to trail its benchmark, and OPEC's failure to cut global production continues to hulf Mobil, further encouraging the idiots who idle their Nice Systems anded a decent digital-voice recording contract with a British insurer which padded the stock a tad

took some countermeasures. On June 29—sold half my Oxford at 14—and thirty of my fifty eight SCTR shares at 37% Oxford has yet to right itself, and the SCTR sale simply pared my best performer back under 10 percent or my portfolio 1 then purchased twenty shares each of DoubleClick and Agouron Pharmaceuticals at 42—and 30—respectively. The former an out-fit than largets acts to Web starters by 1 acing the Websters they visit rewarded melalmost instantly by notching a 20 percent gain on the last day of the month's Agouron, inolving to be the leader in several varieties of the AIDS drugs known as protease inhibitors, gives this portfolio some exposure to the wild world or biotech. Stay tuned

Under no circumstances does the information in this column represent a recommendation to buy or sell specific securities. The portfolio is for instructional purposes only You can reach Ken Kurson at Kkurson@hearst cont Most men will have an isolated erection problem at some time in their lives, but for others it happens more frequently if the inability to respond naturally to your partner has become a recurring problem, you may be suffering from a treatable medical condition called erectile dysfunction (E.D.) also known as impotence. The following questions and answers are designed to give you a brief introduction to the causes of E.D. and the various treatment options available. If you believe you are suffering from E.D., or want to know more about the condition, talk to your doctor or other healthcare professional

ERECTILE DYSFUNCTION: WHAT EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW

WHAT IS E D.?

Erective dysrunction is the consistent mability to achieve and, or maintain an erection sufficient for satisfactory sexual activity. That means not just an occasional problem, but one that has been occurring repeatedly for a period of time. Its a widespread condition, shared by approximately 30 million men in the United States.

WHAT CAUSES E 0 ?

If was once be leved that E.D. is a 1-n your head or lust an nev table result of getting older. Actually, the majority of E.D. cases are associated with physical conditions or events including some that are age-related. The most common risk tactors for E.D. include.

Diabetes high blood pressure, hardening of the arteries, or high cholesterol

Injury or itlness such as spinal cord injury multiple scierosis.
 depression, stroke or surgery for the prostate or colon

Medications that may bring about E D as an unwanted side effect

Cigarette smoking or alcohol/drug abuse

Psychological conditions such as anxiety and stress

If you want to know more about E.D. talk to your doctor

CAN ERECTILE BYSFUNCTION BE TREATED?

Yes The good news is that regardless of the cause, the vast majority of EID cases are treatable. Patients have a variety of treatment options from which to choose including oral medication, hand held vacuum pumps self-administered injections, peller suppositories, and surgical implants.

CAN ANYONE USE THESE TREATMENTS?

ts important to remember that these treatments are not for everyone, but only for men diagnosed with EID. You and your doctor can determine the appropriate treatment for you.

HOW DO I KNOW IF I HAVE E D.?

I you have erect on problems, you probably a ready know it. But before your condition can be treated, you need to get a diagnosis from your doctor. There is no need to be embar assed or ashamed when discussing

E D with your doctor. He or she has probably diagnosed and treated E D many times but may not have discussed it with you out of respect for your privacy. Your doctor can provide you with understanding support, and best of a Lintormation.

To diagnose E.D. doctors typically ask a few specific questions and give a routine physical exam. This should help your doctor arrive at a diagnosis.

Based on this information you and your doctor we decide on the treatment that is best for you

REMEMBER:

E.D. is a common medical condition.

It's not an inevitable result of growing older.

E.D. is treatable with a variety of methods.

Only your doctor can prescribe the appropriate treatment.



Green

Life analysis" leng neering expertise and testimony regarding disasters like the Exxon Vaidez soill and the Okiahoma City bombing. The stock got a nice pop in E. Niño s wake, but CEO Michael Gaulke was here today to announce that revenues would fail 10 percent short of expectations: the exact kind of nugget investors can turn into donars.

The pick of the conference? In my opin ion it's Excel Technology, a laser manufacture er Excel s beams can inscribe anything from a paink, ling tablet to the bottle it comes in to the box that carries the bottle. And since a myriad of issues - from manufacturing standards to security concerns increasingly have us tracking every damn thing in sight, Excel is well poised to replace the cheaper only-in-the-short-term and jet technology currently dominating the field. Moreover, unike a lot of small high tech firms, Excel is aiready profitable and has a great barance sheet \$52 mil on in equity and zero long term debti CEO Don His says he's about to an nounce two large contracts with "a beverage company and a cosmetics company" if the former is Coca Co-a, as I suspect but cannot confirm at press time. Excellind its shareholders could be looking at a huge windfail

Need proof that this approach can work? If you'd bought iomega when Red Chip started covering it, you could have ridden it up from 24 cents to \$27 (where you would have, of course, demonstrated perfect timing and exit ed before the long skid down to \$6) Or if you'd ioined me at the Red Chip conference in November 1996 and met the soft-spoken CEO of a company called Specialty Teleconstructors, you could have journeyed from 10 to the high 40 s, which I ve crowed about in Green's My War portfolio

Hey it's not easy. For every next Microsoft, a hundred micro-caps vanish without a do ar or a dividend. But those willing to do the legwork can find companies on the threshold of greatness. And when a stock you be eved in before anyone heard of it makes good it's one of investing signed thrills

Micromanagers

The Red Chip Review \$389 a year (ouch!), with a subscriber-only Web site, 888-733-2447 or www.redchip.com

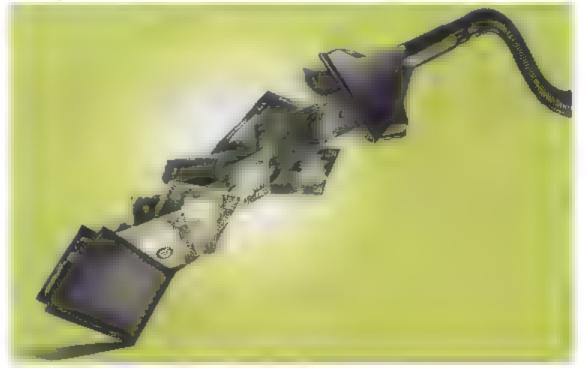
Schrodor & Colisinagie eyed Peter Sidoti heads one of the few New York brokerage teams following micro-caps. 212-492-7058.

investing in Small Cap Stocks by Christopher Graja and Elizabeth Ungar (8ioomberg Press). Frank Russe I Co (www.russeli.com). Tracks Russell 2000 and other small-fry indexes.

Anxiety Sells Magazines

Whatcha gonna do when they come for you?

For every longshot investment that morphs from a maybe into a mother lode, there's a Charles Ponzi looking to lighten your wallet. To get a whill for the per is that I e in wait for John O Pennystock, we rode virtual shotgun with the SEC's never dul. Enforcement Div sion by perusing its web site (www.sec.gov)



 Obtained a restraining order and an asset freeze to halt a possible "fraudulent offer and sale of securities" by United Energy Partners that raised approximately \$7.5 million from 285 investors. · Secured an order of permanent injunction against two Ohio corporations, Liberty Bell Association and McKenzie-Matthew, charging misrepresentations and omissions that helped raise more than \$1.6 million from forty-five investors. Investors were allegedly told that promissory notes from Liberty Bell and McKenzie could earn up to 230 percent and that their funds were secured by government bonds and securities and real estate equity. The SEC thinks the funds were instead used for operating capital and that no collateral existed

Apri 21

- Completed a settlement with Jamie B. Seigel, who agreed to pay half a million dollars after being accused of selling unregistered securities and defrauding investors in twenty-nine oil-andgas limited partnerships.
- · Reached a deal with one of twelve brokers working at three different companies who were accused of receiving "kickbacks in exchange for selling certain securities to clients."
- Got an injunction against Electro-Optical Systems and others to freeze an alleged "marketmanipulation scheme" masterminded by Thomas Cavanagh that "defrauded primarily small, on line investors of at least \$5 million "It seems that Cavanagh operated several accounts under the names of collaborators in order to make Electro's stock appear more actively traded.

April 22

- Assessed nearly \$1.5 million in disgorgement and prejudgment interest penalties on Michael Crow, former president of Wilshire Technologies, developer of the TrimPatch (an appetite suppressant administered through the skin) and a pipe plug designed to clean tubing in manufacturing facilities
- Obtained a permanent injunction and a civil penalty of \$40,000 against Mark T Fukuhara, former president and CEO of Laser Photonics. Fukuhara was charged with inflating Laser's publicly reported revenues and profits via fictitious sales.
- · Filed an action against New Era Technologies International (not the New Era Philanthropy Ponzi scheme) and former president Brent A. Jones. The commission alleges that Jones and New Era falsely asserted that the firm's statements had been audited.

April 23

- Filed a "micro-cap market-manipulation" lawsuit involving the securities of Alter Sales Co., a. Florida distributor of automotive parts. Defendants include Aiter's former president, an axed PR flack, and a broker who had worked at Datek Securities.
- Enjoined Jeffrey Lobel permanently from future violations of the antifraud provisions of the Securities Exchange Act of 1934. The complaint alleged that Lobel and others fraudulently offered and sold promissory notes by Direct Participation Services, "raising about \$26 million from approximately 750 investors." re

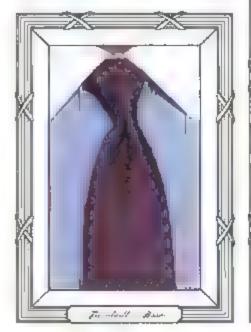




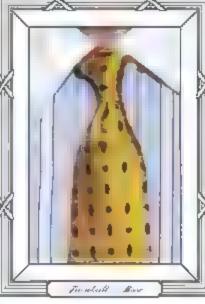


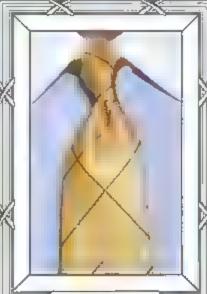


















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To wall Am







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Chester old \$1950,00

Natv Suit with Brown Stripe \$150,00

White Shart \$150,00

Black & White Check The \$95,00

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White Linen Hand wich of \$2250

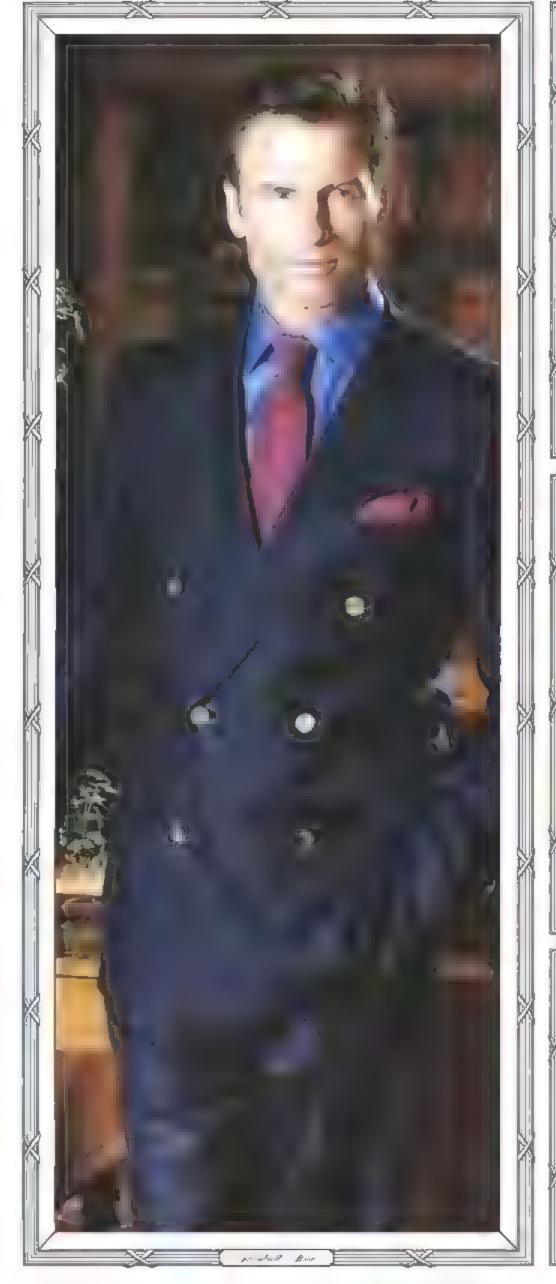






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Portraits of Quality by Turnbull & Asser

Navy Blazer \$875.00 B azer Stripe Shirt with Whi e Collar and Caffs \$185.00 Chain Line Tio \$95.00 Paid Shir \$185.00 Woven \$1x Le \$95.00 \$1a Pocket Sciarre \$15.00 Grey Flannel Trouser \$295.00

Torrange Ass





Portraits of Casual Style by Turnbull & Asser

Rase O ive Sport Cost \$1,495,00 3-4 Length Car Coat \$975,00 Iwill Trouser \$350,00 Herringbone Fannel Sinet \$155,00 Silk Knit Tic \$6560

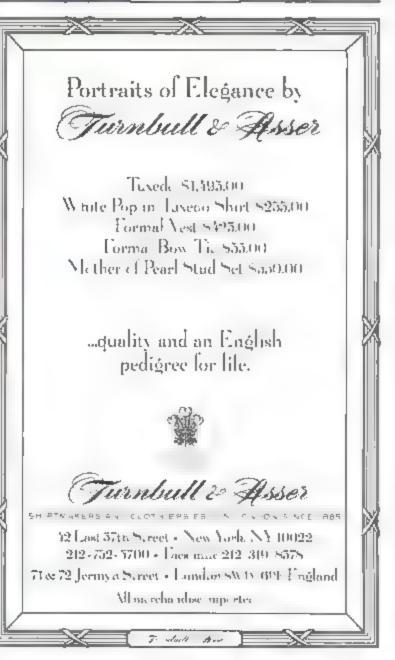




Mustard Herringbone Tweed Sport Jacket S. 050.00 Duffle Coal St 265.00, Back Den in Shirt SP5.00 Madder Ascat S903 O. Flanne Treeser S995.00 Black Cashmere B. 12cr \$2,150,000 Blue Denom Shart \$195,00 Iso Cordarov Trouser \$250,000 Pocke Square \$45,000 Sweater \$350,000







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Neiman Marcus

the screen

By David Thomson

ABrutal Jenderness



Director Carl Franklin makes us care about the dying before he kills them

of Carl Franklin yet After all, One False Move 1992) was a small pic ture costing less than 52 million and receiving a limited distribution. You had to be quick to eatch HBO's Laurel Avenue a show that seemed to beg to become a series. And Devil ma Blue Dress starring Denze. Washington as Walter Mosley's Easy Rawlins, might have grossed far more than its \$16 million if it hadn't been set aside by many as a "black" movie.

Franklin's new picture, On, True Thing, is the kind of mainstream film that gets big attention. Adapted from the novel by Anna Quindlen and written for the screen by Karen Croner it stars Meryl Streep, William Hurt, and Renee Zellweger This is not in any norma, sense a spectacular film or an innovative story Nothing much nappens beyond a fiftyish woman ,played by Streep) developing cancer and dving from it, while the people in her family, once so happy, stagger and then carry on in the great wind of learning so much about themselves

But One True Thing is remarkably affecting precisely because it remains 2



It's true.

When you're

buying a suit,

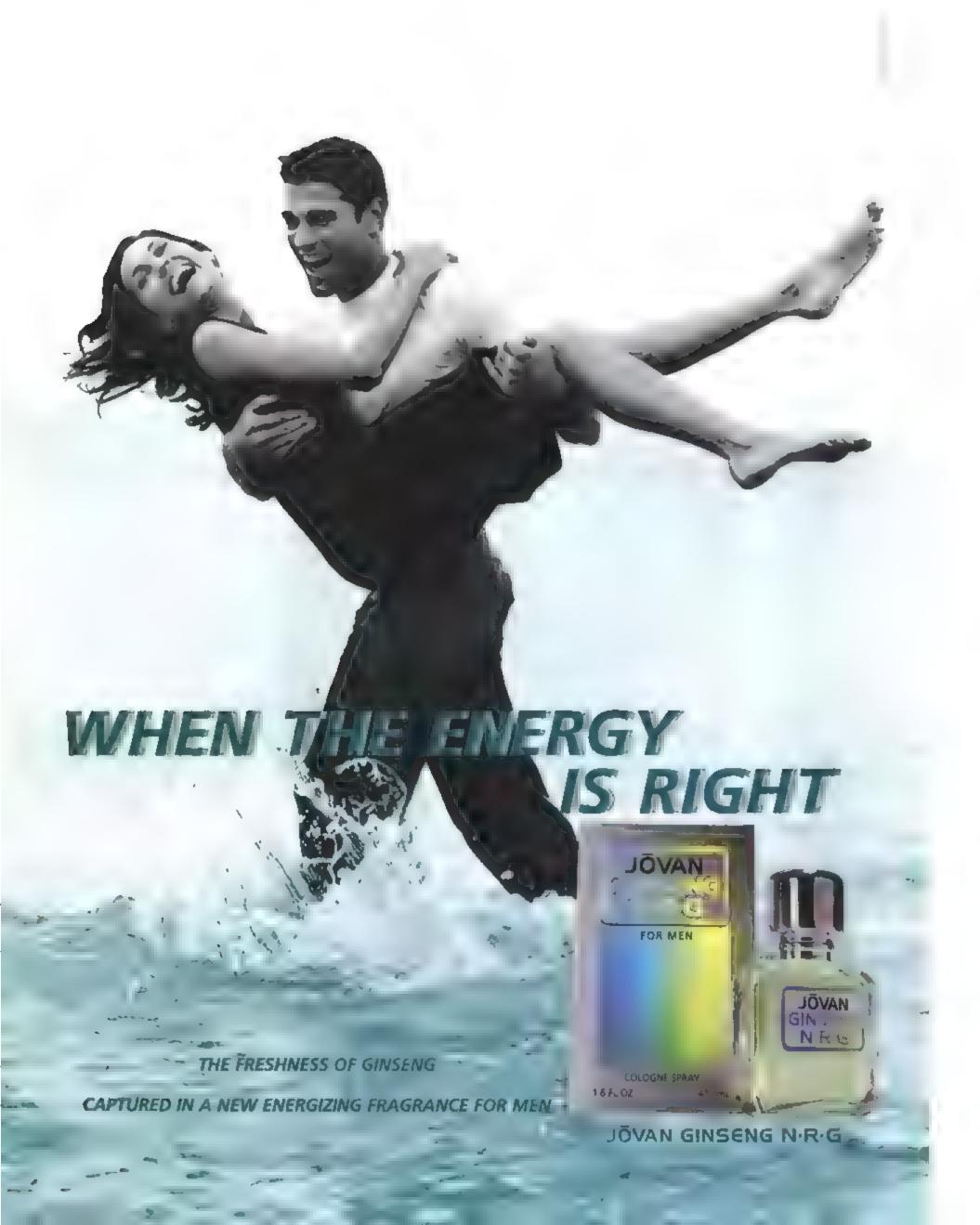
the most

important thing

is the label



Mertho extraine Super 100



the screen

so determined to stick with ordinary life. Franklin has trusted the story, the good script, and the great faces of a talented ensemble. The movie is as good as it is because Frankan relies on what has advays been the adimate special effect the human face as the mind behind it changes. In one scene, an ailing Kate Streep) is surprised by the sudden return home of her daugh ter, Ellen (Zelaveger), and the subtle but racing changes in Streep's expression suggest the entire emotional history of her character In this single moment we see just how quickly Kate's mind can work and just how far ahead she is doomed to thank. We see that she grasps the weakness in her husband and as effects on her daughter; that she realizes her fond, decent daughter has been manipulit ed, that Kate is losing her calm kingdom-having the house to herself in the quiet daytime. In a plink, she gath: ers that al. of this must mean she is going to die much sooner man she'd anticipated. Peace is gone

We have become so accustomed to onscreen death being quick, exciting, a knockout. This summer alone has brought us countless scenes of vivid, cheerful slaughter the mechanics of death given wicked, fresh twists to elicit our "Wow" We have become connoissears of this sort of disintegration. We whoop and cheer when the he, ds tail off, we give standing O's far now include votes for "best death" right alongside "best kiss"

let we and movie studios, receifrom a calistic and sensitive depiction of ordin ry death. At home or in hos pitals, a lot of us have seen cancer or other dreaded things and have learned to be patient with their thorough slowness has bean take a chole metre for real person to die, and audiences who have no quality about witnessing point bank executions may wince at the sight of Filen helping her mother out of the bath, we can see the state of the mother's aair the pallor of her skin the collapse of her body and her oss of pride or shyness about her white travel to Arkansas and in the nakedness

One True Thing is far too searching a film to waap up with some kind of lence has been a pretext for vistady of

casy affirmation, and Carl Frankin's sense of people is too wise, too prec se, to leave us believing in some cheap thaff about our enduring ability to surmount all tragedy. In One False More the picture that announced his arrival just as clearly as this one puts him in the small league of major American directors Fantasia (Cynda Williams) the feekless gangster's mollis ordered to search a house for surviv ing witnesses. She finds a little boy standing in the corner of an empty room, so red half to death. She remains silent to let him live Later, near the end of the film another small boy's father dying on the ground, uses what's left of his breath to hold his son in conversation wher than allow him to wander off and find his mother's corpse. The very young boy doesn't know that this man is his father, and the father doesn't reveal it. He simply detains the child from an even more shocking discovery. There's no room in such a film for a rousing, altering allimation, but Franklin gives all possible respect to this small attempt at being decent and familia.

He has come a long way Franklin was born in Richmond California, in 1949 Both his father and his stepfather were carpenters. For a decade at least, he tried to be an actor. He appeared in a few exploit from movies and did some TV Just recently he turned down a 'han' role in Armagal the novel death spills. Some polls and But in the 198 s he was push 11g forty already to applied to the American Film Institute training program and that's where ac fed in ove will story and knew he had to direct. Roger Corman recruited him to do some exploitation talns. Frank in plushes and won't even nome the projects, shot in Pert, and the Ph I ppiaes But then he'd gotten the chance to direct One False View written by form Epperson and Billy Gob Thornton

In retrospect, one can see how that story was Frank in's coming of age The black woman, Fantisa, h. s re a tainships with two white men. Two LA cops one back the other remarkable unloading of the anexpected story, we see that genre vio

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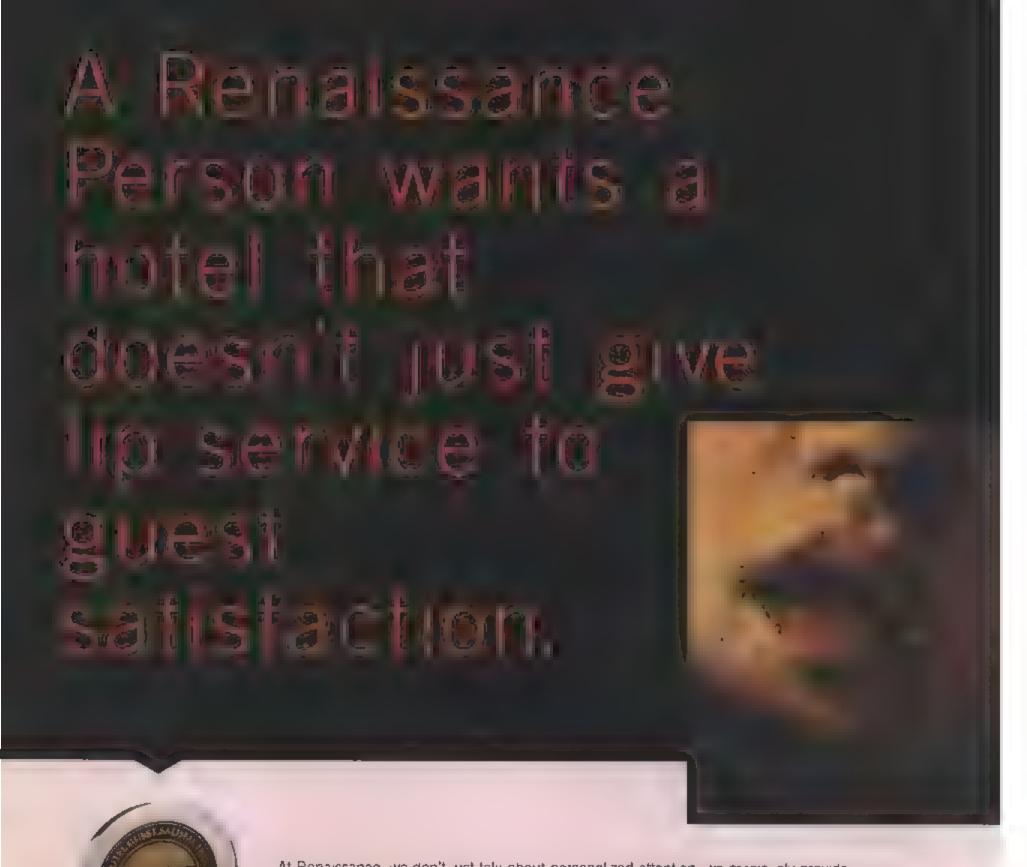
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the screen

interracial feelings. In Laurel Arenue one of the black women has a white hasband, and in Devil in a Blue Press. the central female character, we finally learn, is "passing" as a white woman For eight years now, Frank in has lived with Jesse Beaton, a white woman who is also the producer of his films

"People have been very open to me," he says "I ted you, I feat far more racism when I was an actor than now that I'm a director"

Still black directors tend to be assigned "black" material by studio executives or by their own choice let Franklin has now created superb por traits of white anxiety and neuroses, not to mention that clever Wasp capacity for talking so much that one avoids addressing certain fundamental issues Frankain says such benavior was not a part of his own upbringing But I defy any viewer to fault the detail here. He gets it all right. I wonder if any white director could do as well by any level of black society

"Blacks have to learn about white society," Franklin says 'It's the only way we can make it '

One True Thing was in turnaround a couple of times before Franklin took it on The project already had Streep and Zel.weger attached when he came aboard And he had to move fast to get it done, for it's a family story that plays off all four seasons, just like the classic Meet Me in St. Louis (a relevant companion piece) Most of the film was shot in New Jersey, with exceptional work from director of photography Declan Quinn and production

designer Paul Peters

This film should establish Franklin as one of America's leading directors Still, why see a film about cancer? For the faces and the people, that's why In-One True Thing, Franklin retrieves Wultam Hart from several years in his own wilderness, making him as unlik able but as touching as one of the middle aged men in Chekhov Then there's Renée Zellweger, here to stay and plainly going to school on Meryl Streep And if it hasn't occurred to you before, thank your luck at being here for Streep's great days. Some critics have accused her of being too cal-

culated They say there's a chilly expertise about her—something the pubhe has never loved- and that you can see the wheels of art whirring some times. I disagree. At such moments, you're just facing her characters and the intedigence she gives them. There isn't another actress in her league now-no one so ready to seem foolish. smal, minded plain, and unglam orous Meryl Streep is one of the people who make the rubbish and stupid ity of most movies seem excusable

And there's something more search ing and troubling than death in her Kate Her character has made a bar gain with life and her family. She has no job, no glory She knows she is looked down on by female faculty in her husband's department and even by her daughter, a magazine editor Her happiness is deeply compromised for she knows her husband is weak, a jerk, a philanderer. She sees how these things pain her daughter, a young woman pledged to glory in life

In an indelable scene she tells her daughter "It's so much easier to learn to love what you have instead of al ways yearning for what you've missed or what you imagine you're missing It's so much more peaceful."

What heresy! What quiet insurred tion' For Kate Guiden is disowning the pursuit of fierce happiness and standing up for compromise for mak ing do with small mercies and un complaining desperation. Even Cirl Frinklin reckons she's the last of a dy ing breed-the last of an age in which some women have no job, no compet ing role I'm not sure I think Kate stands for sell-effacement, for giving up the race for taking life as it comes There is a moment in the film on Hailoween night when she remarks on the sounds of the small country town It seems to be breathing But such a moment, reminding us that the largeness of nature can make up for death and loss, seems to belong in a film greater than One True Ihing in tends to be. A moment such as that requires a Renoir or Antonioni or Chekhov or Mahler Nevertheless, Onc True Thing is something very special and valuable the riveting account of one small passing. M.



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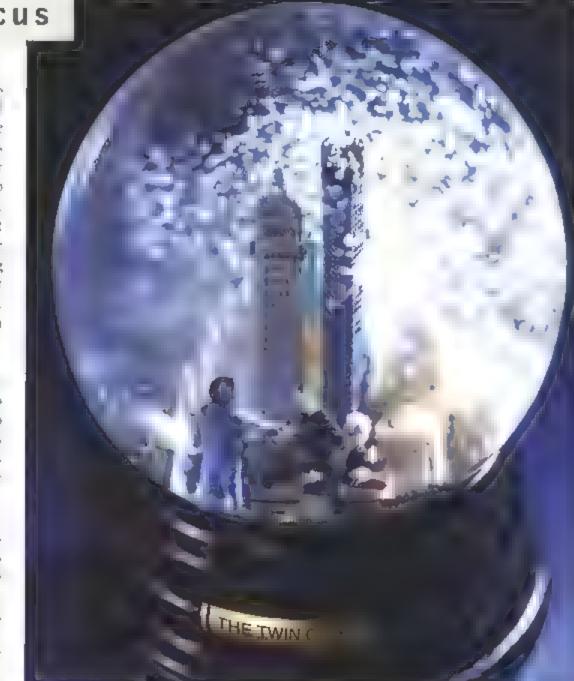
the culture

Everything And in Robert Clark's new novel, that somewhere crawls inside you and won't get out Somewhere Clark's new novel, that somewhere crawls inside you and won't get out

OBERT CEARR'S new murder mystery Mr Whites Confesion is set in St. Paul in 1939 You pick up the book feeling assured. This is a genre nove. Whatever is going to happen here it's going to happen in certain long pol shed w.ys. for certain long-poished reasons, it was over and done with a long time. ago. And whatever it is that's going to happen, now had can a be if it takes place in St. P. u.s. God knows. Minnesota nice was nicer in 1939 than t is now and it's nice enough now

But U. rk plays tricks with the conventions of genre. He offers the diasion of distance and safety and ends up producing a sense of displacement so sh very and complete that the result is as thralang as it is unnerving. What's striking about Clark's work is toat the past offers no protect on whatsoever

In Mr What's Confession, the Depres sion has left the country shipwreeked, people have seavenged what they can, and for most ale goes on. The ties of society and lamity life have toosened, even if they never cave home, people are drifting from door to door There is an undefined but under able sense of purpose essness, boredommh hsm, worthless freedom This is not a mood but an almosphere, a kind of fictional weather. Weather is one thing people have to share and you are share ing this weather with Cark's charac-E ters. Mek in 1939



Carks marder victims are women the really tanks. Secretly be thought from the Aragon a dime a dance joint where business a slowing down. The boss to Is his girls that people just aren't dance with a profit girl they didn't "convivi," anymore but that's not what know, for the cost of a dollar and a

they somehow just weren't as lonely lonely enough that is, to take solace in a

Manager III Within

JACK VICTOR

MONTREAL

the culture

drink." The shadow of the Depression is lifting, that's why business is bad.

Back five years, in 1934 or so, when things looked really bleak, people knew how to take their comfort where and when they could. A fellow came to the Aragon and he didn't want to leave, he wanted to stay all night Tomorrow was a bill collector waiting at the bottom of the stairs. But now the future was like one of those new men's room vending machines a guy had tried to sell him last month, a treasure chest with a mirror on it so that same fellow could look at himself and think So who's Mr Lucky? Maybe me!

THE SENSE OF A WORLD changing that Clark creates has no real past or present in it, only the ominousness of the uncertain. It's the most complete sort of foreshadowing-social, not particular No one knows what will happen next.

Still, the story, the weather, feels safe. Around its edges, even close to its center, Mr White's Confession could have been written by Dashiell Hammett or James Crumley-at their best, at their most literary, at their most sadistic and down-and-out. With time as protection, the pure charm of genre pulls you into Clark's tale. It's the adherence to conventions and the push just past them into the specific, the author's unique event, the tiny change he's ringing on the big bell—as with a gang of cops rousting vagrants in a St. Paul hobo jungle and coming upon a real prize, a couple of kids screwing in an old railroad boiler Oh, the fun they're going to have with that one!

The tension is soft. It's a matter of whether or not you've heard it all before, and for a while this is where the story stays. The first victim appears, strangled, not raped. For a suspect, there's Herbert White, a thirty-fiveyear-old clerk and amateur photographer who likes to make chaste studies of showgurls. "This went photography gimp"-probably a virgin, a pansy, a retard, the cops speculate. He's a suspect because he's a freak, huge, utterly alone in the world. The world isn't quite real to him. His mother died giving birth to him; twisted by that event and by the death of his father in the First World War not long after, he

emerged from childhood incapable of remembering his own actions. For the murder, though, the evidence isn't right, but then a second dancer turns up dead, strangled, not raped, with semen in her hair-and White leaves clues like Hansel left bread crumbs. Caught, he doesn't deny anything: He can't remember anything.

In a long, serpentine interrogation, a detective the reader has met as a thug spins webs of Freudian psychology around the suspect until he can barely remember his own name. "So if I remember about my parents' dying but I forget lots of other things, that's a way of forgetting about my parents' dying?" White asks the cop. "That's about it in a nutshell," the cop says. "I know it doesn't always make sense to you. You're obviously not up on this stuff. But trust me, Herb. Hell, if you don't trust me, trust the science. Science doesn't lie, Herb."

White is introduced as a patsy, but the reader begins to see him as a monster, and White can begin to believe he is one. God, he has written in the journal the police have read, "must have made us and left us alone with this file of scratched and battered negatives of all the time that shall ever be, and although it seems we must inexorably enact each one, in fact we are dreadfully free." White signs a confession dictated by the cop, the judge sends hun up for life in Stillwater, in solitary, which for all intents and purposes is where he's always been.

To this point, the book is almost within the fold of its genre. As the generic stage has been built, though, other characters have entered the story, and without intent their fate has become tied up with White's Characters who seemed even to themselves no more than conventions in the generic story of their time and place—a runaway teenage girl, a middle-aged man with no belief in any future-have begun to change, and by the time of the tale's apparent resolution, they have moved to its center. Here the story is not about crime but about jeopardy, about desperate sex and terrified love. In an awful, singular moment of foreshadowing-in a phrase just sitting flat in a sentence and then inexplicably ringing down the page—you begin to realize that these people are not going to

make it. You begin to suspect that the crime the book is heading toward will be much greater, and much worse, than the evidence has so far allowed. There came a point in the book when I found myself frozen with fear over what, it seemed certain, was about to happen to people whose air I'd begun to breathe.

It's too much, more than you bargained for Clark opens up into termtory his genre can't enclose. He takes the fixed points of a generic story that have—as with Raymond Chandler and Los Angeles or Carl Huasen and Florida-put St. Paul on the map that readers of crime fiction already carry in their heads, and then he strands the reader in that place, familiar or unknown to the reader as it may be, the city now a swamp of horror and injustice the reader cannot leave.

Clark allows no more comfort than the notion that it all happened a long time ago. But then, with a small, queer shift, he does something more. He closes the story in the time in which it began, and then without warning picks up its threads in our present. The actors, pre-sumed dead or, at best, living on outside of the old story, return.

The reader isn't ready for this, the story is supposed to be over That it isn't calls into question everything one has, not without cost, come to accept in the tale. The innocent begins to shade back into the guilty, the guilty into the unknown With its cover closed, the book becomes unstable, which true genre works never are-James Bond movies or Robert Rauschenberg collages, say, in every case entirely self-referential, an inside joke flattering you that you got it, a joke that says little more than that if you lived here, you'd be home by now, but, hey, you do, and you are But now, in Clark's hands, genre ceases to function. The past dries up. St. Paul, waiting quietly in the upper Midwest, comes loose from its moonings. That the story is unresolved creates the burning feeling that a genre no less than a city can have a secret and keep it, and at the right time let it loose. Write what you know? Clark might be answering: What if you know nothing, not even where you are, not even what country you're living in? #

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allegri

the lives of men



Is your wife still waiting for you to show up?

VE BEEN THINKING for some time now that my write's get a big problem. She has gotten quiet and distant Hard, you might say Gold Of course, I have asked her about this Like 'What are you so mad

about?" Or "What is your problem?" I would go the kinder, gentler route, something like "Sweetheart, I've not ced lately that you seem un happy,' but my wife gets this look when her mood is the conversational subject-let's just say it's not a look that entices me to take her by the hand and say sweetheart anything Not that asking her what she's mad about works

Because Karen has closed herself off which is a big problem 1 thought a short road trip might he.p.

SHE IS TIRED, DULL I INSIST. It's important," I tell her "I want to see it " So does Sam He's nine Nick five says, "See what? What, Daddy? Are we there yet?"

"There" is Penn State where Karen and I met, where we're about to spend a weekend, where I holed up in a chick en coop a couple miles outside town for three years after codlege I turn onto a dusty line, up past the old farmhouse somebody is refurbishing. I want to see the coop. It happens to be where Karen and I spent our first night together

"They've been in this car for four hours," she says

"I know I just want to take a look" "Can I come?" Sam says

"No. There's not much to see "

He groans Karen tells me to harry up I get out of the car a one and push through high weeds. There really sn't much to see. Now it's just a shick that

Waitressins for Godot & Control of Control o



the lives of men

stores old boards.

Once, it was a grand little place. It had most of the modern conveniences-electricity, heat, a bathroom, even cable TV, although every winter the plumbing froze But when it thawed, well One spring night, I came home drunk and decided my bedroom, exactly the size of a single bed, had to be black, so I stumbled down the hill to a storage shed and actually found a can of black paint. Never mind that it was for electrical housing or something. Never mind that it turned out to be shiny black. A dark, close, glowing nugget of my strangeness, the bedroom didn't bother Karen at all that first night. She climbed right in

and walked up Telegraph Avenue through warm, gray air that had refused to budge with what was supposed to be winter, I burst into tears. Time had stopped It would always be warm in California. I had no grounding.

Karen moved west

Now, in the diner, she and I watch the table as if something is about to bubble up from below and we have to throw a blanket over it That something is Sam spilling his milk, which is actually a relief—the inevitable disaster. The waitress races in with a towel, sops, and it's over Then Nicholas, in a delayed reaction, starts crying. He has discovered a few drops of milk on his pants and shirt. No amount of reassuring will

the street, she asked me to marry her I admired her boldness, we got married.

I started writing like crazy. For a while, it was all I was interested in

So Karen went back east for a couple weeks, not exactly leaving me but needing to see what sort of family support she'd get if she did. Instead, she hatched a new plan. We had Sam. She got her master's in counseling. Then we moved east, got office jobs, bought a house The novel, 617 handwritten pages, sits

Now, in the Penn State Diner, Nicholas runs up, climbs into the booth, very happy and proud to have clean clothes I hug him

Karen, trailing, says, "Are you guys

THE LIGHT IS BEAUTIFUL. My wife's red lips glow. Suddenly it hits me, what her problem is.

But that was fifteen years ago. Now, when I get back to the car, she says, "Can we just get to the motel?"

On the way, Sam says, "Tell me again how you and Mommy met."

Karen repeats the rudiments of a story he has heard many tames. Mommy was a waitress at the Penn State Diner Daddy used to come in and order cup after cup of coffee and write in a notebook. Daddy left Mommy a five-dollar tip one night. Isn't that silly? For coffee!

A COUPLE HOURS LATER, we're in the actual place—a booth at the diner—and Sam looks around as if he were waiting for his parents to come through the door circa 1983. In fact, Karen and I are looking through the same fog of time What we don't mention to Sam and Nick is that she and I fell for each other immediately, then I abruptly broke it off. It would be nice if the reason had been my planned move three thousand miles away to Berkeley, that it didn't make any sense to make ourselves miserable by carrying on when it had to end But the real reason I quit her was that she didn't fit my ideal She wasn't good enough

I moved west. But Karen wasn't so easy to scare off She came out to Cahforma two months later, at Christmas When she had to go back, when I dropped her off at the airport shuttle make him believe that it's no big deal, that it will dry. I go to the car to get clean clothes.

Karen takes Nick to the bathroom to change. Sam, who will do anything to put off eating, stacks sugar packets.

Our first two years in Berkeley, Karen would come home and lie on the couch as the light got soft and gold in our broad front windows and tell me about the women at S. F. State, where she was finishing her degree while I holed up in a walk-in closet, writing the Great American Novel Women, she said, who were dynamic, women who were smart, women who were complete, women who were lesbians and hated men. We'd smile wryly, smoke our cigarettes Then she'd shower, and we'd go out for a sandwich and to a movie, and when we'd come home, I'd drift away, sometimes to the couch, sometimes to the bar across the street. and she'd get undressed and get in bed, and if I was still there, she'd ask me to be with her, because, she said, she needed me in order to sleep. What she really needed was something more than that, of course. She needed me to want her But I felt restless, uneasy I hadn't done enough that day I wasn't spent. I felt not desire but guilt. Desire was a waste of time. So I'd drift up and away.

Still, she waited, patient as Job. One night over wine at the fern bar down ready to-? Sam!"

Everyone looks down at what Sam has done. There is a big pile of sugar on the table.

"Weren't you paying any attention?" Karen says to me.

WE SIT ON A BENCH at a playground while Sam and Nick run around

"God, they love playgrounds," I say. "I'd like to do something," she says. "We need to do more."
"We are doing something. We came

here for the weekend,"

"Why don't we ever do anything?" For a moment, I watch Sam climb the monkey bars. He is a fearless climber "I think we're doing it," I tell her.

Karen is silent, staring at her boys. "You know what I mean?" I prod. "It's not going to be exone. We're with them. That's what we're doing "

Silence. Nicholas is running to us. "Mom, can I-?"

"Go play," I command Nicholas, and his face drops, his shoulders sag. He turns, walks slowly away, then gives that up and runs back to his brother

I try again. "This is what we're doing." "And what is 'this'?"

"Them."

She is silent now My anger fires, heat rising. Why this distance, this hardness? We sit there. This is, after all, the life she wanted. And now

she's miserable. We stare at our sons, who continue playing.

THEN I GET IT

We're in another restaurant. The cloudy day pours through a skylight, the hip blond-wood furniture stands out in relief We order milk shakes for the boys, wine for us.

Karen is still quiet I have no idea what she's thinking. The boys work their straws hard. The wine starts on me-anger again. Why is she just sitting there? She lets me watch her for a moment, then suddenly turns and stares: "What?"

"Nothing."

The first straw sucker hits air

"Sam," Karen says, "don't make that noise.

I order them two more shakes, mostly, I know, because I want another drink, Karen dechnes She looks annoyed.

She drinks her water, waiting.

But the light is beautiful My wife's red lips and green eyes glow My children are busy for a moment, and suddenly it hits me, what her problem is What she is doing, again, is waiting for me

Yet now it's different. She's no longer going to marshal me through doubts about us and getting married and having babies. The hand-holding days are over, which has been crystal clear for some time. But what strikes me now is this. It's all up to me. Karen is tired. She got us this far, and she wants me to take over, to have a plan, for some of my advertised cleverness to do us some real good, to take us somewhere. A man who goes out into the world, slays a dragon, brings home enough meat for the winter and a pile of videos, and when the weather breaks decides the family will go camping in the Grand Tetons She is still giving me-fifteen years later - a shot at being him.

I flush with this news, she looks away; the kids work their drinks. I consider taking her hand and telling her I love her Her patience allows me enormous power, in a way This is love! Pushed to become our bigger, better selves!

Instead, I drink, and stare at her,

and can't believe what an asshole I've been to package her quiet toughness into the nice, neat, awful idea that she's merely a bitch.

Enough With a little shake of her head that means, Can we pick up the pace here? Karen says to her sons, "You know what? I used to work in this restaurant, too.

Sam looks up. "Did Daddy come in and buy coffee from you?"

"No," his mother says, smiling smugly at me. "I didn't know Daddy then."

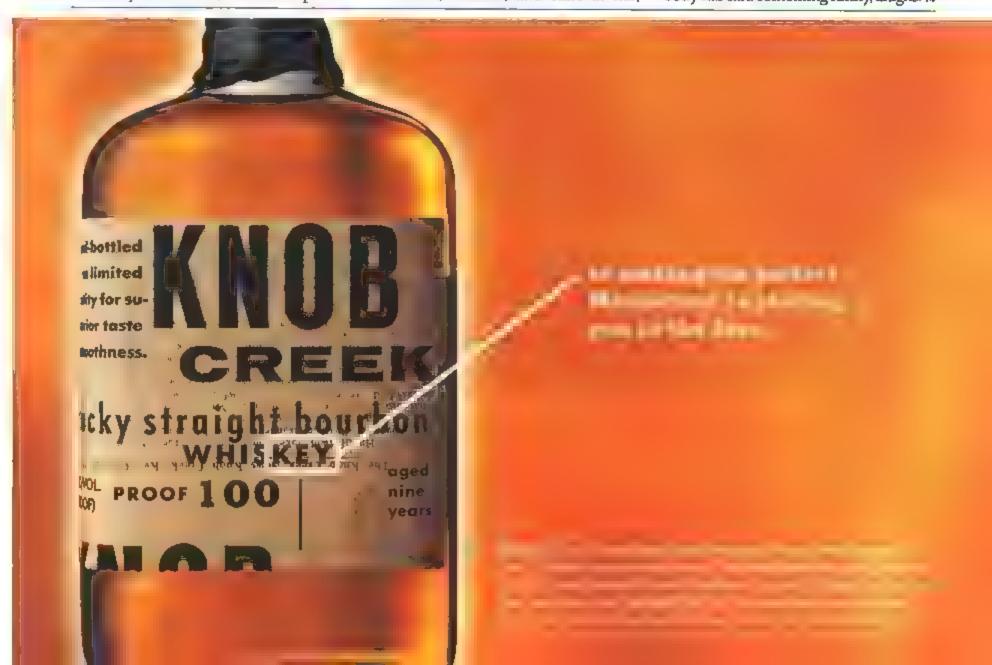
I'd forgotten In my day, this was the chichi place, managed by a notorious butt-feeler, a guy who hired only pretty waitresses. "I bet you fit right in here," I tell her, matching her smile.

"I got fired."

Actually, I know that, and why She told the manager to take a flying fuck when he made his move on her

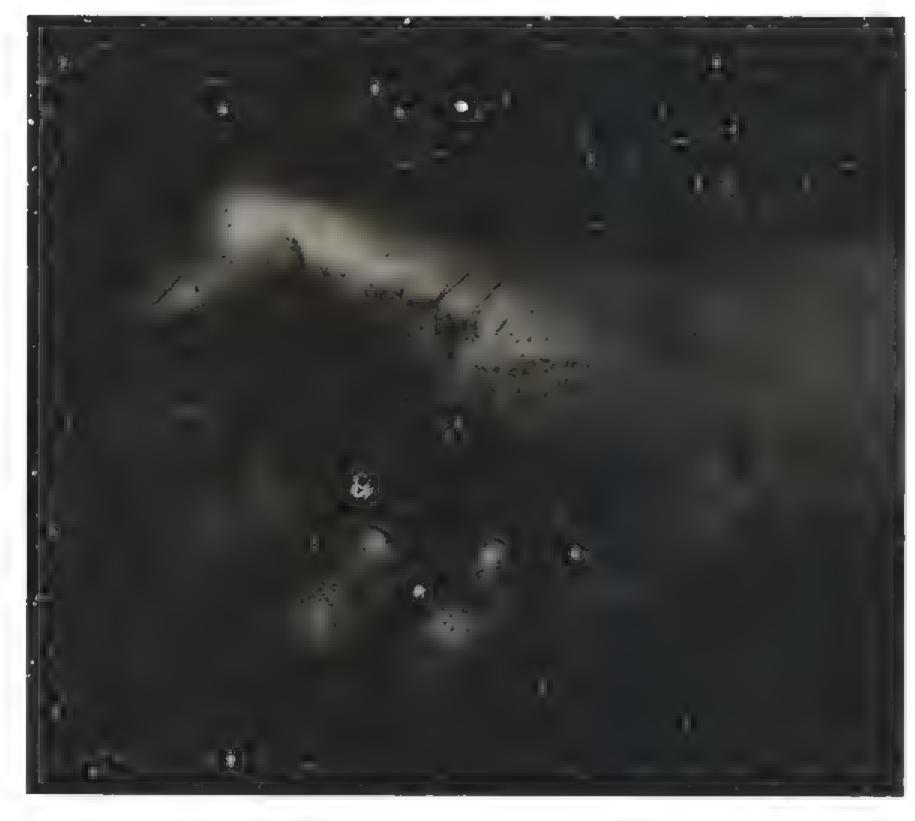
"Fired?" Sam says, alarmed "Why?" "I didn't fit in here."

Satisfied, he goes back to his straw, sucking loudly along the bottom of milk shake two, and Nicholas, sure that somebody has said something funny, laughs. 14



fiction

Providence By David Abrams Providence Tread lightly. At any moment, the earth might open up.



southern Georgia with your family It is early morning, and it is summer Dew clings to the undersides of forest leaves, rejuveyou drive, you can't help but fall prey to dewy hope

Let's say you have a wife and the gas pedal

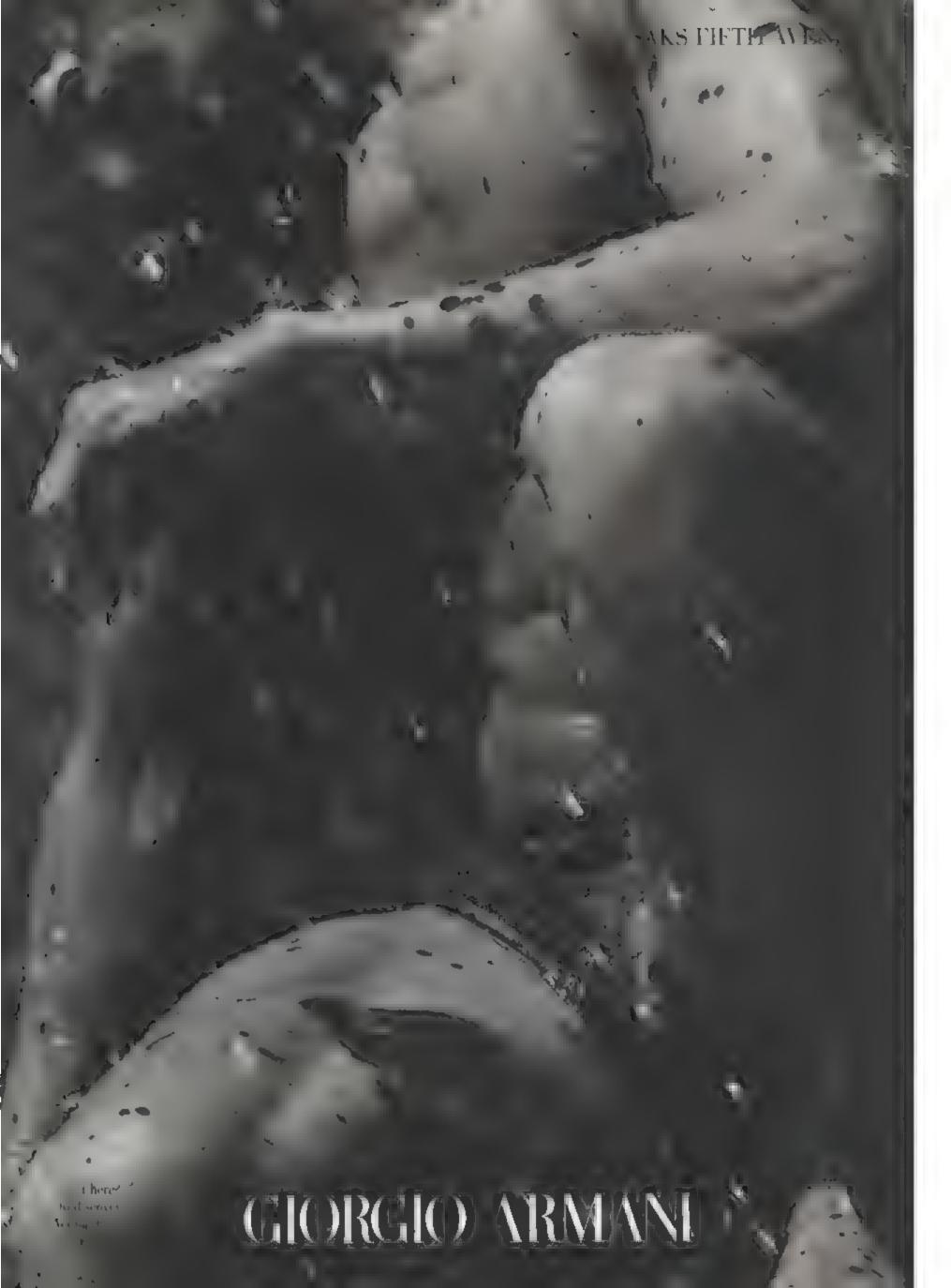
MAGINE YOU ARE driving around three children who have turned out to be just as lovely as anyone could expect You've always felt lucky to be surrounded by a family like this

Let's say you're driving, and with nating the air you breathe As a purpose A destination, a patch of brown on the map, guides your hand, the steering wheel, your foot,

At Lumpkin, you make a right, then a left, then another right You're at the edge of a small town, ready to travel seven miles down a narrow highway to your destination, but you pause at the weathered metal sign. Its raised letters are half eroded by wind, by rain, by tourists' fingers

You scan the sign because the chil-

FOR MEN GIORGIO ARMANI



dren are hungry By now, the morning dew has evaporated It's July, and the insects sound like electricity

"Providence Canyon 1,100 acres with sixteen different canyons up to two hundred feet deep Originally the backyard of a nineteenth-century farmer, Providence Canyon was the result of poor agricultural techmques soft soils Erosion left ditches three to five feet deep continued to grow over the years Heavy rains have removed as many as six feet of canyon floor in one night swallowed hundreds of acres of farmland, including a schoolhouse and a home occupied by a Georgia family for two generations Today, visitors can take a three-mile scenic trail which

Your mouth goes dry at the word family. The kids bounce in the backseat, calling for hot dogs, so you drive down the heat-rippled highway.

At the park, your children spill out of the car and run, arms windmilling, toward the playground. You

tentedly cooking hot dogs on one of the park's rusted barbecue grills at high noon on this oven-hot day You're whistling because you're in the middle of a three day weekend and you've been here many times before This place always makes you feel like whistling. You turn the hot dogs just like you would back at the diner where you work, except here you leave them on the grill a little longer than usual The taste of black char makes you think of neighborhoods, childhood, and a whole mess of other old-fashioned virtues that end with hood.

The smoke from your grill drifts down over the lip of the canyon like the fog that runs along the floor when you open the diner's walk-in freezer You leave the food to blacken, and you follow the smoke to the edge of the canyon The Georgia sun is setting. It's the color of a blood-stained egg yolk. When it strikes the bright soil of Providence Canyon, the light intensifies.

of forty-three different erosion-resistant soils were left standing in the middle of the canyon, like 150-foot cathedral spires of pink, orange, and white Pine trees, spindly but green, still flourish at the crests of certain outcroppings Seasonal rainstorms still squall into Georgia from the ocean and erode the edges of the canyon, cutting new gullies and raking noticeable tracks along the soft slopes The canyon grows by as much as six feet each year You know these things as fact, because the naturalist at the visitor center said so.

You are not necessarily a religious man in fact, you swear a blue streak when grease splatters the backs of your hands at the diner-but looking at the white ridges of calcified soil in the red late-afternoon sun, you notice they are as transparent as angels'

FORGET THE COOK Let's say you teach English at a local community

THE PARK is a monument to subtraction. You are only an English teacher, but you know enough about mathematics to understand that subtraction is a principle of life. A good principle or a bad principle.

walk over to inspect the swing sets and the teeter-totter, which seem dangerously close to the canyon's edge "Teetering," you whisper A puising vein branches across your forehead, and you raise your fingers to rub it away

A wooden fence skirts the rim of Providence Canyon, the ground dropping off just inches beyond its posts. In places, the erosion has eaten so far inland that some sections of the fence dangle out in space, two hundred feet above the canyon floor You call to your children

Now, instead of a hot, worried father, let's imagine you are someone else You have worked as a shortorder cook for the past fifteen years You're missing the tip of a pinkie finger, and your eyebrows have been singed off Let's say you are con-

You've never been to Arizona's Grand Canyon-never been beyond Alabama, in fact (folks like to call you Bubba, and you let them)-but looking at the illuminated clay, you know how all those tourists in their Winnebagos must feel

You've been to the visitor center several times, listened to the naturalist, pondered the sepia photographs of a farmer standing next to the puzzling ditch that formed overnight in his field. First came the trickles of erosion, then the great slabs of earth falling away when groundwater started looking for an exit. You've never been to the Arctic Ocean, but you've heard about glaciers calvingskyscrapers of blue ice crashing into

As the earth vanished, a strange thing happened in Providence Canyon Dozens of formations composed college Though you still take pleasure in circling misplaced modifiers on your students' papers, lately you've felt an ache at the base of your skull You moved to Georgia less than two years ago from your hometown in the Rocky Mountains Money was the issue. Now, as a teacher, there's something just not right with your life. Maybe it's the garbage can neatly centered under the pencil sharpener, the windowless fluorescence, the way the desks are arranged Maybe it's the four walls themselves.

So, on the spur of the moment, you've come to Providence Canyon.

Back at the community college, you wear a necktie every day Your wife says your ties are out of fashion But today at Providence Canyon, she can find no reason to complain, because you're wearing jeans and a T-shirt with a hole in the left shoul-

fiction

letters across your chest-get high ON THE TETONS are half faded

A trail leads to the bottom of the canyon You and your wife follow it As the two of you descend, the wind carries the fresh scent of pine, the rus-

der The silk-screened mountains and which grows along the streams after some baggage on your way out rainstorms

There are armadillos and miniature frogs here. The frogs jump from leaf to leaf like green confetti Slowly, slowly, you bring your cupped

hands around a perched frog but

trees are widely spaced but broadbranched, so there is continuous over head cover You love the sounds of the names given to the vegetation magnoha, mimosa, hydrangea, sparkleberry. The shade cools your skin. The leaves along the trail crackle like ice. There are red flowers, ranging from salmon to deep scarlet, on all sides, and you remember the naturalist in the visitor center telling you to keep your eyes peeled for the rare plumleaf azalea, you'll have to reshoulder this worm-

shoots between your palms Your wife squeals, and you feel yourself laugh for the first time in days

You descend deeper into the shade On the canyon walls, you take note of the prehistoric time zones, first Tertiary, then Cretaceous. You breathe deeply At the top of the trail, you've left the four walls, the chalk-dust handprints on your pants, the monotonous buzz of fluorescence You know

You pause along the trail and think about the canyon's formation one hundred years ago, and suddenly it hits you The park is a monument to subtraction You are only an English teacher, but you know enough about

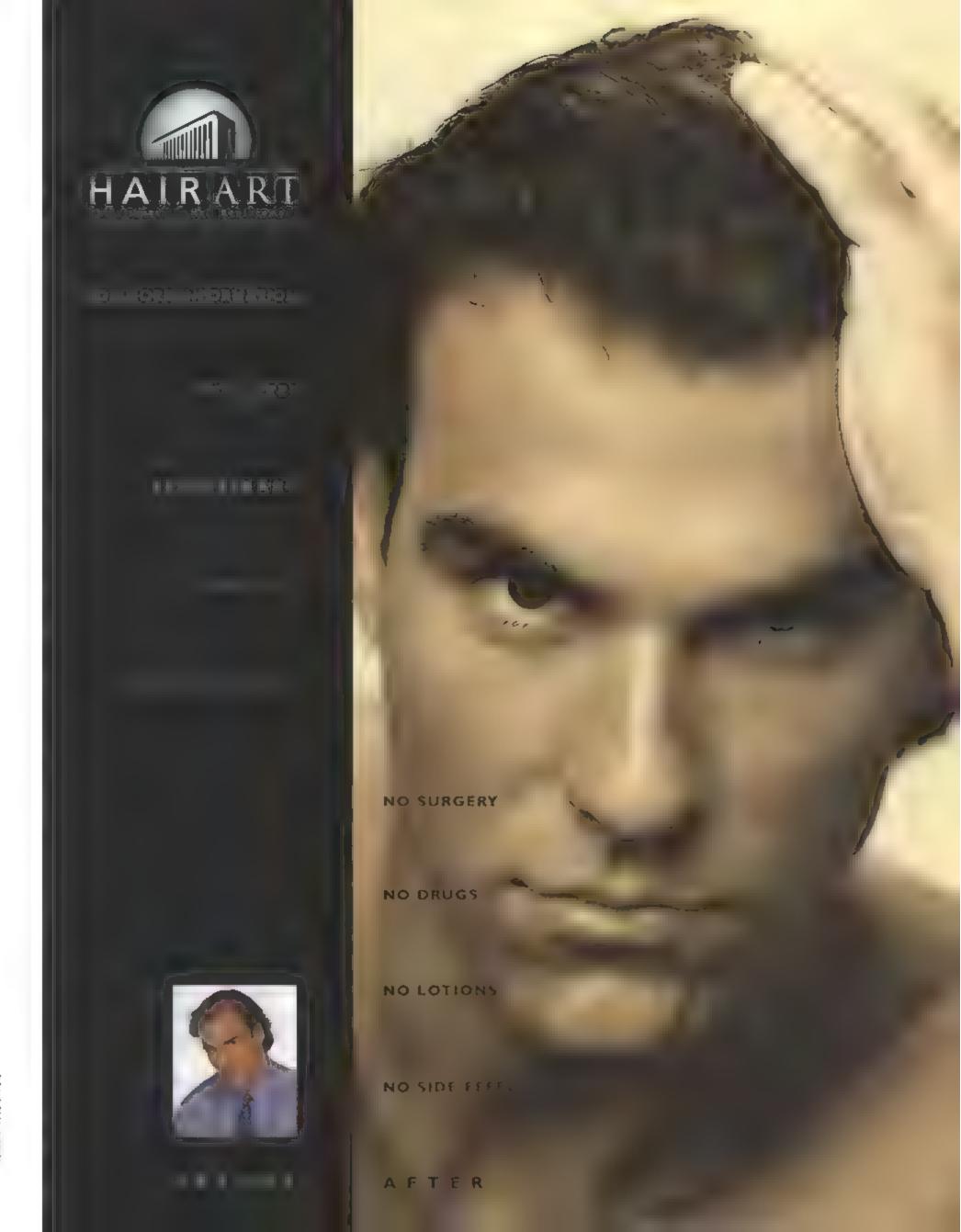
mathematics to know that subtraction is a principle of life A good principle or a bad principle, depending on how you look at it The natural processes at work on the canyon walls are an inspiration You realize that in your own life, you must start to extract the detritus from your soul, remove the gritty soil of clock-punching life This fills you with a hope you haven't felt in years. You are like a fat man on a diet who swears he can just feel those pounds melting away

LET'S SHIFT GEARS and make you a soldier Not a hard, combat-bitter one but a young one whose first assignment is at a small army headquarters in Atlanta. You have a desk job and spend most of your time saluting officers rather than squeezing triggers. When you step outside your office door, you can hear the city's bullet-shaped transit trains roaring past

So imagine you're this young, soft soldier standing at the end of the trail at the bottom of the canyon You've just emerged from the shade into the bright rays of sunset. The trail disappears at your feet into the loose sand of a gully The naturalist, the one who told you about the azalea blossoms, said the path

tle of dried leaves, and birdsong. The at the moment before capture, it continues around the base of the canyon in a loop. You had looked forward to following a defined trail, one that would lead you somewhere and faithfully return you to the beginning. You see nothing at your feet but eroding sand

You cross the dry gully, hoping to pick up the trail in the thick tangle 3 of pine trees and laurel bushes on the other side. The ground slopes up sharply here, the trees thinning Z at the top of the rise and disappear-



fiction

ing at the base of the sculpted soil outcropping. You push your way through brambles, fallen pines, kudzu vines.

There is no trail Or, if there is, you can't find it Like everything else, the canyon has eaten it

You lean against a pine to catch your breath, and your hand comes away sticky with sap You make a fist and pound the bark, trying to remember what you were taught in your land-navigation course last summer Basic training was twenty weeks long, and it cost the taxpayers \$15,000 just to send you But what did you learn?

A sharp crack echoes through the woods. You crouch instinctively, your mind racing to snipers in Third World jungles. But when you peer around the tree, you see it's only an armadillo hopping through the leaves, popping branches You jump up and give chase, leaping kudzu snares and dodging deadfall piles rates in the hungry canyon You remember the allegories that the English teacher at the community college tried to teach you. If he were here, he'd compare this geography to a mouth-the pink lining of the cheeks, the sharp points of the teeth You are standing in the very throat of Providence.

Suddenly, danger seems to be everywhere. Kudzu coils around your ankles.

When you look around, you realize you're much higher up on the hill than you'd thought Just ahead is a cone-shaped talus slope glittering with chips of mica and, above that, a gleaming red-purple-orange-white cathedral of soil rising skyward from the canyon floor

Now you are the twenty-sevenyear-old son of a Baptist minister You were raised in an atmosphere of good and evil -sharp lines, like layers of sediment, marked their differences.

would like this place if he ever saw it. He could draw three or four sermon illustrations from it

The word providence You've heard your father say it from the pulpit many times.

Providence, provident, providential. You think about the farmer back in 1840 who surveyed, plowed, planted, and harvested his land two hundred feet above where you now stand Maybe he was down on his luck, had a couple bad years of cotton So, in a gamble for more productive acreage, he razed the trees on his land Every last tree.

In the spring, the rain had nowhere to go but into the soil, which, coincidentally, was smack-dab over a weak spot on the earth's crust. A flaw in the bedrock. A geologic fluke. You picture the look on his face when he saw the plowed furrows on his land turn to ditches and those ditches to trenches five feet deep in just a matter of years. Then you think about the earth caving

THE EARTH once covered this space like a sea, and the canyon has been stripped of all but the most durable soils. Your father, the great orator-preacher, could draw three or four sermon illustrations from it.

You're gaining on the armadillo when suddenly, like the trail, he vanishes Does everything in this place disappear? Your breath tears at your throat You scan the side of the hill He couldn't have just

Then you see what appears to be a clay-colored snake sticking out of a hole. The armadillo has buried himself headfirst in an abandoned den and, thinking he's completely hidden, is holding very still

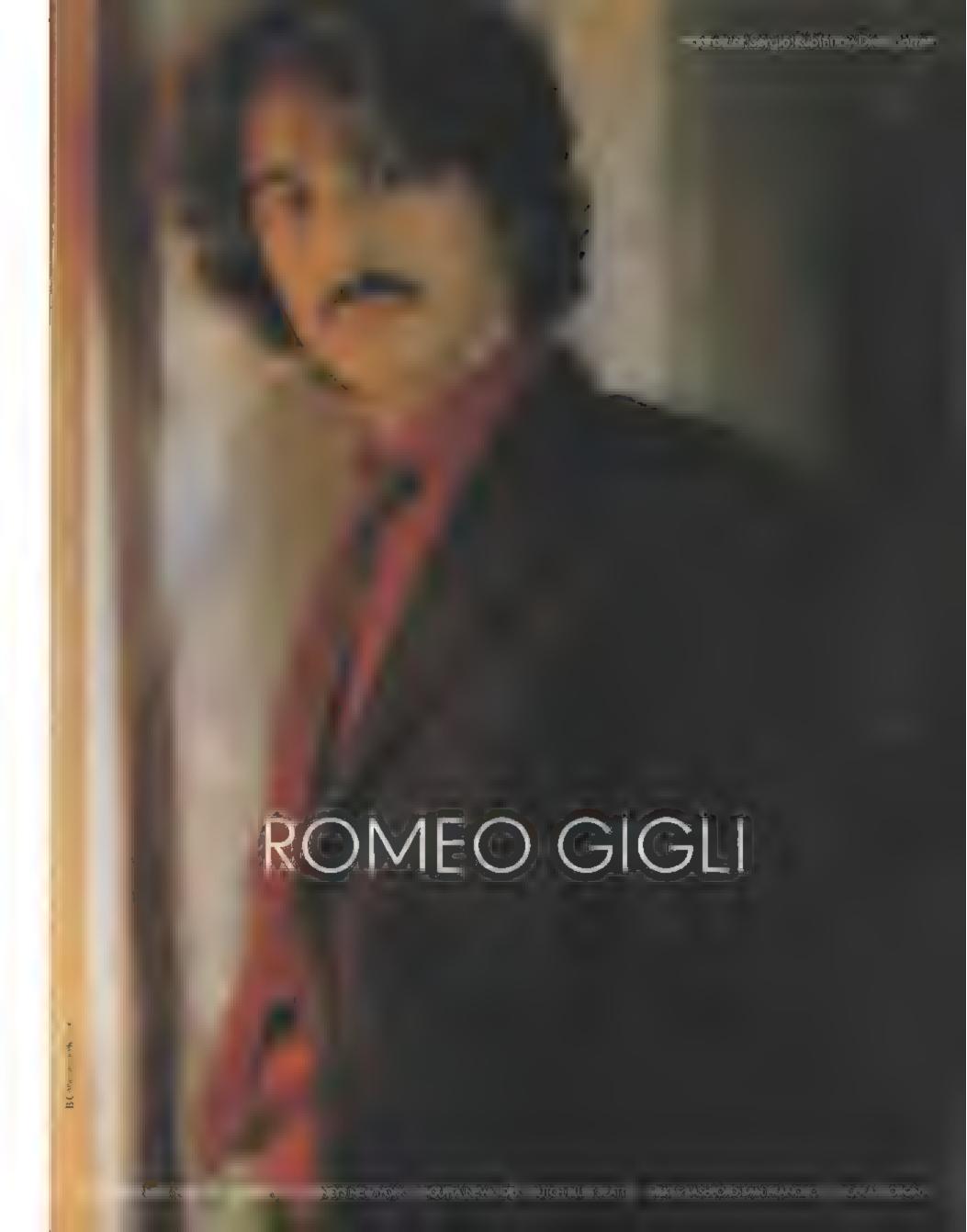
Slowly, you reach out your hand to grab the ropelike tail. You've almost touched the hard, dry scales when you remember this animal has claws that can strip the flesh from your forearm in a matter of seconds You withdraw your hand and thump the side of the hill with your foot The armadillo shifts, scrunching deeper into the hole You laugh, but the laugh goes nowhere, evapo-

You stand at the base of the multicolored cliff The soil, deeply furrowed and leached, rises up to a knife-sharp ridge. At the crest is a thin pine tree with seven branches You count each branch. The roots look like white knuckles as they grip the knob of the ridge. The tree, undercut by erosion, leans out over the canyon floor 150 feet below Its hold is so fragile that the next squall blowing in from the Atlantic might just send it splintering to the gully below Even the rays of the sunset could topple it

The earth once covered this space like a sea, and the canyon has been stripped of all but the most durable soils, the ones most resistant to wind and water the ore, the mica, the clay The sand, the silt, the topsoil webbed with hair-thin roots-these are the disposable details of the canyon Your father, the great orator-preacher, in on itself, swallowing the schoolhouse and the two-generation home.

You slide down the talus slope, sprint across the gully, and find the path back to the canyon's rim. The soil crumbles under your feet at the trailhead, and you momentarily fall to your hands and knees, scrambling up the last two feet of the trail. You take your wife by the hand and call your children off the playground equipment Once everything is packed in the carkids, ice chest, hot-dog buns-you leave the park.

You drive just a little faster on the trip home, pursued by the sound of the canyon widening. And all these voices inside you—the father, the cook, the teacher, the sordier, the sonagree it is a beautiful, dangerous sound. The sound of a crumbling life. You can hear the whisper of each falling grain 14



DOUSING The Sherrill DOUSING That Saved Lasyes and Lasy

Lincoln Spoor had a dream that involved baked goods. Lincoln Spoor had a doughnut dream. Lincoln Spoor drove a hot glazed doughnut right through the heart of Sin City.

I'S AT THE IMPLOSION PARTY that I realize he's changed. A crowd of Las Vegas locals gathers around Lincoln, just staring, mouths agape, as though he were a new casino Yes, he says. He came with dough nuts. The boxes are over by the bar The locals members of the Vegas business community, men in pinkie rings, women in eye shadow, every body smoking cigarettes -put down their plates of baby chicken wings and traipse over to the bar and begin nilling through the boxes of hot glazed. grabbing, smiling, talking fast, and gen-Ly hopping up and down ake chil dren They bite into the hot glazed and close their eyes.

The san is melting like butter behand the purple nills. It will set soon and when it does the old Aladain Ho tel with its seventics gold-toned windows and defeated-looking Moorish design will be dynamited. People begin pressing against the windows of Kæfer's Atop the Carriage House, the restaurant where the implosion party is being held. Helicopters buzz the dark ening sky, and the lights of the strip start glowing to life. There will be fireworks first, we're told, to signal the be

ginning of the implosion

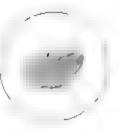
"Our first party was for the Dunes," says Denise Isabella, the manager of Kiefer's She has a windbreaker and a refreshing unhostessy attitude "Noth ing can top that implosion "

"When was that?" I ask

"Back in 1903," she says, as though a were in medieval times. "People were



dance begin.



Brief summary of prescribing information



viAGRA is indicated for the improvem or elegan dysfunction. The studies it as asiablished benefit deniquestrated improvements in success lates for sexual intercourse compared with planebo

CONTRAINDICATIONS

Use of AGBA is contrained an earlier in gatheries with a known hypersen advisor to an icomponent of the tablet. Consistent will its known effects on the rates outly. CMP partial issue CL MICAL PHARMATOLOGY VIAGRA was shown to potentiate the hypotensive effects of distrates, and ils administration to patients who are concurrently using organic nitrates in any form is therefore

PRECAUTIONS

General
A monough medice miscoly and physical examination should be undertaken to diagnose execute dystroclon determine potential underlying lauses and identity appropriate asserting. There is a diagnose of laur activity in asserting with the constitution of laur activities of their patients profit to indicating any site are in the result in

Agency for the leafment of execute dysfunction should be used with it about in patients with anatoms at depreciation of the penus and as angularion data mass in the penus and as angularion data mass in the penus and as angularion data mass in the penus of the penus and as angularion data mass of the penus and as a society of the penus

or in patients who have conditions which may precispose her in projects such as stoke ear anexts multiple myeloms or reusemia. The safety and et cau you committees of villababa with other treatments for erectile dystruction. Nave not been studied. Therefore, the use of such combinations is not recommended. VIAGRA has not been studied in the use of such combinations is not recommended. If you considered the project of the project of such as such as a large graded, in the control of such as increased the above and the administration of villababa or patients with the effect of discounts from a tree populations. The effect of AARA should be administrated with case on the second of the control of the effect of the effects.

A contained of patients with the other and condition retinal is pigmentosic have genetic discrete of settler phosphorites for an analysis of the Alice patients with retinate pigmentosa. Therefore, vIAGRA should be administered with cautors to these patients.

Information for Patients

Priva clans should discuss with patients the contraindication of vIACRA with concurren longanic natures.

The use of VIAGRA offers no profession against severily transmitted diseases. Counseling of patients about the printertive measures necessary to go a diagainst sexually transmitted diseases not utiling the Muratin instrumed financy virius. HIV may be considered.

Drug Interactions

Effects of Other Drugs on VIAGRA

In vitro studies. Since rate introduction is principally mediated to the hytorhrome P450. [VP) selforts "As image, but eight 209 in mor route. Therefore inhibitors of these scenarioses may

for vivo studies. Comending 1800 mg, a non-specific CVP inhibitor caused a 56° increase in plasma situational for contents of the content at the content at

Phat have date from patients in charical 11 als showed no effect on sildenatilights made kinetins of CYPPCA inhibitors, anch as folbulamide liversame. CYPPOB inhibitors such as selective sention registate inhibitors trayeting indepressants, this yell and related in this. ACE inhibitors and care up channel brockers. The Author member or in decimal or sudden in was or maked 625 to your and prockers maked 625 to he member it and prockers. These effects he the member it are not expected to be of chinical consequence.

Effects of VIAGRA on Other Drugs

In vitra studies. Situenalities a weak inhibitor on the nytochrome P450 isoforms 1A2, 269, 26, 9, 206, 261 and 2A4, 1650, 50, M. Gwer, studenant peak biasing concern, among nilapping number 1, M. after rend numerided doses. It is unlikely that waAGRA will after the clear ance or substrates of these

In vivo studies. No significant interactions were shown with olbutamide 250 mg or warfave 40 mg born of which are instabilized to 3 YP2C9.

AGRA 50 mg did not potentiate he increase in blending time laused by aspir in 150 mg in AGRA 50 mg did not potentiate he increase in blending time laused by aspir in 150 mg in AGRA 50 mg did not potentiate he increases effect of alcohol in healthy volunteers with might maximishoud alcohol levels of 6.8 m. No interaction was seen when a AGRA 100 mg was considered with annothing time in hyperteesive patients. The mean additional instruction in support to the pressure system. Significant did not 7 mm/kg was on a similar mapping to that seen when visioness as 20 millioness as 2 millioness and 11 Millioness and 11 Millioness are 11 Millioness as 11 millioness and 11 millioness a

VIAGRA we leand out tout any hypertensive medication.

Carcinogenesis Mulagenesis, Impairment of Fertility

Carcinogenesis Mulagenesis. Impalment of Fertluty
Silferia it was not natunogenes when attempted to rais to 124 monits a la dose resulting in total systems, a lag exposole Author to unbound sidenal and is major metabolità at 29 and 42 most systems, a lag exposole attempted and it man male, given the Maximum Recommended Human Dose IMRHO of 100 mg. Side is it was a stantangenic when administered to mice to 18 21 months at acsages up to the Maximum Tolerated Dose IMRO of 10 mg kg-day approximately 0.6 imms, the MRH D and aling mit basis.

Sidenath was nagarities in vision bettermined Chinese hardster overly cell assays to detect the approximate of a vision because ymphocytes and in vivo mouse micronucleus assays to detect the contents.

Clastagement.

There was no impairment of fertility, it lats given sildenals in to 50 mg/kg day, for 36 days in females and 102 days to mains a dose producing an Audiovalue of more taps 25 lines the formance.

There we no intection operationally or morphology after single 100 ingional doses of VIAGRA in

Pregnancy Hursing Mothers and Pedialric Use

Pregnancy Norsing motions and replaced use MAGRA include as a newborness children or women. Pregnancy Category 8. No redde as of terrandem including a factor of the process of terrandem including a gardyeness in respiration of the substitution of adequate and well controlled unidies grunting in in pregnant women.

ADVERSE REACTIONS

VIAGRA was administered to over 3700 patients, ager 19-87 years adming ran additions worldwide. Over 550 patients, over cares for longer may one care properties on making the first an insulator rate due to adverse events on VIACRA. An examining in ignitication, title ending to great about 2.3° The page are events were generally

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"tall of all diagnos of er events apported by patients recriving wiAuRA were generally sixtual
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adverse scents of the piecidose studies when impre closely lefted the lecommended dosings.

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Whe WAGPA was laken as lacon mended on an as preded basis in lexible-dose pracebo controlled chinical mals the following adverse events were reported.

TABLE 1 ADVERSE EVENTS REPORTED BY 2% OF PATIENTS TREATED WITH VIAGRA AND MORE FREDUENT ON DRUG THAN PLACEBO IM PRICE FLEXIBLE DOSE PHASE JULI STUDIES

Adverse Event	Percentage of P. VIAGRA N= 34	Puriting Even Puriting No. 25
Headache	16: 0	454
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Other adverse markings per med an aliase of 2 sibut equally common on placebic respirator ligid mention back gain it is send once and advand a sibut equally common on placebic respirator ligid mention back gain it is send once and advand a six angle adverse events were similar to those delayer. In the prevail livers reported this given angle adverse events were similar to those delayer. In private reported this given and placebism view reported this given and placebism view reported. The influence prevail is not used in 2 soft eatlants in controlled counts these associate leakening to yill ASRA is the size. For eatled events in the controlled counts along the provided responsible elayer in a right send on the difference and ports in analysis which is those as place whose accordants full.

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Body as a whole in a eigenval photomer above republic shock as begand pain which accidents full abdormestinant villeger, againgt one of eigenvalue accidents much in Cardiovascular angina peuple one. As bittels may all a year oper factor house paintation hypotensis to the above and a secretary care of a secretary care of the eigenvalue of a secretary care of the operation of the accidents and the eigenvalue of the eigenvalu

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OVERDOSAGE

In studies, with healthy voluntaers of single doues to to 800 mg, adverse events were similar to hose seen at their doues for integers of single doues not reason to see a few doues for integers and seed of their seed of their

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More Hair, Less Hype.

An intelligent consumer's guide to hair regrowth issues.

Before trying any new, reputed hair-growing medication, there are four critical questions to ask. Compare the answers you get with Dr. Lewenberg's

What are your chances of success? Does it work on all forms of hair loss? Is it for men and women? DR LEWINBIRG'S LORME V has been clinically proven to work on nearly 90 z of patients, men and women, who suffer from all forms of hair loss and thinning hair according to a major stady published in the highly respected medical journal, Advances In Therapy (Oct. '96) * No other medication - prescription or overthe-counter — can match this proven success rate

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公等 医肾 器

Minoxidil Lotion Wil

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SPLOZ

1 9 55 A 1 B 1

Is the medication really safe? What are your risks in using it? Are you willing to take those risks? DR. LEWEND RG'S FORMULA. when used as directed, should have no side effects.

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* These results were reported in TV news stories across the U.S. and around the world and were the basis of a feature on the TV news show "EXTRA."

at the windows, sobbing, 'Oh, it's sooo sad Goodbye, Dunes!

I catch Lincoln's eyes They are golden-brown and beautiful and almost too big. He smiles faintly, with his lips closed. He's not here, not with me. not with Demse and her "Goodbye, Dunes." I know Lincoln We have been cousins by marriage for so long, at this point we are cousins ourselves and almost like siblings. I know about the ketchup and mayonnaise he mixes together to make his own Thousand Island dressing, about the way his ears stick out when he gets his hair cut too short, about the Captain Picard costume he got for his birthday last year, about the cigars he smokes outside in the dark after dinner, about his lifelong obsession with bakery goods. And he's changed. He still has that attentive stare, but I realize now it's habitual He's been looking at people that way for so long and listening so well-so politely and kindly and dutifully—that now when he isn't paying attention at "I feel like I'm meeting a celebrity!"

An implosion is a quiet thing, quieter than the fireworks with their loud pops and blasts and huge ba-booms. An implosion begins with little detonations inside a building, like sparks inside a toaster A sweet, popping sound comes next, and then a wobbling in the middle That's how the old Aladdin goes down, anyway-collapsing from its gut, collapsing slowly, painfully, and with endless pauses. The top stays intact, and the bottom stays intact, but the belly disintegrates faster and faster, and then suddenly the top of the Aladdin is where the belly used to be. Then suddenly, it's gone.

Where the Sands once stood, the Venetian is going up. Where the Hacienda was, Mandalay Bay is now The Dunes, Bellagio

People hug one another A few locals are weeping. They worked at the Aladdin, waited tables there, dealt blackjack there, danced, lost money, got married there

hanging there like a bad memory.

For twelve years before becoming the man who brought Krispy Kreme doughnuts to the West, Lincoln Spoor was managing director of high-yield investments for Bank of America. He had grown up in Minneapolis, gone to business school at Tuck, and settled in New York City, where he found himself traveling three to five days a week for a decade, spending so much time in the sky and on the road-particularly in Los Angeles and Las Vegas-that he and Leslee finally got a place in Park City, Utah, so they could see each other more often on weekends.

It was the Utah house that began changing Lincoln, I think. He was hiking on weekends and skiing, playing games of hearts into the night, cooking big bowls of pasta for assorted friends and family members, who were always hanging around He was walking around in baggy jeans and turtlenecks In the West, Lincoln seemed more hunself than in anyplace else. There

AT THE MIRAGE, a man wants to talk about the doughnuts. But he just stands there, staring. Finally, he says to Lincoln, "I just have to give you a hug."

all, he still looks as if he were.

Earlier, we were stranded in preimplosion traffic, and he had jumped out of the cab, carrying the three dozen glazed doughnuts-still warm-he was taking to the party The white boxes were swinging from his fingers in a plastic bag that said, KRISPY KREME in red lettering. Lincoln and I hopped a fence and were crouching under yellow police tape when a cop appeared out of nowhere He had mirrored sunglasses and stared at us deadpan for a few seconds, then broke into a gigantic smile He had seen Lincoln's plastic bag. "You got the good doughnuts!" he said, then waved us through In the elevator on our long ride to the top floor. a woman looked up at Line's white polo shirt-at six feet four, he always has people looking up at him-and at the logo on the pocket

"Krispy Kreme?" she said excitedly. "Are you ?" "Yep '

"Just like that!" a woman says, wiping her face

"Gone!" says Denise

Lincoln pulls out his cell phone and calls his wife, Leslee, in New York City "It was incredible," Lincoln says to her, "and so sad."

"You wouldn't believe this crowd," I say to her, looking around the room at the big hair and cigarettes and wet faces. "Meanwhile, Line has become some kind of local hero

His closets in Manhattan are stuffed with clothes he doesn't wear anymore. The pinstripe suits are lined up like pieces of beef jerky drying out and getting stiff the way clothes get stiff if you never wear them There are countless silk ties and lizard belts and dark socks, dead as corpses, and rows of size-13 black oxfords. In the corner of the bedroom where Leslee still sleeps during the week is a pants were possibilities, suddenly, a sense of limitlessness. Slowly, deep inside, the West began eroding the fixed priorities he lived by, the attractions of the Upper East Side, and it prodded him to consider another course.

And it was in Utah one night, in the fall of 1995, that Lincoln and Leslee and I, after a fair amount of wine, got to talking more globally and philosophically than usual. What did we want to do with our lives? Leslee was tempted to quit her job at ABC's PrimeTime Live. I was thinking about writing a book.

And Lincoln couldn't stop talking about Krispy Kreme doughnuts. "I can't let go of this dream I have," he said "My mind keeps coming back to it, over and over again I want to take those doughnuts out of the South." Dream was exactly the word he used, too, even though it sounds sappy and grand, but that's how it was For as long as I'd known him, since we were both presser with a dark-blue suit jacket interns in Washington, D.C., in the



summer of 1981, he'd been unusually drawn to sweets, particularly sticky, breakfasty ones like cinnamon buns and scotch rolls, often experimenting with recipes himself He'd made his first doughnut when he was nine, from an early version of Pillsbury Poppin' Fresh dough, and later, when Pillsbury (where his dad worked) discontinued that product, he got the canned buttermilk biscuits and cut out his own holes. It was on a ski trip to Buck Hill, Min-nesota, with his father, Bill Spoor-who would become the CEO of Pillsbury when Lincoln was seventeen that Lincoln tasted a local doughnut that be-

came the standard by which all other doughnuts were judged.
Wherever he traveled, he

was always testing doughnuts and always saying, "Not as good as Buck Hill" In New York City, he was known to haunt a bakery on Ninetysecond Street in the middle of the night, watching the grave-yard crew glaze the doughnuts by hand and often knocking on the window and charming a dozen from them.

Once, when I was with him, he asked for a paper cup of ex-tra glaze, which he ate later with a spoon. "I got the worst cramps from those doughnuts," he remembers, "but I endured them for the taste."

In 1992, during a trip to Washington, D. C., Leslee took him to a Krispy Kreme doughnut store in Alexandria, Virginia. The glazed dough-nuts, which were sold still hot, were the centerpiece of the Krispy Kreme enterprise and an institution in the South that bordered on religion. "Oh, God," Lincoln said, taking his first bite into the warm dough with its thin coating of sugar It was soft and buttery and quickly evaporated in his mouth. "Incredible I can't believe this better than Buck Hill

Nagged by how good the doughnuts were, Lincoln contacted the Krispy Kreme headquarters in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, to make inquiries. Could he be sent some literature? Were franchises being sold? Had the management considered going national?

After some persistence, Lincoln was invited to North Carolina. His admiration for the sixty-one-year-old doughnut recipe was appreciated—but certainly not unique. The company received hundreds of letters a month from worshipers of the hot glazed, many of whom inquired about owning a store. But the company hadn't been actively selling franchises since the 1960s, and if it were to start expanding, the company planned to do it alone, not by selling franchises to outsiders

Two years later, prodded by the quiet purchase of several inspirational best-sellers (I saw them on the shelves),



Lincoln called Krispy Kreme again just before the Thanksgiving holiday and told Phil Waugh, the head of franchising, that he was thinking seriously of leaving his job at the bank. Lincoln had heard franchises were being sold, and he was ready, more ready than ever, to buy one. Waugh's response was no-"a flat no," according to Line

"He didn't fit our profile," says Waugh "And that's what I told him The regions he wanted were too far west; he had no management team in place and no franchising experience. We have a qualification process, and he didn't pass'

Heartbroken, Lincoln called me on Thanksgiving Day "It's not happening with Krispy Kreme," Lincoln said "I'm crushed, Mart." Returning to New

York, he became determined to move on, refocusing his attention on his banking career During one emotional outburst, he threw his Krispy Kreme files in the trash It was eight months later, in June 1996—just after his fortieth birthday—that Leslee was watching a local weatherman in New York City broadcasting his report from a new Krispy Kreme store. The doughnuts were going to be hard to ignore now They'd made it to Manhattan.

He called waugh again, beginning a negonating process that would last for months. In March 1997, Lincoln signed

a deal giving him Nevada and Utah, the first stores in the West-and within one year of the date of signing, the first store in Nevada had to open.

He felt "supreme confidence" at the beginning—partly because he felt good about his business plan. He had carefully estimated his expenses and projected profits based on the other stores in the Krispy Kreme empire. On average, the stores seemed to be making \$15,000 a week selling doughnuts, but the overhead was high. One of the features of Krispy Kreme stores is a large doughnut-making machine, often visible to customers, and though it tends to draw crowds, it needs lots of space. Whereas the aver-

age Dunkin' Donuts or Winchell's requires about one thousand to two thousand square feet total, in Las Vegas Lincoln was looking for thirty-six hundred square feet.

Lincoln is a detail man, if nothing else. (When he makes car-rental reservations, he likes to request an oldermodel Ford Taurus, because "it has the superior cup holder") He looked at dozens of available properties to leaseon the strip, in shopping centers, casi-nos, malls. He looked at places next to dry cleaners, post offices, and other fast-food outlets like Burger King and Hardee's. As the months passed, his original goal of opening in October 1997 began evaporating When he did find a location that suited him, on the commuter-rich corner of Rambow and

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT WILLITS MANTEL CLOCK



Please add \$5.95 for shipping & handling

Spring Mount in two busy roads that casino workers use to drive to their jobs, and begin talking to architects. and builders and subcontractors, he slowly realized the store would cost him far more than his abotted ninety nane dollars a square foot. But it wasn't just any store. It was Lincoln's dream.

He wanted bigger bathrooms, bet ter tile more logos, larger doughnut display shelves a self-service beverage station, more production space and most important, a wider store than most other Krispy Kremes so there would be room for the retro Formica tables and brushed adminism chairs that he and Leslee had found and a sit down counter in front. His gass wal the window for watching the doughnuts being made-would be th rty feet long, and he wanted a wide bench underneath so children could have a better view. He'd bought an old 194° Ford panel truck too, and was naving it slowly restored and painted to look like an authentic Krispy Kreme delivery truck

He rescheduled the opening for December 1997—recalculating his costs to size a square foot not counting the purchase of equipment- and waited for Krispy Kreme corporate head quarters to approve his store design. It hidn't looked kindly upon some of I neoln's customizing. His wider bench was a problem, and so were the

neon haze of Pink E's lounge

Autumn came and went, and the store was still ander construction. Lincoin was working in a trailer on site by this time and using a Porta John nearby The new opening date was March 1908 and the projections changed again, too It wasn't say a square foot any more, but \$186. Lincoln had found it at flicult, but he'd out back on accent tile and a shelf and supply cabinet in the women's pathroom, and ne'd put con crete in the storage room rather than nonskid thooring. He drew the line at tollet paper. It wis going to be two-pay in the restrooms or e se

By Christmas, he'd borrowed against his some equity to the limit, his credit cards were moxed out, and his stock portlo o, which he'd been babying for a decade had been sold. He'd gone a year without a salary. He moved into a mood of ow grade panic. "At that point my spending became erratic," Linco n says I had soaked everything into the store. and the numbers were more than I'd ever guessed they'd be I'd underesti mated by a long shot

He called Lesies in January and said. You know we'll be broke if this doesn't work '

"I know"

"I me n, really We'ls ose every thing More than everything We'll be

I know that '

names and addresses. He sent them Krispy Kreme hats, a bag of coffee and coupons for discounted dozens. When the calls started snowballing to fifteen by late morning, he had to check his voice mail several times a day or his box would fill up. It was a symphony by now, mostly of southern voices

"Hi, I'm Nicole, and I'm from North Carolina, and I know your dough nuts! We just can't wat for y'all to open" My name's Meassa I miss my hometown in North Carolina and I'm looking forward to coming down and pagging out on your dough nuts!" My name is Kathy You don't need to send me anything I'm from Pensacola, Faorida and I just called to tell you now happy I am that you're opening a store a half a mile from where I ave "

Sometimes he saved the messages on a small portable microcassette recorder that he carried with him. Listening to them, Lincoln began to fee, he wasn't alone "I'm telling you" he told me two days before the grand opening, 'these doughnuts touch people to the core of their being "

THE HIGH DESTRY IS SUL cold in March It's not good tanning weather so much as good doughnut weather I ar rived with my four month old son the weekend before Lincoun's opening and joined a notel floor filed with his fami-

85,000 people moved to Vegas last year, so Lincoln felt it was cheaper to buy than rent. "One decision: new or used. Nobody here wants a 'used house."

amount of the and the nonstandard tables and chairs "But it got worked out "Lincoln says, 'eventually

While Leslee remained in New York, having been promoted at ABC News, Lincoln stayed largely in Las Vegas, roaming between one hote, and another-the Gold Coast, the Barbary Coast and the Oneans depending on where ne could get the cheapest room, usually paying forty-time or sixty-nine dol ars a night. Eventually as costs began to mount, he settled on twenty nine do. lars a night at the Extended Stay Amer ica, a motel right off Flamingo in the

A BANNER WAS PLACED outside as the store went up. It was a large, green sign, Krispy Kreme green, and Lincoln thought it stood out well against the write building COMING SOON RRISPY KREME DOUGHNUTS FOR MORE IN FORMATION CALL 2.2 232 There wasn't money eft for biliboards or wasn't money left for advertising

At first there were only a tew calls a day. Then it was five calls a day, then seven then maybe nine. Each night at the Extended Stay Lancoln would com pile a list of the day's callers and their

ly and friends. Leslee's parents, sister, and nephew, Lincoln's mother and two sisters, my brother, as well as twenty or thirty of Lincoln and Leslee's friends from all over the country. New York, Utah, California, and D.C. A wedding atmosphere prevailed. One by one, we were driven out to see the bride Lin signs on the sides of buses. There coin's store, and one by one we were overcome by its beauty, its size, its spot essness. The doughnut machinery was awesome the giganuc mixing blades, the vat of hot vegetable oil, the stainless steel conveyor belt the rolling carts the enormous bows for dipping dough



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nuts in chocolate, the tubes for injecting doughnuts with cream

Lincoln and his general manager, Patrick Scott, had been advised by Krispy Kreme headquarters to hire about forty employees to handle what it expected might be a larger-than-usual opening While many of the people who applied for jobs were old hands at Kentucky Fried Chicken and Taco Bell, an unusually high number of middleaged women with no previous fastfood experience were calling. They were moms who had raised a family and were now looking to get back into the workforce They were southerners, too, and a little emotional about the doughnuts. There was Hilda Mundo, a gregarious Cuban who emigrated to Florida-"I've lived in Las Vegas for years and never seen anything like these doughnuts." There was Lisa Schaefer, a soccer mom who grew up in Miami "They just make you feel good," she said. And there was cheerful and stout Flo Snow, Lincoln's first hire, a former hospital cook.

It was something like a rehearsal dinner, the Monday night preceding Lincoln's opening. Toasts were made. Gifts were given a cartoon of Lincoln and Leslee holding doughnuts, cuff links with the date of the opening, a cigar box engraved RAINBOW SPRINGS MARCH 3, 1998 And Lincoln gave everyone an old-fashioned milk glass he'd had printed with the Krispy Kreme logo.

Earlier in the day, we had fanned out across the city, delivering free dozens to casinos, doctors' offices, and the other stores in the strip mall, Wal-Mart and Fashion Bug and Peter Piper's Pizza. A Tibetan Buddhist friend had even flown out from L.A., set up an altar, burned incense sticks in a cup of dry doughnut mix, chanted for three hours, and blessed the store.

It was still dark at 5.30 AM. on Tuesday when Krispy Kreme doughnuts officially arrived in the West A line of customers was waiting outside the door, and cars were sitting in the drive-through lanes, too. And while a TV crew and a newspaper reporter watched and a large turnout of family and friends stood with a pride usually

reserved for Little League games, the doors of Lincoln's Krispy Kreme store opened and quickly became a blur of doughnuts and bodies. I saw an old man weep as he bit into a hot glazed. I saw two women embrace in delight. I heard a trucker with sugar frosting on his upper lip yell out, "Good God almighty!" I saw a woman eating a doughnut and screaming in her car, pounding her feet on the floor I saw the fat and the thin, the old and the young, the timid and the bold. They were standing in line and slowly inching toward the front counter-toward the loving, redemptive faces of Hilda and Lisa and Flo Snow-and starting to melt as they were handed their boxes.

And then, just as suddenly, the rush stopped. At 6:15, there was still a crowd inside the store, but it was Leslee, her parents, her childhood friends. It was me and my brother and my son.

Lincoln looked a little pale. "This isn't happening," he said to Pat Scott And Pat remained silent.

"We're in trouble," he said to Leslee, and she said, "Give it time"

He called his voice mail, adjusted the napkin holders, fussed over the self-serve beverage station. Feeling himself on the edge of madness, he tried to stay busy, but his mind was already considering how he would handle the failure. In thirty days, he would owe \$170,000 to the landlord. How was he going to come up with that?

He found himself calculating how much he could get for selling the doughnut machine back to Krispy Kreme. He imagined having to let Pat Scott go.

And then 6:45 came, and the bizarre physics of doughnuts and desire converged. The free hats and the free coffee and the free dozens. . The banner had worked, too. And the childhood memones of all the southerners in a hundred-mile radius began pulling people toward the hot glazed. By 7:00 AM, there were lines running all the way down the long glass window and out the back door There were lines of cars around the store, too, and into the parking lot. Lincoln walked past them, person by person, handing out a free doughnut to everyone waiting and to the people sitting in cars at the drive-through, too. By 8:00

A.M., there was a forty-five-minute wait for doughnuts, and the police had shown up to direct traffic. By midnight, a new record for Krispy Kreme had been set seventy thousand doughnuts sold in a day.

And so it continued on the second day and on the third By the end of the week, they'd sold more than thirty thousand dozen. They were up to sixty employees, then seventy, then eighty-five. When Pat Scott called headquarters for more mix, more napkins, more cups, more yeast, more sugar, the guy on the other end of the line said, "Are you sure about these amounts? This is two truckloads."

And for the following six weeks, there was never a time when the store was open when there wasn't a line "The lines were an hour long for sixteen straight hours," Pat says, "and Line would stand on the aluminum chairs periodically and announce, 'We're terribly sorry, but the only doughnut being made now is the hot glazed. .' But that's what they'd come for The hot glazed. And when they'd get up to the counter and get their doughnuts, sometimes they'd just break down and start crying."

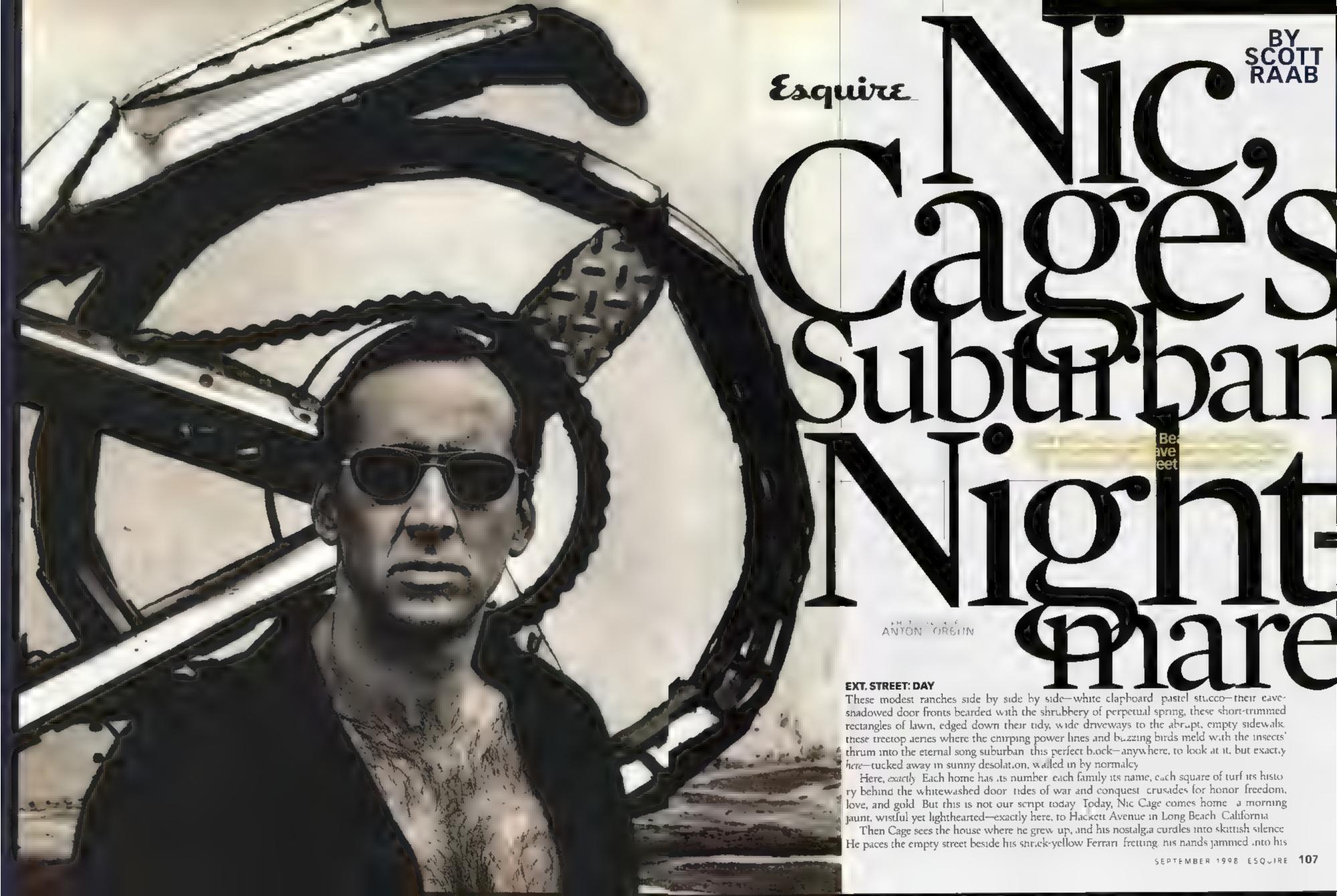
gas now, and the doughnuts are always with him white boxes of them stacked in the back of his new black Dodge Durango. He hands them out to car valets, to cops, to car washers. He takes them to his accountant, to his real estate agent, to the man who did the window treatments in his new house. On tax day in April, he carned a stack of boxes to the post office and left them with the clerks.

"Hey, everybody!" one of the clerks yelled out. "Meet Mr Krispy Kreme!" And a cheer rose up.

He arrives at Spago with them, and a salmon-and-caviar-and-crème-fraîche pizza comes to his table, compliments of the chef. At Binion's Ranch Steak House, he's given dinner At the Orleans, he's given concert tickets. At the International House of Pancakes, his breakfast bill—for six adults and one child—is comped, too.

When he flies to Park City, he needs four dozen one for the X-ray people, one for [continued on page 179]





pockets, his narrow face pointed eyeless at the ground. The onscreen Everyman of a culture constantly attained to the whispering in its head, Jimmy Stewart vanked inside out, every nerve end atlame in the raw air. Where ease could be have come from but this perfect block?

"What are the rules," he asks, "of, like, knocking on people's doors and saying hi, but having a reporter from Esquire magazine with you?"

Rules? We don't need no steenking rules. They'll be thrilled

"I don't even know if anybody's still here. I just thought it'd be an, an, an expenence But what a surprise attack, though I mean, I haven't been here in, like, twenty years

Nic. Nic. folks do this all it wasn't in the cards today." the time. This is supposed to be fun

"What do we do?"

Uh, wask up and knock on the door? This ofter all, is on ly life no script, no storyboards, no soundtrack, no severed ear decaying in the grass, no extraterrestrial stashed in the closet It'll be nice

He stands, hands on hips, puzzled "It doesn't look the same at all. There used to be this beautiful jacaranda tree right in the front it had periwinkle blossoms. They chopped it down Yeahhn. It's a little, a little, a little it's unsettling, I gotta tell ya. Why would they chop it down?"

Maybe it tell down. Was the house always pink?

"No I think it was green. I'm not sure. I don't know. We. can't just go in "

He seems genuinely nervous, ready to bolt. At the door, he knocks twice quickly Off-camera, to our left, a woman from the next house down opens her door and comes to ward us, yowling her delight. She stops in her tracks a lewfeet away, staring

"I'm Maggie," she calls out "You're a big movie star."

"I guess, yeah. That's me. I grew up here

"The neighbors told us about you coming by and drop-

Cage looks dumbfounded "I never did that before," he

"You haven't? They said you did. They said you came by

"How long ago?"

Maggie shrugs From a nearby backyard, a dog begins barking, another a few houses away, answers

"I came by here once," Cage murmurs "I came by here with my brothers once, a long time ago."

"She may not answer," Maggie says "She may not come, with you being a man."

"Oh?" says Cage, his voice lilting in dude isn betuddlement "I'm sorry?"

"She may not come, with you being a man. Two men."

"On Oh Oh I see what you're sayin' "

Maggie cups her hands around her mouth and yells at the door where we're waiting "Elien' Flullennin" she shalls, then steps right past us to her neighbor's door and begins to rap ner knackles excitedly on its tiny square of glass

"That's okay," Cago says edging away slowly "That's fine we'll let her be I might go walk around the boulevard "

'I'm telling you," Maggie says reluctant to let him vanish into the ether, "one of the neighbors told us that you came by here one night."

"Well, my prother has been here"

"We're not in Long Beach any-

Lakewood—I just, you know,

more? Lakewood? We gotta get outta Lakewood. I'd rather be in Long Beach than Lakewood right

now. I don't have anything against

"Okay well, that must be who it was "

"My brother came by Maybe she's thinking of my brother"

Suddenly, Maggie is jumping up and down "She's coming to the door!" she shouts "She's coming to the door!"

les Fllen, forty.sh, pulls open the door. Her hair is undone She's wearing a flowered blue housedress. what my mother used to cal. a duster Though she smiles brightty to see the winner of the .995 Academy Award

for Best Actor on her stoop, she looks as if she has been asleep unul a minute ago

"H." says Nicolas Cage shyly "Hi I ased to live here" "I know," Flen says dreamily "One day, I guess a few years ago, you were pounding on the door and I got

"I don't think it was me," Cage says before she can finish the sentence "Ahhh d you remember meeting me before?"

"Noooo," says Ellen Was it a dream? Is this? How do you mistake another man, even his brother for Nicolas Cage?

"But it's nice to meet you now," he says, waving one .vory hand "I'm Nicolas Hi"

Ellen augns, sagging a bit her legs rubbery Speechless

"Well I just wanted to say h.," says N.colas, eyelids aflutter 'I, an wanted to come back I love it here There used to be a big tree, a big jacaranda tree, in the front of the house, that had periwinkle blossoms on it. Do you remem ber that?"

He ducks his head pauses a beat, and, raising it again strains to compose his doe-eyed face into something like i relaxed and winning gran. It winds up as a small boy's smale, touched with rue adorable and yet uneasy with itself. This isn't acting this is life but then too. I am here watching him, listening to him stammer as he culls the surge and tingle of apparently unbidden emotion for the word he needs, noting the fey black and white shoes worn with his old blue jeans and pavy I shirt seeing all of at even the years cording his sleek neck, his ropy forearms and well-tuned by ceps—as theater as character as Method, fallen blossoms of the missing tree, proof of what once happened on this spot to young Nicky Copposi-

Cut to Ellen, shaking her head. 'It wasn't here Our neighbors had one and I used to love it I remember they cut theirs down "

"Yeah yeah" Cage says. "Well, listen, I don't wanna take any more of your time

"On God," says Ellen

"That's al. right,' Cage says "No, no, please Thank you

"Want to come sign a wall?"

"If you if you, I you want me to, I will Yes"

"Yes," Ellen says, right on cue "Yesyesyesyes"

INT. CAR: EARLIER THAT DAY

We've had a long and tortured trap from Hollywood, thirty miles north Cage wouldn't, couldn't make it inv other way "I took the Ferrari" he d warned at his production office on Sunset Boulevard "But on the way down, I noticed smoke" Shrug "So I guess it'll be even more of an adventure"

The smoke turns out to be nothing more than the oily residue of two months sitting idle while Cage was on local tion, the adventure proper consists of finding Hackett Avenue in Long Beach. No sooner have I squeezed into the '67 Ferrari than Cage says "I brought us a Thomas Guide," and thrusts into my hands a binder of maps as thick as the

No actor of our time can match the range or sound the depths of Everyman's psychoses like Nicolas Cage-from the infant-snatching sad sack of Rusing Arizona and the deranged, reach scarfing yuppie of Vimpire - Kiss to the nomicidal asthmatic of Kiss of Death and the suicidal sot of Learing Las Vegas but still this is a puzzlement a thirty four year-old man of normal wit who has lived in southern California and nowhere else and who cannot find his way to the house where he spent the first twelve years of his life

Driving, he talks. I turn the tape recorder on and putter with the maps. Long Beach. No problem-we take the 405 south But Nic Cage, like all So Cal natives, suffers the dread of exiting the freeway "So, so when do I have to when do I have to get off the road?" he asks, a catch in his voice

I thump through the guide, deep into its Deuteronomy Culver City begets Hawthorne Hawthorne begets Garde na Gardena begets Torrance Torrance begets Carson The four hundred-horsepower Ferrary a twelve cylinder, two seat hardtop is snarling like a bottled hornet, and Nicolas Cage's voice drifts over the noise of the engine as if our of a dream

"I remember when I was a kid" he muses "We used to have to drive through this factory. We're gonna pass a factory, and we're gonna smell it "I look up to see him smiling. warm and absent, at the windshield

This is special. This is a marvelous example of what the great acting teacher Stanislavsky, in his seminal An Actor

Prepares, terms an emotion memory Unfortunately, 1 can do nothing much with it, routewise

Is Hackett Avenue an exit?

"It's not an exit, no Palo Verde is an exit, maybe--1 don't know Palo Verde or Atherton We gotta figure out how to get to that "

Palo Verde is indeed an exit a major artery. Has kett Avenue runs parallel to it

Is it close to Cal State Long Beach? "Very close That's where my dad taught "

August Coppola was a professor of literature when the tamily lived on Hackett. Cage's mother Joy Vogelsang, was a dancer of some renown. Of their three sons, Nic was the youngest by two years. It was not the happiest home, nor is it a subject Nicolas Cage talks about anymore

"I fee, my family has in some ways been the victim of my

publicity," he says, closing the discussion as soon as it be gins. What he's said about it in the past makes it clear that behind the Coppola door on Hackett Avenue, as behind many another carefully closed door, anywhere-everyone was, in some sense, a victim. Nic's mother narrowed by severe clinical depressions, was hospitalized for long periods, beginning when Nic was six years old. While the boy sought refuge inside the family TV. "I was trying to figure out how to get inside,' he says, "aterally, physically"-August and Joy struggled to keep the marriage going for six more years. After the divorce, August took custody, feeding his youngest son a steady mix of culture cinema, tine arts, Great Books-and moving to the edge of Beverly Hills so that Nic could attend a better high school

He dropped out in his senior year to study acting. "I broke my father's heart" he says, wincing even now "He wanted me to become a writer because to him writing was and Lagree with him the root of all creativity?

Absolutely Still, the fact that August had ferried Nic to San Francisco to spend summers with his cousins there oh, yes, and with Godfather and Apocatypse Now director Uncle Francis Ford Copposa, August's Oscar winning brothersurely must have cusmoned the shock of not the heartbreak, of Nic's decision

He changed his name in 1983, weary of being asked about Francis at every audition and of the assumption that his last name would light his path. As Nicolas Cage, he scored big with the critics the next year as a wounded yet in Birdy and made his starry bones playing a lunatic baker with a wood. en hand and a love rolled heart opposite Cher in 1987's Moonstruck He was all of twenty three years old then. Take away the money, the awards, the fame, and what's left of Nic-Cage is an artist whose reach and power transcend genreand script, a risk taker whose brayura and control are perpetually warring, an ad-ab Mannerist who has learned to play it straight "There's a very fine line," he says now "be tween the Method actor and the schizophrenic

I ask him why he chose acting "Acting for me is this incredibly sacred hero that came in and saved my life." ne says. To me it s been like a therapy—it's what's kept me

"In Con Air, I wanted to create an

image of a guy who was drivin' the El Camino or the Camaro, with the six-pack of beer and the

long hair and the whiskers—that

of, growing up in Long Beach."

guy that I was always afraid

balanced, kept me with a sense of purpose I could get al. the staff out of me that I had all that fare anger or love, or lust Anything "He pauses, then goes on 'Al. actors are wounded birds-we couldn't really be doing anything else I've done scenes with five extremely talented actors all in the same room one guy's barking, another's shouting

profamity the other's in a trance, one's asking to be hit It looks like we re all in a methouse. We take our afflictions and we transform them into a place where they can be be grounded. When the fact of the matter is, historically, we're all street urchins. Gypsies. We came out of the gutter We've become so glorified in the movie-star system that it's become this artificial royalty, which, if you look at the roots of it, is completely preposterous. The truth is that we're circus clowns"

Cage has made movies half his life now-more than thirty films in seventeen years-working steadily, at times constantly, with directors as wildly disparate as David Lynch and Norman Jewison and even Uncle Francis, Cage can currently be seen in Brian De Palma's Snake Eyes. Word is that Woody Allen wants Cage for a lead in his next film: "I can't really talk about that," he says and he's working for the first time with Martin Scorsese on a project titled Bringing Out the Dead

Cage onscreen remains a treat-quarky, soulful, aliveeven when the movie sunks which most of his don't, although since, oh, 1993, say, with Amos & Andrew through 1994's It Could Happen to You Guarding Tess, and Trapped in Paradise and his post-Oscar triptych of action-thriller slag-The Rock, Face/Off Con Air they've been largely box-office gold and cinematic dreck

Those last three films in particular strike me as a waste of Cage's time and talent. Watching them on video as preparation for our time together, I was stunned by how closely even the best of the action genre hews to the rigid structure of hardcore pornography (not that I've ever seen any, but Tye read about it), from the redundant fantasies of Judicrous plot and the plodding, mane explication of the dialogue to the wallpaper of lousy music and the too brief intervals between the choreographed spurting of blood and cum

Nic Cage ain't buying it "You can parallel anything to anything I you want to, but I'm not goin' there I don't think it's crap to go to a movie and get your mind off of your problems. If you just wanna get stupid, that's not crap. Why not see if it's possible to give all the explosions and whatever it is that stimulates people and gets their minds off their problems-which I think is cogent and nothing to be ashamed of We're in an entertainment industry. It's not just putting on the beret and smoking a Gitane and saying, 'I'm only going to do foreign films because I'm erudite and I'm so cool 'I don't buy that I think it's a matter of doing every kind of movie you can possibly do "

He's got the Ferrari wound to about eighty-five miles per hour passing a line of semis on the right. The heat in the passenger compartment is basting my legs. On the map, Hackett Avenue looks like a series of short dead end blocks.

"I can go from one uniwerse and bounce to the other I can make—I will make—another small, independent movie. I'll make another dark film That's why I have a production company—so I wrestle with you, because arm wrestle with you, because arm verse and bounce to the oth can continue to make smaller edgy films."

Edgy? Im not sure I've heard h.m correctly over the limit of the strength. No. That's an honor limit of the strength. It is not gonnallet you have."

engine Itchy, maybe?

"Edgy"

We like edgy

"We were thinking of calling it Edgy Films"

I want edgy

"You'll get a lot of edgy A lot of edgy's coming out of me, man

I feel a sense of edginess filling our space right now

"It's what we call edge You've heard of wall-to-wall carper? This is wall-to-wall edge

You cut yourself just breathing the air

"It's that edgy," agrees Nic Cage

It's also time to leave the bosom of the 405. I go back to the maps while the tumblers inside Cage's head continue to spin

You think Buddy Hackett lives on Hackett? I mean, George Lucas lives in Lucas Valley why doesn't Buddy Hackett live on Hackett? We gotta find this place, we really This, this return, the homecoming, as it were

That was the other high school-I didn't go there " I look up and see the school flash by They're putting on a performance of A Streetcar Named Desire "That'd be fun to do to go to a high school play That'd be amazing What time are they putting that on? I would love to do that I mean, hell But we gotta figure this out There's Atherton A right on Atherton?"

"This is looking good. I'm feeling a sense of something here I could be wrong."

We're roaring up and down empty, sunlit streets, all of which are utterly identical

"We're gonna make the move now A right? Here we gowe're goin' in It's changed a lot, I have to tell ya I'm not recognizing much. This is twenty years ago

After a few minutes. I realize that we should've gone left on Atherton Cage nods and turns us around He hits the brakes when we finally reach Hackett "That's it That's it Oh, man How, how, how cool "

Until he notices the missing jacaranda and walks through his old front door

INT, LIVING ROOM: LATE MORNING

Whatever comes to him once he's inside the house has blunted Cage's edge and rendered him mute and wary

"You can tell I don't have a housekeeper," Ellen says,

"This fireplace." he says, entranced "Yes, and that's where the TV was, up against the wall, and I used to sit on this round, red carpet and try to get inside Right there"

It is a small brick fireplace, open on three sides, in a small, low-ceilinged living room. The television stares back from the far wall, close to a saiding door that opens to a patch of

green outside

"You mind if I look at your backyard? Is it okay? I am sorry to just drop in on you I am sorry"

Too sorry How strange is it, really, for someone to cruise by the old house and decide to ring the bell? Ellen is rapt, beside herself with giee It's Nicolas Cage, in her living room But Cage himself seems to resonate

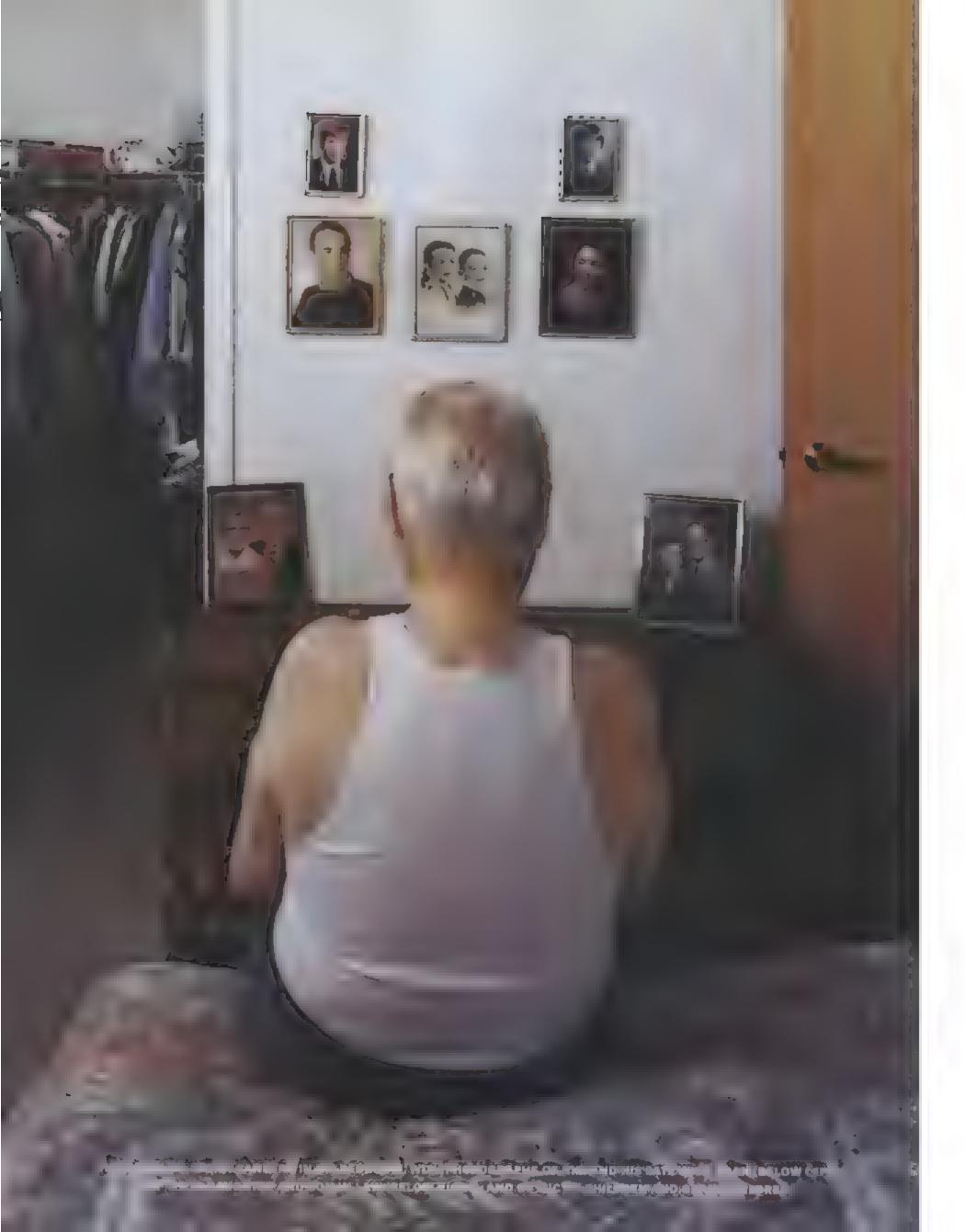
with the guilty child's inchoate fear that anything he may say or do-has said, has done-may not only be wrong but shatter a family's peace

Out in the sun, he smiles to himself "I loved this backyard This backyard is so great for kids '

Back inside the house, he wants to go "Which wall would you like me to sign?" he asks. Ellen points high on the kitchen. wall to a small overhang where the living room begins.

"I hate to mar your house up," Nic [continued on page 176]







Boy on Joy Chaoy Sanderg Youre 92 A clyot velocino Jittige transplanting ese

MORNING FILTERS THROUGH THE BEDROOM WINDOW NIDEL CATE SLANTED rays, dust motes and sounds and memories drilling in the air. Doves

The old man sleeps on his left shoulder on the right side of the bed. His name is Glenn Brown Sanberg. He is nanety two. He is praceful in repose in plaid pajamas, a colorful floral spread pulled snagay to his neck. He has write, flyaway hair and bushy eyebrows, a flaky irritation at the point on his torehead from which his pompadour once issued. His absolute are soft and deeply furroused specified agree and there with His cheeks are soft and deeply furrowed, speckled here and there with brown spots. His mouth is open, top lip buckled a bit over the gum line chin stubbled with fine white whiskers. His left hand rests upon

the pillow on the unmussed side of the bed a queen.
Starlings chatter. Water guigles in an ornamental pond. A draft horse pulls a wagon full of housewares down a cobblestone street. Genn stirs, sighs, floats toward wakefulness. He thinks of the lake cabin he once. but Laying the foundation he used a paneake turner for a trowel. He

thinks of woodpeckers, of ducks, of fresh blueberries A Studebaker with a rumble seat. A player piano in a speakeasy Stealing apples from an orchard, buckshot whistling overhead, the double row of brass buttons on the blue serge uniform of the town constable. Smoking corn silk under the porch Joan leaning against the radiator in his office in the collection department at the Mayo Clinic, drying her stockings on a cold, rainy day

The paper thuds against the front door Glenn's eyelids flut ter An electric golf cart hums past, tires swishing through sprinkler runoff. He thinks of an address book left behind at a riverside telephone booth, a thermos left behind at a seaside hotel Mount Rushmore Old Faithful Snaking hands with Lawrence Welk Napping on his favorite divan The odd, modest undershirt and boxers worn by his Mormon son-in law

He opens his eyes, blinking against the light. Through the cracks in the partially opened vertical blinds, he can see the sky, a wan blue, vectored with contrails overhung with wispy clouds. He thinks of the cold, clear sky of a northern Minnesota winter. He thinks of Joan digging in the garden, a smudge of mud on her nose Dad sitting in President Eisenhower's chair in the White House, a proud and grave expres sion on his face. Tom bagging his first buck with the Savage 303. Mickey reeling in a fat pike on a sparkling mountain lake Little Eleanor, hmp in her bed, scarlet fever Joan falling against a door Lucy falling against the curb Ann Black, front row center at the Greek Week songfest, legs crossed, dark eyes beaming. Jeffy's warm, tiny hand inside of his.

A lawn mower sputters and coughs, catches, begins to drone Glenn sades his left hand beneath the covers, places it palm down beside his hip. He reaches benind himself with his right arm, grabs a nandful of bedspread. Pushing with one hand, pulling with the other, he rolls nimself over onto his back with a grunt. There is little pain to speak of a twinge of nagging soreness, perhaps, in the knuckles, the left shoulder, the right hip, the neck-but there is a certain acute stiffness in his muscles and ligaments and joints that enfeebles his every action, renders his every movement a task. Think of the first few turns on a rusty lug after it has finally come unstuck such is the effort. Winded, Glenn lets his head seitle into the pillow. He thinks of hoeing weeds in a five-acre bean patch on | you still live on your own, as long as you can still dress your-

your legs has become a project that requires your hands, getting out of a chair has become a gymnastic routine, eating a bowl of soup has become a logistical feat. Whenever you go to the store, you can't remember if you have coffee at home. There are two blue cans of Maxwell House in your refingerator, six more in your cupboard. You buy another can just to be sure. There is a tiny droplet of moisture suspended from the bottom of your nose. There is food crusted on the front of your shirt, the crotch of your pants, the t.ps of your shoes. You ask people questions several times over. Sometimes, just as you're asking, you realize that you've already asked this same question, that you've already neard the answer You go ahead and ask again anyway It's too embarrassing to do anything else. Your parents and your five siblings and your spouse have all died Your late-Life companion has moved on to constant care. You visit her three times a day She lights up when you're around Your children have entered their own retirement years in distant states People talk to you as if you were a four-year-old, they are always trying to give you hard candies. You are old, diminished, alone. You can't even cut your own toenails. The podiatrist does it for fifty five dollars. His nurse calls to remind you about your appointment. It was thirty minutes ago

Al. of this happens, everything changes But the odd part is, you don't really notice. You're aware of it, sure, but somehow it doesn't integrate. Deep down, to yourself, you are always just you, the same pair of eyes in the mirror, the same familiar voice inside your head still wondering, "When will I feel grown up?"

Genn runs his pink tongue around the inside of his mouth, tries to swallow. He is thirsty, but he can wait, the thought of the effort needed to get nimself a glass of water dis placed for the moment by the pure, sensual pleasure of lingering beneath the covers with no place special to go. It isn't all bad, this diminishment, this narrowing of the circle of friends and activity and influence and competence. You can see it as a long, slow march toward death. Or you can see it as a distillation, a paring down as the last leg of a journey, the jump-off point, perhaps, for a great new adventure in the next world, a chance to reunite with your loved ones. It is truly a second childhood, only this time you're the one in charge, as long as

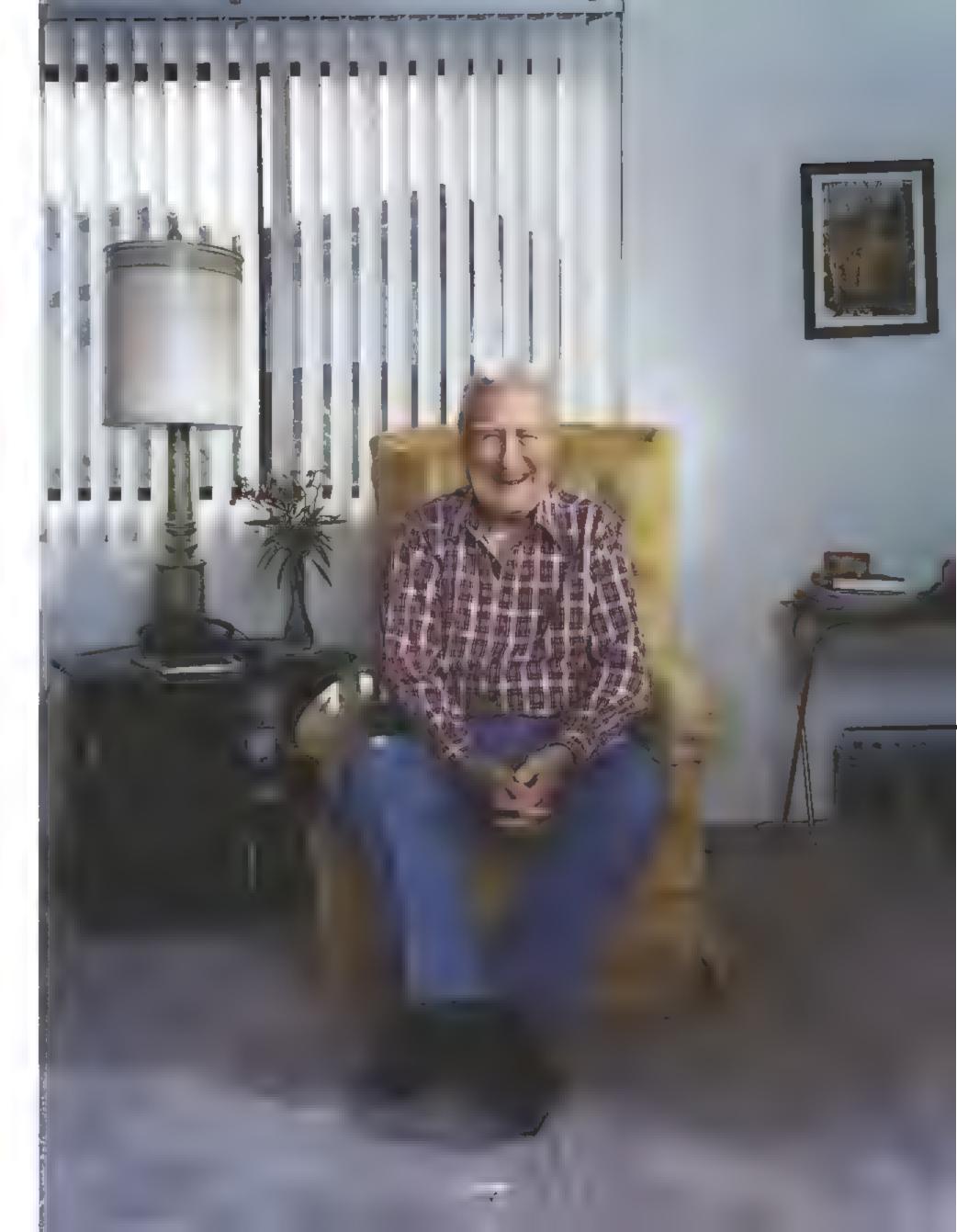
DEEP DOWN TO YOURSELF, YOU ARE ALWAYS JUST YOU. THE FAMILIAR VOICE IN YOUR HEAD WONDERING, "WHEN WILL I GROW UP?

a hot summer day Walking across a golf course in the early morning, meeting Lucy at the fountain for a sip of water and a attle hug. Martin Luther King Jr at the Lincoln Memorial Eleanor in the car on the way to her freshman year of college "Don't drive so fast, Daddy"

Stretching both arms above his head, he yawns deeply, lux unantly, then brings his right hand forward, uses his thumb and forefinger to wipe away the cakey dryness that has accumulated at the corners of his mouth. His hand trembles. He's not sure when it began, this shaking. His son pointed it out not long ago when he came to visit. Glenn was taken aback by the revelation, he simply hadn't noticed. You live in your body every day of your life. Things change slow ly inexorably in increments too small to measure. You gain weight, you lose weight, your hair falls out Your skin slackens, your voice thins, your bones become brittle, your ankles swell. Your prostate and a piece of your colon are removed. Your back bends with the weight of gravity and passing time. You wake up twice during the night to pee; once in a while, you wet your pants. Crossing

self and feed yourself and get to the store. As long as you still have your driver's heense. You can wear the same clothes two days in a row. You can stay up half the night watching National Geographic videos You can nap You can eat dessert for dinner, pour mocha creme on your comflakes, stay in bed un til you fee, like getting up

At the moment, Glenn feels like staying in bed. He places his hands behind his head, interlaces his fingers. He pans the room, eyes blue and elfin, the eyes of his grandfather, a blacksmith from Sweden, and of his father, a school superintendent from Minnesota There is Lucy's wig hanging from a hook on the towel rack in the bathroom Joan's desk, Mother's lamp A copy of the Physicians' Desk Reference. A Snoopy dol. holding a tiny box of Whitman's chocolates Portraits of Lucy's kids and grandkids and great-grandkids. A small, silver frame on a dresser with a picture of Joan on their wedding day Joan She was quite a gal. She wasn't a superwoman, but he never knew anybody who was more honest. The first time he saw her, she was leaning against the radiator in his office in the collection



department at the Mayo Chinic, drying her stockings on a cold. rainy day She could read him like a book. One night in bed, in the dark, she slapped him. He doesn't remember what the argument was about. Boy on boy oh boy. Right on the cheek. Slap That was a wake-up call Yes surree. A female voice digitized, robotic, calls out from the living room "6 30 AM"

Glenn's brow furrows He sighs Where am I' he wonders He closes his eyes. The lids tremple with concentration You can be nanety-two years old and have your eyesight, as Glenn does, need glasses only for reading. You can have hear ing good enough to pick out whispers in a crowded room, reflexes good enough to drive on busy streets. You can have a medicine chest with nary a prescription pill or bottle of ibuprofen in evidence. But when you get to be Glenn's age, things are different, things like this happen all the time. A sit nation comes up and suddenly you are stymied, baffled, lost, confused, the information needed proves elusive. Why did I come into this room? When did they board up this bank? What's Tom's daughter's name? Wasn't the meeting supposed to be here? When and I order these pictures of myself from Olan Mills? When am I?

YOU KNOW YOU AREN I LOST YOU HAVEN I LOST IT AS THEY SAY ABOUT OLD FOLKS. AS YOU SAY ABOUT OLD FOLKS NOT YOURSELF

Glenn knows that he knows the answer. He knows that he knows where he lives. He just can't put his finger on it right now this little scrap of knowledge stored, along with so many other disparate pieces of information gathered over a afetime, somewhere in the crammed and dusty aftic of random rooms that is his memory, an archive chockablock with electrobiochemical renderings of pictures and dates and facts and ideas, words of wisdom, personal milestones, nouns and verbs and adjectives particular to his life. Like the facts that he was born m Bird Island, Minnesota, in 1905, graduated from the University of North Dakota in 1927, married Joan in 1929, just before the Depression. He was an air-raid warden in Minneapolis during World War II, stepped down as executive vice-president of the American Society of Association Executives in 1964, lost Joan in 1987. Twenty-nine years he's been retired. He knows that fact, too, can do the math in his head right now if he chooses He knows that Tom lives in Chicago, that Jeffy lives in Oregon and deals in lumber, that Saturday is the most dangerous day of the week to drive your car That in order to live happily in retirement, you must find something to be important to. That the best excuse is the one you never make. That you should back up your files on a floppy disk. That the knocking poise in the hot-water heater is probably due to sediment buildup. That you need to separate the laundry before you wash. That it is best to eat the biggest strawberry last. That the first income-tax law was enacted by the U.S. Congress in 1862. That if you are big enough, your troubles will always be smaller than you

Lying there with his fingers interlaced behind his head, his lids trembling with concentration, Glenn searches the borders of his awareness for the information he seeks. Come on, Sanberg you old coot. Boy oh boy oh boy You're in a fine state. Sanberg, You don't even know where you are!

The voice that is speaking, the old familiar one inside his head, the one he grew up with, seems oddly amused at the turn of events. A little embarrassed, a bit nonplussed, just the slight est bit self-pitying, the words punctuated with a phlegmy neryous laugh, Ah ha ha! You tearn to go with the flow in these matters, to let nature take its course. Patience. That is what you learn with age. You can rage against the dying of the light, or you can feel fortunate that it's not yet totally dark, that there's

still time left and things to see, things to remember even things to forget. Glenn thinks of the other places where he has woken up, the other places ne has called home. The cabin they named Spikehorn—the best idea he ever had, enlisting the whole family to build from scratch a one-room cabin in the woods. The three-bedroom house in Minneapolis he hated to leave the place, but the nation's capital was calling, and he was a man of some ambition. The trailer in McAllen, Texas, their third abortive attempt at finding a place of retirement—too many old farmers with creased necks, nothing to do, too much bingo, and too much square dancing, no way to spend the rest of your life. You don't think about it when you're young, even when you re middle aged, even when you first retire, but if you're lucky, if you're blessed with hardy genes, as Glenn has been-and that is the only reason he can give for his longevity and good health, the fact that his faither died at eighty-mine of the colon cancer they caught in Glenn a few years back, and that his mother died at ninety-three of natural causes, then your retirement years can last for a period of time that is longer than your youth, almost as long as your working adulthood. It's been al-

Now, as he lies in bed with his eyes closed it comes to him at last the answer he's been seeking, materializing out of the shadows, floating toward him like an autumn leaf. Of course of course Ot course! Ah ha ha! He is in Sun City, Arizona, fifteen miles northwest of downtown Phoenix Nine thousand acres, forty thousand residents, almost all of them over

most thirty years since Glenn had to set an alarm clock

fifty-five City of Volunteers, home of the Active Retirement Lifestyle, the nation's first large scale experiment in retirement living Glenn's home since 1972

He studies the sky through the cracks in the blinds, a bit amused, a bit relieved. Sanberg you old coot! You aimt dead yet. Doves coo, a lawn mower drones, quails skitter across the rain gutter Another fine day in San City Another fine day of retirement Another fine day to-

His brow furrows. He sighs. What day is this? he wonders

THE WAITRESS UNLOCKS THE DOOR, AND GLENN STEPS LIGHTLY

across the threshold. He is a handsome man, five feet ten, 190 pounds, with a prominent nose and a broad, friendly chin, another trait passed down from his father. He is wearing a erisp, pale-blue guayabera shirt that he washed and ironed himself and navy-blue flared trousers, polyester, with western stitching. He tips two fingers to his forehead in a modified salute. His eyes twinkle. "Thank ya kindiy ma'am."

"No problem dear," says the woman, thin and sixtyish, with a eigarette rasp "How you doin' this morning?" "Pretty good for an old coot," he says cheerfully

She smiles wide, lays a hand on his shoulder "You're just

Genn arches his bushy white eyebrows, makes his mouth an O of surprise. He attempts a step or two of soft shoe, then takes his leave, stage left, heading at his usual good clip toward the banquet room at the rear of Nancy's Country Cupboard He has an odd, stiff, jaunty gait, torso rigid and bent slightly forward, arms pumping from the elbows, feet working from the knees, weight shifting quickly from side to side, the sole of his left shoe scuffing the floor. Seeing him walk, you detect pride and good nature in the face of adversity, you sense that here is a man who understands the value of progress made



one step at a time. A man undeterred by what he cannot do. focused instead on what he can determined to do it well. He holds his head high

Had this been a Monday morning, Glenn would have driven his 'gi Buick Park Avenue the three hundred yards from his garage to what he likes to call the Chamber of Commerce, the snack bar in the main building of Royai Oaks, his fifth residence since retirement. Had this been a Wednesday, he would have tidled up a bit in anticipation of a visit from Maria the cleaning lady, a pretty young Mexican woman who tells him stories about her little boy. On other days, he might have had a meeting of the Lakes Club board of directors, or the Sun City Community Fund grants committee, or the New Horizons club, wherein outsiders are invited to dinner to discuss topics

of general interest, from health care to the state of today's teens Thursdays are his busiest, with a Lions Club meeting at noon and his weekly column due at four o'clock. For almost thirty years, in various venues, Glenn has been writing a newspaper column called "Retired in Style" It began in 1952, long before he retired, as an extracurricular attempt to satisfy his life.ong desire to be a writer A self-published weekly broadsheet containing words of wisdom, encouragement, and solidarity for busy executives like himself it was called LIFT as in, "Have you given someone a lift today?" A sort of support group in the form of a newsletter with subscribers all over the country, LIFT was a bit ahead of its time in sentiment and sensibility rather touchy feely in an era of Sputnik and Joe Mc-Carthy Later, when he retired, Glenn remembered how lost his father had been without something important to do in his golden years. Never much for hobbies, he decided to make the column a late-life career. For five years, "Retired in Style" was carried by The Arizona Republic, the major daily in Phoenix When the long drive downtown to drop off his offerings be came problematic, he switched to the Daily New-Sun, the chronicle of Sun City and environs, a snappy little afternoon paper conveniently located two blocks from his house. True to his late-found profession, he waits until the last possible moment to flip on his Gateway computer, which features Win dows 95, WordPerfect, and America Online. He writes about what he knows what he thinks, what he sees, what he re-

years ago when they decided to set up house together. A sort of retirement development within a retirement community, Royal Oaks offers laundry, nousecleaning, repair services a cateteria, social workers, and shuttle vans to shopping and doctors Within Royal Oaks are three grades of living arrangements-ranch style duplex garden homes, assistedliving apartments, and ful, care nursing facilities. For \$40,000 down, \$800 a month, Glenn will have food, housing, and care for the rest of his life

As it is, today turns out to be Tuesday—a fact he finally confirmed by consulting the newspaper tossed every morning from his driveway to his front door by a friendly neighbor on his daily walk and Glenn has come to Nancy's For twenty years, Tuesday mornings have been reserved for the Walk-Jog Club Once upon a time, all the members would jog or walk for an hour and then convene in Nancy's banquet room for the \$1.99 breakfast special Nobody jogs anymore. The big joke these days is how they lose a half pound walking, then gain a pound and a half at breakfast. Glenn contents himself with driving the mile or so to the restaurant and walking one circuit around the parking lot. At his ago, you need to get your circulation going, relieve some of the stiffness, but there's no sense getting all worked up. Actuarial tables say that Glenn will like y be dead in 3,4 years. He knows this. He's all right with it. As he often says. "It's been a good life."

Genn enters the banquet room, the first to armve. He takes a seat at one of the two large, round tables that have been set up to accommodate the group. He looks around. He sighs. He pats the tabletop like a set of bongos, patra pat pat

A man enters, takes a seat across from Glenn. He is in his early eighties. Glenn can't remember his name. "Good to see you," says Glenn

"How do?" says the man "Pretty good for an old coot"

"I'll say," says the man. It occurs to Glenn that he was once a banker Possibly from Chicago. He is wearing his official Walk-Jog Club T-shirt

Glenn points to his own chest with a crooked finger "Looks like I forgot to wear my I shirt "

"Yeah, well," says the banker, pinching his T-shirt between members, what he reads. Increasingly, he writes about what || a crooked thumb and forefinger. "I came to find out if there's

YOU LIKE THE NOTION THAT YOU HAVE SOMEWHERE TO BE AND SOMEONE WHO NEEDS YOU. EVEN IF IT'S NOT QUITE TRUE ANYMORE

he's already written, borrowing material from the reams of old anybody still alive down here " clippings he keeps filed in the den he uses for an office. He usually finishes thirty minutes before deadline, then drives it over The column runs Saturdays on the front page of the second section, along with his picture

Had this been a Sunday, Glenn would have driven a hundred yards to the constant care center and picked up Lucy for church Though he spent most of his life with the Methodists, he now attends Faith Presbyteman, Lucy's church He sometimes finds comfort in prayer in the calm, meditative state it brings, in the fellowship of worship with others. He doesn't subscribe to the whole hellfire-and-brimstone story. His beliefs are centered more on the kind of living you do than on what happens when you die He's not hung up on denomination, either The way he figures it, God is God is God no matter what house you're in, and Lucy cared more than he did about which entiren they attended Faith Presbyterian was also the sponsor of the Royal Oaks Life Care Community, where Glenn and Lucy moved three

"Alive and kickin'" says Glenn. He pushes a fist into the air before him, rah-rah

Soon the others begin to arrive The younger crowd, sixties and seventies, goes to one table, the others go to Glenn's Big John is a retired attorney Edith, in a wide-brimmed straw hat, was one of the founding members of the club. Harold is a retired Westclox executive from somewhere back east, Pear, is his wife. The banker, it turns out, is named Frank. The only other person at the table in his nineties is Reggie. He carries a wireless contraption that he places on the table; it helps him hear. His speech is nearly unintelligible, his glasses are thick, and he walks with a slow shuffle. Though the median age in Sun City is about seventy-four and 25 percent of the residents are over eighty, nanety-two-year-old men who are up and around and healthy like Glenn are a rare commodity. The life expectancy of an American male today is seventy-three years. According to the Census Bureau, there are about fifty-three thousand ninety-two-year-old men in the country, but that



fastest-growing demographic group in America. Edith pours him a cup of decaf cotlee from the carafe on the table. They wan to order. No one needs a menu-

"It was a mee breezy walk, wasn't it?" says Frank "We were bucking the breeze going, but we got a nice rear end push on the way back'

"Is that what it was?" asks Edith, raising her eyebrows "Oh!" exclaims Frank "You mean you thought that rear

end push was me?"

Edith swats the air in his direction. Everyone laughs Glenn is sitting with his arms crossed casually, like in executive at a meeting. "You can't beat a little good, clean fun, now can you?" says Glenn

"No sirree, you can't," says John

"Nope," says Edith

"Did I tell you about my Northern Tissue stock" asks Frank

'Go ahead if you must," says John, rolling his eyes. "I guess you're going to anyway," says Ed th

"I bought a hundred shares, but I got wiped out on it," says that is very important anymore. What becomes important

number is increasing. All told, people over minety are the this little offerings in the newspaper every week notwith standing They have no idea that he married into the Mayo family, helped set up the world famous clinic's first collection department. That he started his own successful business, went on to be executive secretary of the American Collectors Association. That by the time his career was at its peak, he could claim good friends among top people in the White House. Like the trophies and plaques and framed citations stored in dusty boxes in his garage, none of that matters much anymore it happened so long ago now, he can hardly remember the details. You spend thirty or forty or fifty years bulking up your resume throwing your weight around, polishing your reputation, playing the game, planting your legacy. It matters what you do in life it really does—the impressions you leave the contributions you make, the money you earn, the people you touch the chadren you send off into the world But as the end draws near as the scope of your life nar rows, none of that seems very important anymore, none of

AT YOUR AGE YOU REALLY DON'T CARE ABOUT YOUR WEIGHT AT YOUR AGE YOU RE TRYING TO KEEP IT ON

Frank He crosses his arms, proud of h mself 'Groan'" savs Glenn

And so it goes. The food comes, orthogal and eggs and French toast, lots of warm syrup. They chat about sum mering in Utah, motor homes, cruises up the Colorado, bus trips to Laughlin Nevada, to play the one armed bandits About the traffic on Bell Road the exploits of sons and daughters, the times they played golf in the 1.5 degree heat They swap stories about the legendary Del Webb, the six foot-four-inch former minor league pitcher who built Bugsy Siegel's casino, who once owned the Yankees who, almost forty years ago now saw acres and acres of sunbleached cotton fields in the Arizona desert and envisioned a new kind of lifestyle for people in the winter of their lives, the next logical post Levittown step for the citizens, who peopled the American century

Sitting back with his arms crossed tossing out a reminiscence here a comment or a bon mot there, asking a question when the conversation hits a lull, Genn has the relaxed air of a man at a cocktail party in the 1950s. You can imagine him in a dark sait and skinny he puffing on a pipe, passing pleasant time with pleasant associates over a manhattan, two cherries. Since he came here, in fact, Sun City has impressed Glenn as being just like that like one big floating cocktail party without the booze, a gathering of familiar, friendly acquaintances, al. of them of similar type and class and back ground, with shared values and customs. People from a genteel era, a time when men wore sport coats to baseball games. held doors open for ladies, paid their bills on time gave backyard cookouts for neighbors, had a friendly word for all whether they meant it or not

Glenn pats the tabletop like a set of bongos, pat a pat pat It is a pleasant feeling, this comradeship, this diversion this activity that takes him outside his ranch style duplex garden home, outside his own head. But it is also somewhat hollow and boring Gienn may be old, but he st.ll knows the difference between acquaintances and true friends, between quality time and killing time. Though he's been laving among these same people for many years. he doesn't really know them and they don't know him

are things like your neath and the state of the weather things like putting one foot in front of the other, making sure the chair doesn't roll out from under you when you go to stand, getting a phone call now and then from your sons or daughter tasting a warm, sweet Entenmann's bear claw Being able to sit with yourself at the end of another day and fee, that you have no regrets about the time you've spent on earth that you've done your best to live a good life, to give others a lift

A woman named Barbara comes over from the younger table. She is carrying a newspaper clipping, two inches square an obituary She is in her early sixties, the only one in the room wearing shorts

"There she is, Miss America," sings Frank

Barbara throws him a dismissive look, walks over to John shows him the capping "Is this the Bob Thompson from Sun City West that used to walk with us?"

John tilts his head up, reads down through the bottom of his prifocals "Sure," he says, "that was him "

"How old was he?" asks Edith

"Says here he was eighty four " says John

"Bop Thompson?" asks Harold "Which one was he?"

"Remember?" reminds Pearl, his wife "Little Bob Thompson He used to what do you call that? Race walk?

"He used to jog with the boys, then his legs gave out and he got to walkin'," John confirms

"So that was Bob Thompson" says Harold

"Guess so." says Frank.

"Yep." says John

"Hmmm," says Fouth

"Hey Miss America," says Frank "Did I tell you the one about my Northern Tissue stock?"

"Say yes!" exclaims Edith

"Say yes" exclaims John "No matter what, say yes!" exclaims Glenn

Everypody laughs

GLENN STRUTS INTO LUCY'S PLACE, FULL OF VIGOR AND GOOD cheer, a fresh pink rose in his hand. The room is a standard nursing home double painted [continued on page 1 4]



The Great Unknown

your chance—scenes from a screenplay in progress by Paul Attanasio. America's premier screenwriter. Twice nominated for an Academy Award (for Quiz Show and Donnie Brasco, and the creator of TV's most compelling copshow (Homicide). Attanas o will soon begin casting for this new work, the first feature film he will direct himself.

3. INT MORNING, ABBOTT HOUSE-STEAM ROOM

Barely visible amid the STEAM that plumes and hisses about him.

ROBERT GRAND ABBOTT mid fifties, the reigning, roaring ion of American letters. The hands of a surgeon—hands that can tie little invisible knots or break bones. A burnished charm masks a frazzied desperation. He talks on a PORTABLE PHONE.

ABSOTT

Caroline said that? "Writer's block"? About me? Ha! Well, No, it's just she was never nasty like that before the, ah cancer (a delicious beat) You didn't know about that? Wellwhy divou think ail her clients are leaving her? (another beat) You didn't know that either? For God's sake, don't put it in your column if wouldn't want to see Caroline get hurt

The DOORBELLings. Cradling the phone with his shoulder. Abbott pulls on a monogrammed BATHROBE RGA. Then he reaches in for his TUXEDO, which has been smoothing out in the steam room alongside him. He peers out the window.

ABBOTT'S POV

BUDDY LAHORE, fifties, prowis for signs of Abbott, his bright red UNCOLN NAVI-GATOR parked on the lawn nearby A monstrously urbane Sikh with a goatee and an Oxford accent

RUDDY

Rob?

CLOSE ON: ABBOTT

His mind racing

ARROTT

(mutters) What the hell- ? (back to phone) It slust tim flying down to Mexico Thursday for Miss Universe. I'm, Jh, judging it. They're going to count it toward my community service for that you know the disorderly conduct thing

ANOTHER ANGLE-ABBOTT

As he peeps again out the window

CULTED

4. EXT MORNING. ABBOTT HOUSE--SAGAPONACK, LONG ISLAND

A handsome, hundred-year-old, shingle

style house Buddy stands on the front porch, rings again. Abbott opens the door

Buddy Thank God it's only you (off truck) I thought my house was on fire.

BUDDY

Bob.

They embrace.

ARBOTT You want a cup of coffee?

CUTTO

5. INT LATER, ABBOTT HOUSE—KITCHEN

The kitchen of a cooking enthusiast Abbott sets out exquisite English china. A massive La Cimbali coffee machine of hand-hammered copper bangs and snorts as it heats up

You look well. Bob.

ARBOTT

When's the last time I saw you-the

BUIDDY

thope you don't feer like live beening nonng you

Have you been ignoring me?

BUDDY

I've tried to call you-

TTORRA

I've just been working so hard, you know, trying to finish the Big Book

BUDDY

more than once-

ASBOTT

Sixteen-hour days on that hard chair amy goddamin piles on fire.

BUDDY

Of course, that sithe main-

ABBOTT

Zota said it best "One is born a poet, but one becomes a worker"

BUDDY

interrupting would be the last thing id

Buddy spies a YELLOW PAD with writing on it. He moves to sneak a peek at it.

INSERT-THE PAD

But it's nothing but PHONE NUMBERS UNDA TIFFANY BE-

fore Buddy can read it, Abbott snatches it away, tucking it under his arm as he sets. out a cup and saucer

ABSOTT

So, if you have been ignoring me Hell, look, it's not like you can go ahead and ignore—what shis name—the lawyer

BUDDY John Grisham?

ABBOTT

is that his name? (resuming) My point is, we have a history

BUDDY

I'll never forget that day your manuscript came over the transom--a young writer who had never published a word.

You didn't have a transom, Buddy You didn't even have an office.

BUDDY

Now i've got four secretaires and a security guard in the lobby to keep peoole like that away from me-

All out of being my editor

BUDDY

Robert Grand Abbott-the most recognized author since Hemingway. Beloved by millions of readers Twice winner of the Pulitzer prize

ABBOTT

Don't forget my sandwich at the Stage

BUDDY

Tongue with pickled tomato

ABBOTT

Let's see John Grisham get his own sandwich.

BUDDY

(slyly) Not that you shouldn't sell like Grisham—if you had a novel out

CLOSE ON-ABBOTT

As he takes a beat, 8uddy watches him.

BUDDY

How close are you?

ABBOTT

it snot really a novel anymore its more of a cookbook imicalling it LoveYourself, Love Your Thighs:

BUDDY

You have a deadline, we taked about this, Remember?

ARROTT

won tibe hounded. You'd think a writer had never been late with a book

it's been nine years it only took юусе seven years to write Ulysses.

ASSOTT

Meanwhile they could pay both Joyce and his editor out of your lunch bill

I forget, I'm an Indian. I'm supposed to subsist on my own crine

ARBOTT

You'll just have to postpone it

BUDDY

For the fourthit me?

It's It's

BUDDY

It's the biggest dry hump in the history of publishing!

ARROTT

You know, aterature used to matter to

BUDDA

it's not up to me. We rela subsidiary. this of a worldwide that now These guys want to sell books the way they sell panty hose

ABSOTT

Panty hose.

BUDDY

On a rack at the airport ARBOTT

Opaque tights and sheer crap.

BUDDY

Well that's what we re up against TTÖBBA

just tell them you ve read it RUDDY

And?

ABBOTT. It bags at the knee

They're businessmen, that's all.

That slexactly what it is—a lot of ma-

cho bullshit They don't want to see a guy make a million bucks for some dilly-dude job like writing a book.

Actually, they're calling it two million

ARBOTT

RUDDY

You know, with the interest. Two milfion of "their" money You know how they talk.

Abbott turns to Buddy.

ARBOTT

want the advance back?

You can't expect it to be a big deal when you bring the book out but not a

I'm Robert Grand Abbott, goddammiti Two million bucks? What am I supposed to do-sell my house? With the

The irony is, the way the marketplace is nowadays, you could probably-

BUDDY

double that just with the movie rights

ARBOTT

dy, what am I supposed to do? I'm not give you the Big Book?

BUDDY What about a little book?

ABBOTT

A little book?

Something you could dash off. People nowadays like a little book. One you can hold in the palm of your hand and read in an afternoon.

I can't

YOUUR

I can't take the time --

BUDDY A thriller - two hundred pages, with an erotic drawing of some sort on the jacket Murder adultery a man with

ASSOTT

ARBOTT

I can't A little book?

something to prove

RUDDY

Like those little amuse-gueules they give you at Danier's. A thing to tide everyone over till the meal comes.

ARBOTT

can't

fuck ng-

BUDDY

(nght back) I can't protect you WHAM A sickening CRACK as Abbott punches Buddy in the nose Buddy's suit RIPS as they wrestle and fall against the

table. The crockery CRASHES to the floor

You promised me a book. Give me the

CUTTO:

6. EXT DAY ABBOTT HOUSE

Buddy CRASHES headfirst through the screen door as Abbott hur shim down the stairs. Buddy hustles to the safety of his Navigator locks himself in Watches as Abbott reti rins inside Dabs at his wounds with a handkerchief, checks them in the mirror Then clambers out of the Navigator Shouts at the impassive facade of Abbott's house.

You son of a bitch. They put people ike me on the cover of magazines now! Do you hear me? You can't do this shit anymore: CHITO

7, INT SAMETIME ABBOTT HOUSE-KITCHEN

As Buddy's ravings filter in from outside Abbott picks up a broken saucer sets it on the table. He sags wear ly in his chair, rubs his face, it all has gone so terribly. wrong Abbott listens as a car door slams outside. Then the rumble of the Navigator as Buddy drives off

CUTTO

Ö

PHOTOGRAPIS BY "ARE & MEET

Two million?

Wait a minute Are you saying they

PURDOY

big deal when you don't

market in the crapper? BUDDY

Fuck em, Buddy! Fuck them)

Fur (beat) That wouldn't go against the advance? (catching himself) Budfinished Don't you think I'd love to

BUDDY

ABROTT

Why not?

ABBOTT



26. EXT MORNING. THE HAMPTONS

HAROLD BELDING, 32, drives a battered VW 8EET. # through a countryside alive with the yearning of spring His hair bursts out of his head like the stuffing of an old sofa that's been too much jumped. on, His wife, MIRANDA, 30, rides beside h.m. An aroma of sex-as if she's been marinal ng in it. From their faces, they might be entering an enchanted forest, perilous and magnificent

CUTTO

27. EXT MORNING. ABBOTT HOUSE

Peering for signs of confirmation, Harold pulls up crunchingly on Abbott's gravel driveway.

HAROLD

This must be it.

He reaches into the back for his battered. bnefcase, his OLIVETTI PORTABLE

MIRANDA

Have a good day Check in s at three

Wish me .uck

She kisses him, then he climbs out. She climbs into the driver's seat, throws the VW in reverse, and backs out.

Harold takes in the landscape. draws a deep breath. Then he creaks up the stairs to the front porch, rings the doorbell

28. INT SAMETIME. ABBOTT HOUSE

Abbott SNORES in an ungainly sprawl on the landing halfway to the second floor his tuxedo lacket balled up as a piliow. the pleated shirt pulled up over his face The DOORBELL awakens him. He rouses with a start and SLIDES bumpily down the stairs.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. SAME TIME. ABBOTT HOUSE

As Haroid moves to ring the bell again a disheve ed Abbott answers, scratchng his balls.

ABBOTT

Yeah?

HAROLD

'm Harold Beiding.

Pa., you look like a Harold Belding.

Haroid Belding? Mr. Lahore said you'd be expecting me

ASBOTT

Buddy's Mr Lahore now?

Abbott fishes in his pockets for a cigarette.

HAROLD

Harold Beiding the writer? (off Abbott's look) I'm here about the book Murder adultery, a man with something to prove Kind of a departure for you.

Well, Laiready told him I'm not writing. any goddamn book

That's why imhere.

CLOSE ON-ABBOTT

Abbott takes a long, dumbfounded beat BACK ON HAROLD

As he struggies to fill the awkward silence

HAROLD

Nice tree

ABBOTT

It's a hanging tree

He did discuss this with you, didn't he?

Abbott thinks another beat as Buddy's scheme dawns on him in air its absurd inevitability

ABBOTT

Haroid Belding the author

HAROLD There you go

ASBOTT

The novelist Harold Belding

HAROLD.

You're on fire now, sir

ABBOTT

You re here to write my book for me

Harold taps his briefcase

HAROLD

All you have to do is approve the broad strokes. After that -not to be macabre, but-you could publish it dead

ABSOTT

Talk about a departure

HAROLD

could come back if there s a more

Abbott turns abruptly and heads back inside Harold leaps and JAMS his foot in the

HAROLD

(continuing) convenient time

He follows Abbott inside-

CUTTO

30. INT. DAY FOYER

Harold enters tentatively. Stands alone in the cool of the fover, clutching uncomfortably at his briefcase. Peeks down the halfway for a sign of Abbott.

ANGLE ON-ABBOTT

As he searches the drawers for his phone book, cursing under his breath

ABBOTT

m gonna kill that fucking Hindu, and he'll come back as a roach

BACK ON-ABBOTT

As he rummages furtously through the clutter on his kitchen counter, an ORANGE bounces down rolls across the floor Muttering anguly, Abbott stoops to retrieve it, then turns back toward the swinging doors leading to the foyer, where something has caught his eye

ABBOTT'S POV

Harold standing awkwardly with his briefcase clutched to his chest, as he leans to inspect some of Abbott's memorabilia on an entry table.

CLOSE ON-ABBOTT

As he tosses the orange in the air we can see the wheels turning. Abbott leans against the kitchen counter as he composes himself.

BACK ON-HAROLD

As Abbott emerges from the kitchen with a COFFEE TRAY they exchange looks. Then Abbott flashes a wolfish smile.

ABSOTT.

Let's go in the library. It's cooler in there. CUTTO

31 INT LATER, LIBRARY

Abbott prepares Harold's coffee.

have you ever done anything like this before Hamish?

HAROLD

Harold You mean ghostwriting? No. I've written two-actually. three no, two-published novels of my own

Yeah? How'd they do?

HAROLD

Faulkner said a book with one reader was worth writing

ASBOTT

(piously) Yes. I've lived my fe by that. (He pours.) What happened to number three?

HAROLD

Didn't Buddy tell you?

Abbott presents Harold with a cup of coffee. Moves to a set of DRAWERS in a cabinet

ABBOTT

What exactly did Buddy teil you?

HAROLD What do you mean?

ARROTT

About this About me.

Abbott rummages in a drawer Takes out a RAG a 8RUSH

HAROLD

Just that you'd-like I said-work out the broad strokes with me and then-

ABBOTT

You didn't wonder why I would agree?

HAROLD

m not here to talk you out of it a small can of tiNSEED Oil

ARBOTT

You thought it was completely consistent with what had become of me isn t that d?

HAROLD

Heh, heh, wei-

A small token of my depreciation

Harold looks up, sees Abbott with a loaded 357 MAGNUM in his hand.

HAROLD

No! (recovering) No. no, no. Not at all

t's a desperate thing to do. isn't it?

HAROLD

IS It?

ARROTT

He must've said something, (beat) Like that I'm stuck I can't finish

HAROLD

You mean like a writer's block?

ARROTT

well, that would do it, wouldn't it? (laughing) Can you imagine anything more ridiculous?

KAROLD

've got the opposite problem. can't stop!

Haroid guffaws. Abbott appraises Haroid Then considers the gun in his hand, Looks at Harold again, then cracks the gun open to clean it.

ABBOTT

a told him no, you know.

HAROLD

You did? Then-

ABBOTT

Then I read your books. Abbott closes one eye as he sights down the barrel. Then he opens his eye, peeks to gauge Harold's reaction

HAROLD

When did you read my books?

ABBOTT

That's what I've been trying to tell you. You, Harold. , midding this for

HAROLD

thought I was doing this for you.

(offering) Cigarette?

ABBOTT

HAROLD

I don't smoke.

ABBOTT Hold this for me, would')a?

He hands Harold the gun Lights his cigarette Wanders over to the window

HAROLD

Then you, un, liked my books?

Sure The first one, uh, uh

HAROLD

Life with Art?

ARBOTT And then the other one

HAROLD i'm surprised. They don't ready seem. like your kind of thing

ASBOTT

The bastards They vereally destroyed your confidence, haven't they?

HAROLD Thave to admit it sibeen a tough cou-

ARBOTT Remembering That's what's tough Remembering what you dreamed of when you first started doing this, (off-Harold's look) I have a feeling We're

going to become very intimate very

quickly, Harold, Can i speak to you about death?

Sure.

ple of weeks.

ABSOTT.

HAROLD

No one lives forever - even the immortals. But the work - the work can be carried on With a talent like yours. you should be

HAROLD

ABBOTT

Is big still a thing to be? HAROLD

Why not? Abbott draws deep on his cigarette, gazes out the window.

ABBOTT

Something's holding you back making you pause Or someone Like a semicoion in the wrong place Don't worry-we're going to get to the bottom of it

Haroid looks at the gun in his hand Looks up at Abbott --

CUT TO:

124 ESOUTRE SEPTEMBER 1998

SEPTEMBER 1998 ESQUIRE 125



JEFF

ALL-AMERICAN

Every time a new coach sees Jeff's arm, he believes he sees a miracle. Because, even among NFL quarterbacks, Jeff's arm is blessed. It's just his teams that are cursed.

BY TOM JUNOD

he ios ngest quarierback in the NFL doesn't even grip the bill properly the doesn't grip it with his foretinger circling the bul's pointed and out rather capping it, as though he were holding the bell in preparation for a placewalk It is impossible to throw a ball this way unless you happen to be him, unless you have hands like his—nuge, tentacry things fretted with spans of tenden that look like the shadow skeletons of smaller men. He doesn't hold the ball properly when he drops book to pass either he holds a so low against his body that he looks is though he is too lary to lift a up past his sternum like a boxer who carries his left down by his hip and is never in position to throw the jab. As a matter of fact, the losingest quarterback in the NrL seems so lacked asseat so blase so matteritive in the act of throwing a football that he never throws it the same way twice. His natural throwing motion is the three quarter motion of a basebali shortstop, but like a short stop he is satuational in his nabits, and so somet mes hell deever the half stringht overhand and sometimes ne'll song it sidearm, and in thre conditions of combat hell toss, underhand and back in high school he was known to throw the ball left-handed. If only to reseve the poredom that mexitably attends the rise of the gifted. He wears a red jersey with a number 5 on it and silver knickers and a silver heimet that he tips back on his head between plays as though he can't wait to take it off. He has brown him to mung slightly in the front, indunder his eyes are dabs of sminy black shoe polish that make him look as watchfull and as wary and is skitt ships a raccoon. He does not smile very much nor talk very aften to his teammates. and even though he has come here to the Oakand Raiders practice field in Almeda, Califormay to be with eighty prospective Oakland Raiders as part of an informal prese, son min camp it is hard to magine how someone standing in a buddle of men he's supposed to lead could ook more dissonant or alone

Then the haddle breaks with a cap, and the los ngest quarterback in the NFL works up to the line. and loads as nands under the center's ass. He banks something that sounds ake "Bale twenty. But twenty' while the defense shouts something that sounds a ke "track show " reak show" and then he

ball is snapped and there is grunting and groaning and the bright, concussive report of neimets and shoulder pads until the losingest quarterback in the NFL completes his loping five-step drop, and his arm strikes like a lash, and there is at first a startled hiss as the football rubs up against the air, and then the most amazing, the most impossible thing of all on a football field there is silence and by God there is beauty Does a matter, then, that the losingest quarterback in the NFI gr.ps the bail wrong? Does it matter that he holds the ball too low and that his mechanics are eccentric? Does it matter that he never throws it the same way twice so that it is impossible, even for him, to describe now he throws it? Does a matter that on the football field, he always seems to stand alone or even that he is the losingest quarterback in the NFL? No-for now, as the football rises against the sky, the perfection of its flight transcends the flaws of the quarterback who threw it, and as it hangs there, spinning, whitring, spiraling, against slatted, gunmeral-colored clouds, the sheer beauty of the thing calls for a momentary suspension of sound and breath and adgment and the habits of disbelief. Indeed, for a scant second the footbal, turns so true on its axis that it inspires the illusion that it can do nothing but rise, and even before it falls, fifty yards down the field, into the arms of a receiver sprinting toward it and away from it at the exact same timeeven before it falls from the unreachable silence of the air in to the noise of this world—the head coach of the Oakland Raiders is so happy to have Jeff George, the losingest quarterback in the NFL on his team that he throws down his hat and begins to dance

EIGHT AND A HALF YEARS AGO, IN THE EARLY SPRING OF 1990, JEFF George stood on a footbal, field in Champaign, Llinois, and threw a pass that made people believe. That's all you can say about it, really-that he threw a ball so perfectly that it had a kind of metaphysical reality to it and as a result inspired not just dreams but faith and certainty. He was st.l an innocent then sort of he was just twenty-two, still a junior in college and he was audinoning for a cadre of NFL scouts. He had not yet lost a single game as a professional quarterback. He had not yet been reviled in the cities where he chose to play. He had not yet come to stand for everything that was wrong-that was curiously and mexplicably lacking-in the NFL in the eraof free agency and the domed stadium. No, he was just a kidback then, a kid who was so confident in the bright, blinding gift that had been his since birth, that had just always been there with him, on his side—that he told a receiver to start run ning and then threw him the ball. Just like that the receiver was eighty-one mind boggling yards away, and Jeff George without much apparent effort, threw him the facking half and the ball whizzed and whistled and spiraled and hissed and when it landed in the receiver's hands, in perfect stude well, the congregation of NFL scouts believed, al. right. They made leff George the number one pick in that year's NFL draft and they gave him millions of dollars in the hope that he could do that

And he has He has thrown that pass again and again first in Indianapolis, with the Colts, and then in Atlanta, with the Falcons, and now in Oakland, with the Raiders. He has thrown that pass even as the losses have piled up, and then the revulsion, and then the loss of meaning and the existential terror. He has thrown that pass as the coaches who love him and dance at the spectacle of his perfection get fired, one after an other No, he has never thrown a pass that has won a playoff

game, but year after year he has been able to step out onto a practice field, and then standing alone, he has been able to throw a pass whose beauty is its own reality and whose sheer immanence makes men like Jon Gruden be leve

Jon Gruden, you see, is the new head coach of the Oak land Raiders. He is thirty-five years old, a tough little guy, a viclous gum chewer with very blond hair and very blue eyes Last year, as the offensive coordinator of the Philadelphia Eag.es, he had to wring points from an offense quarterbacked by Ty Detmer and Bobby Hoying-a popgun and a peashooter, respectively, and so now, having envisioned the same offense run by Jeff George and his magnificent right arm. Gruden has responded like anyone else who has seen the possibility of reality being reconciled to what his mind's eye holds as ideal He has fallen in love greedly and unabashedly 'I'd been spending a lot of time with Jeff," Gruden says, "and one night I came home and my wife said. You love left George more than you love me 'I said, 'Honey, you may be right. But you didn't see him throw the ball today"

"I'VE JUST ALWAYS BEEN BLESSED," JEFF GEORGE SAYS WHEN HE IS asked about the nature of his gift "People are always asking me how to teach a kid to throw like I do, and the answer is, you can't. It's a gift from God and I m blessed, and you can t teach that '

He has always been able to throw the football. As a tenyear-old in Indianapolis, he was throwing thirty passes a game in peewee leagues. In junior high school, he was throwing thirty five touchdown passes a season. And in high school, he set national records in touchdowns and yardage and led his team to two state championships. Indeed, so prodigious so freakish so mexputably given and received is Jeff George's thent for throwing a football that it aroused expectations that his biessings would extend past his arm That's the way it's supposed to happen, isn't it? In America, the guy who throws straight and true is straight and true and should be prepared to be a hero. He should be harnessing his name to the American tongue, so that when people hear the name Jeff George, they feel the same insanely American tingle they feel when they hear the insanely American names Johnny Unitas and Bart Starr and Joe Montana

Okay, it didn't work. He's not a hero. He's not even a winner Something failed, even though it's hard to call some one who has been in the NFL for eight years, makes an awful lot of money and has a wife and two kids a failure Still there's a discrepancy there, between the nature of Jeff's gift and the nature of his achievement and so Jeff looks is this a word? discrepant, somehow, when he's playing the game, and people don't ake discrepant. It upsets them. It makes them wonder if Jeff lacks qualities so intangible they're called. In the argot of sport, intangibles—qualities of "heart" and "soul" and "fire " It makes them wonder if Jeff is, like, this weird guy or something, to have had such a weird even subversive—career Indeed, that is the proper word for left's career supersue

It began with his mother, strangely enough. When he was a freshman at Purdue Jeff got hurt knocked silly during a game, and his mother ministered to him on the field, then umped in the eart that was taking him off it. Innocent enough, right? Wrong. He became known as a mama's boy, and when his coach was fired and, as we have seen coaches love Jetf but rarely survive the association and Jeff an-

nounced his intention to transfer to Illinois classmates amused themselves by throwing eggs through his dorin room window. A few years later, he returned home with the Indianapolis Colts as the first pick in the 1990 NFL draft Hometown hero, right? Well, no in fact the fans hated him, and when he refused to report to training camp in 1903, people around Indianapolis wore T-shirts that said, MY MOMMY WON'T LET ME PLAY

A year later Atlanta The Filcons. Redemption with June Jones, another coach who loved him. He put up hig numbers, but fans didn't like him there, either. They didn't like his perceived indifference, they didn't ake his rather glazed appear ance, they didn't like the way he always stood alone on the sidelines, they didn't even like the way he turned his hat backward when he stood alone on the sidelines. Early in 1990. Jeff threw an interception against the Fagles. Jones pulled him from the game, left lost his temper on national TV. In the ide ology of the QB, this should have been the obligatory display of spine, a defining moment - lke Steve Young's confrontation with George Seifert in 1994 that turned the agers from

Joe Montana's team into Steve Young's team-after which both team and fans should have railied around him Not quite He told his coach, "Suck my dick" and got suspended, then cut. The team collapsed and Jones was fired Then last year the Oakland Raiders and all that "Raider mag ic " [eff signed a contract for \$2.5 million over five years and had has best season ever Led the league in passing yardage, with twentynine touchdowns and only nine interceptions. The team, though, finished 4 12 The coach was fired, and Jeff well, Jeff is now on the way to the worst winning percentage of any quarterback in the history of the NFL, and al though it's true that his record is inconsistent with his gifts, the truth is that his gifts are somehow

at the heart of his record and yes, of his failure. Sure, he has what his agent, Leigh Steinberg, calls "the magic gift," but the tragedy, or comedy, of Jeff George's career is that he lacks the gift of magic and so what leff George has done-his contribution to American life-is throw a perfect spiral and then make everybody follow the shadow

"I'VE HAD A GREAT CAREER," JEFF GEORGE SAYS WHEN HE COMES OFF the field at the Raiders' training camp. "It's made me the player and the person that I am, and I wouldn't have it any other way "

He is tall and tan He has white teeth. He is soft spoken, almost mumbly in the cause of modesty. He lives in Indi anapolis, the town where he was born, and is loyal to his family and friends. He married in his words, "my seventhgrade cheerleader" In his basement hang his football un. forms from junior high and high school and his wife's cheerleading outfits, and when he needs a reminder of where he's from and where he's been, he goes down and looks at them. Jeff 6 George the loser? Jeff George the perennial disappointment?

No In his mind he's not a quarterback who should have been Jeff George, A.l-American, he is Jeff George, A.l-American And although he is entering his minth year as a professional football player and is going gray at the temples, his potential remains somehow inviolate. As the Raiders coaches and executives say "Jeff George is the guy around here," just as he was 'the guy" around Indianapous and Atlanta. It is Jeff's peculiar gift to be 'the guy" serrally that is, to inspire behef as often as he disappoints a

"Every year is great" he says now a Raiders cap turned backward on his head. "Every year is a blessing and every year is a different year and if I've had some tough times in the past well, they've brought me here, to the Raiders, where I ve a ways wanted to be I'm very comfortable here in Oakland. I'm very comfortable with the organization and I'm comfortable with Coach Gruden, and I'm looking forward for this year to be the start of a new Ra der tradition I'm a true Raider I believe and I love being part of that mystique But I'm not part of the past so I want to be part of the future, and ten or fifteen years from now I

"TWO WEEKS AGO, JEFF THREW FIFTY YARDS ACROSS THE FIELD TO TIM BROWN, AND I COULDN'T BELIEVE WHAT I SAW," SAYS THE RAIDERS NEW COACH. "I RAN UP TO HIM AND SAID, JUST SO YOU KNOW BRO, THAT'S THE GREATEST THROW I'VE

> hope I hear quarterbacks coming in here and saying 'I want to be just like Jeff George

In ten years, Jeff George will be forty If his current form holds true is template and as example, he will by that time have gone through three or four more teams and at least six more coaches. He will have thrown for 3,,000 more yards and 185 more touchdowns. He will have won 54 more games and lost 106 He will not have won a playoff game. Yet it is possible to imagine, if you will that young quarterback coming to wherever Jeff George is plying his trade to wherever Jeff George is still looking to live up to his talent-and wanting to be just like him, for it is possible to see Jeff George still standing alone in the middle of a field somewhere and throwing the ball so beautifully that the moment a touches the air, it doesn't matter that he grips it wrong or carries it way too low it is possible to see another doomed coach so moved that he starts dancing on the sideline as the bail goes up and then comes down fifty yards later into the arms of a receiver who can't possibly outrun [eff's singular biessing, #

ESCYLE

LIA LIGE Analentine

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A ROLLING CAULDRON OF INTENSE PASSIONS AND LARGE APPETITES BUEN
AIKE'S A CITY WITH ARTISTS AND INTELLECTUALS THAT STILL EMBRACES THE MAT
A WIRLD LIKE A BRIEF ENCOUNTER OR BELIEVE IT OR NOT A TRIMLY GUT COT
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Argentina Through the Eyes of an Argentine

IN ONE OF ARGENTINE WRITER JORGE LUIS civilizedly, decadently European.

Borges's most well-known stories, the discovery of a volume of an encyclopedia from an imaginary world ends up transforming reality into a replica of that fantastic place. Walking through the actual Buenos Aires, reading the newspapers, and speaking with locals, one gets the uncomfortable sensation that the entire country has been equally turned into a product of the Borgesian imagination. In Buenos Aires, as in the stories by the Argentine author, the limits between appearance and reality seem to have dissolved.

Perhaps the work of a great writer is enough to change completely a country's reality. Or per haps the erasure of all certainty is what has always characterized Argentina, and Borges simply was the loyal scribe of that state of being. It's just that in the city of Buenos Aires, all things seem to be halfway between fact and fiction. Walking through the city's center, where a large part of the entire country's cultural and commercial activity is concentrated, one has the feeling of being in a European capital that has been curiously led tens of thousands of kilometers astray And it's not that it's like one Old World city in particular but rather a crazy blend of them all. Madnd's secret corners, London's salons, Paris's châteaus. The residents of Buenos Aires cling to a mesh of adopted customs with a certain peevish adoration, the way survivors cling to the remains of a shipwreck. English high tea at five o'clock; dinner never before eleven as in Spain, cuisine very Italian-influenced; and, of course, fashionable dress.

Argentina, in large measure because of its last mutary dictatorship, which ended in 1983, and the consequent economic disintegration of its middle class, has become a country of exhardly necessary complements. treme opposites. In Buenos Aires, these consequences, depending on what neighborhood one is passing through, create streetscapes more and more miserable or more and more by Vincent Martin.

In the 1960s, the painter Antonio Berni, a founder of political realism in Argentine art, represented in his work the misfortunes of a character of his own creation, a poor boy from the shantytowns whom he baptized with the name Juanito Laguna. In the pieces, Juanito appears surrounded by refuse, indeed, he is made of debris himself. His eyes are broken buttons, and his worn-out jacket is a piece of old, faded cloth. Juanito lives in a netherworld, a precarious universe parariel to the real world, and when Bern pits him against the spiendor of nches, he does it in a cutting and brutal way Juanito appears in black and white, made of newspaper and magazine cuttings, set against colorful scenes in oils in which members of the privileged class are at luxurious tables, brimming with serene vanity.

In painting as well as in cinema, black and white has been used as a resource to make a scene less real, to make a particular image schematic or ideal. Color, on the other hand, is synonymous with reality In Bern , this dialectical distinction is fatally inverted. Color is, at once, both more and less true than reality; black and white is extremely real but also insipid and alarming.

As an introduction to the Buenos Aires of today, the works of Berni and Borges suffice. They are the best possible instruments of navigation: for getting to know the city With one, we learn that what seems to be is not and that what is doesn't really seem so. With the other, we learn that opposites can become agonizingly undecidable. We Argentines are known for the tango and psychoanalysis. But both, compared with the lessons of the painter and the poet, are

Carlos Basualdo is a poet, art curator, and critic living in New York Translated from the Spanish

THOUGH ANTONIO BERNI AND JORGE LUIS BORGES MIGHT BE AMONG THE MORE FAMOUS ARGENTINE ARTISTS AND WRITERS, THE NATION AT THE BOTTOM OF THE WORLD HAS NO SHORTAGE OF CONTEMPORARY CREATIVE TYPES, EI-THER SCULPTORS, POETS, PAINTERS, AND NOVELISTS ALL CALL BUENOS AIRES HOME, TOP: CARLOS REGAZZONI, PAINTER AND SCULPTOR SWEATER BY HERMÉS. CENTER: THE STAFF OF RUTH BENZACAR, ONE OF BUENOS AIRES'S MOST PRESTIGIOUS GALLERIES AND A REPRESENTATIVE OF MANY OF ARGENTINA'S BEST YOUNG TALENTS, BOTTOM: UNDERGROUND-MAGAZINE EDITOR AND YOUNG POET GABRIELA BEJERMAN WITH ESTABLISHED POET ARTURO CAR-RERA, PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE CITY'S BOTANICAL GARDEN. SPORT COAT, VEST, SHIRT, AND TIE, POLO BY RALPH LAUREN.









Things a Man Should Know

About Style

There is no foot pain so severe, no dress shoe so fragile, no commute so arduous, as to justify the sartorial holocaust that is wearing sneakers with a suit.

Unless you have a harelip or happen to be Wilford Brimley, you look exactly half as attractive with a mustache.

In a pinch, paper clips can be used in place of collar stays.



in a pinch, paper clips cannot be used in place of missing eyeglass

Sergio Valente put it best when he said. "How you look tells the world how you feel."

If you're still wearing Sergio Valente, you look sort of Ke Huggy Bear

If you can slip two fingers between your neck and the buttoned collar of a new dress shirt, the shirt will fit comfortably after laundering.

The shirt placket, the belt buckle, and the trouser fly should a Hine up. Speaking of belt buckles, the point of your tie should never fall below it.

Suspenders, ill employed, produce wedgles

No level of fitness justifies wearing a tank top in public.

Rent no clothing

Ninety-dollar shoes last half as long as \$180 shoes, but \$360 shoes will last you your whole life.

> Three hundred sixty-donar shoes will not ast your whole life I you break the r backs by refusing to use a shoehom

> Three-hundred-sixty-dollar shoes without a shine can look like \$90 shoes.

Women notice shoes

They also notice nose hair; so should you

Neckties decorated with cartoon characters, golf tees, or the paintings of dead rock musicians coordinate with nothing.

It is never acceptable to loosen your tie, except during the process of its removal.

You are in your car an hour. each day you are in your clothes from morning to night. Spend accordingly.

The seat-belt shoulder strap goes under your necktie.

Good shoes and a good haircut. matter more than a great suit

You can't smoke a pipe if you're under forty-five.

You can twear a fedoralf you re under forty-five.

You can't wear a bow tie with anything other than a tuxedo if you're under fortyfive or not a famous novelistornot a total geek, professor

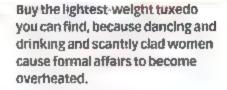
very few people want to see you in compression shorts, and those who do might not be your target audience

Likewise tight, black leather pants, Mr Bon Jovi

A \$250 shirt will look like a \$25 shirt if it is professionally aundered instead of hand washed

Still, you will be happiest if you regard dress shirts as disposable

By the way, this blue-shirt craze is getting really tresome



One ring, maximum. On a finger. Not from college. Not from high school

Silver or platinum, not gold

On airplane trips, briefs are more comfortable than boxers, as contents may shift during takeoff and landing

There are no bargains.

A man in a good surt and tie looks on c, a man in a good suit without a tie. ooks more chic

A man who uses the word chic had better be kidding around

Ed Bradley doesn't look as good with that earning as he thinks he does.

The only good tattoo is a very, very small tattoo placed where no one can see it, which is to say, why get one?

Aman na suit without a tie can wear loaters a manin a suit with a Keep alint roller in your office And inyourcar

A good suit treated well shouldn't be dry-cleaned more than twice a season a good tuxedo treated well should never be dry-cleaned

unless you're a quarterback inever wear anything with your name and/or number on it



Jack Nicholson can wear two-tone spectator shoes only because he is Jack Nicholson.

It is far better to arrive at an event overdressed than underdressed People will think you've got somewhere more important to go afterward

Cheap cashmere is less soft and more fragile than expensive wool.

AT shirt that shows through a dress shirt is the male equivalent of visible panty lines.

Do not wear button-down collars with double-breasted suits

Do not unbutton double-breasted suits, Letterman notwithstanding.

Think twice about double breasted surts.

The only thing worse than wearing socks that don't cover one's calves is wearing patterned socks that don ticover one's calves.

If you lose one cuff link, remove the remaining orphan; this will make it look as if you have insouclant personal style and omitted them on purpose

Jeans should never meet an iron.

What you find at an outlet store is what other people refused to buy or what a company thinks you will buy because you re their indiof person who shops at an outlet store

Khakıs religiously worn on Fridays are no less a uniform than a business sult worn the prior four days.



Nonetheless, you can never have too many khakis Or white heavyweight-cotton Tishirts or canvas tennis shoes. For Saturday

Numbers to remember one half inch of shirt cuff, one and a half inches of trouser cuff. two inches more belt than Inches on your waist.

Your belt and shoes should match in color if not in material

Speaking of color, there is little use for pink, peach, or teal

It's not the name on the labe or the numbers on the credit card statement but how good you look in it.

Even Al Gore shouldn't wear a watch with a built-in calculator

ke cars and stereo equipment, clothes are not really "investments," because they cannot appreciate They're clothes.

It's more important in a man's daily life to have a good tailor than a good doctor

Clothing salesmen can change your life in a good way but not many of them

Two elements of style that will last longer than any man who is smart enough to own them a sterling belt buckle from Tiffany and simple cuff links.

A restaurant meal tastes better when you're wearing a suit coat

Band-collar shirts make you look either stupid or like a priest or like a stupid priest

Woven shoes are for men with small feet

> Think twice about woven shoes.

Whether a be is too fat or too skinny should be decided by you, on a tie-by tie bas s

When in doubt, ask a woman.

Know that she will often be wrong too and that u timately a man is alone in a vast sea of indecision that he must ply

Never trust a fashion magazine This is not a fashion magazine. This magazine likes you very much and is only trying to help.

Cigars are never styllish in mixed company.



If you hang your jacket on a chair and then sit on the chair and lean back, your jacket will look as if you had hung it on a chair and then sat on the chair and leaned back

Drape your scarf on that chair and you're going to lose it, and we are not your mother

A black knit tie coordinates with jeans and a blazer as well as it does with a French-cuffed shirt and a custom-made suit.

Deep in the heart of the Middle West, some people are actually wearing those baggy, printed workout pants again, and you owe God your deepest thanks that you have the presence of mind to not be among them.

The most important thing about selecting a note is the ability of the staff to press a shirt instantly, anytime day or night

Men named Chick tend to wear shoes with stacked heels.

Stacked heels, like the name Chick are mappropriate for men.

First suit navy solid Second suit gray solid Third suit navy pinstripe Fourth suit gray chalk stripe Fifth suit: black. Sixth suit You need no sixth suit.

To have absolute style is to break absolute rules somet mes even these to



HOW A MORTAL CAN KNOW THE FABRIC OF THE GODS

Your fingers float along the fabric Soft as your first kiss. Then stand But nobody can really help you it's your taste." you check the price What the hel?

Of course, the mill is reputable. Didnit you just overhear the owner talking about Prince Charles coming by to shop? How can it be, then? The tag on the scarf in your hand claims it's 100 percent cashmere. Yet it's priced at less than twentyfive do lars. You don't know much about cashmere, but even this far from home, you know it costs much more than a pair of pants from the Gap

"How is this possible?" you say, turning to the owner of islay Wootlen Minin slay Scot and.

"It's worth nearly a hundred dollars." Gordon Covel says "A large cashmere order was placed, but shortly after the man ordered he had a heart attack "

You ned in pity for the poor bastard, trying not to grin too — the European is made with more widely and scarf up the scarf As you leave, though, you realize you can't go through life depending on heart attacks for good fortune. You need to know How do you tell quality in cashmere and know what to pay for it?

It's a question more and more men are asking themselves. This season cashmere is not just warm it's not. Designers are using it for everything but underwear in ties, glove I nings, socks, sweatpants, suits—even for watchbands and in stronger and more elastic than the covers of hot water bottles.

You head to the shops, knowing this is going to be tricky Experts can have difficulty determining differences in quality. You've even heard that a reputable department store was sued for selling clothing marked 100 PERCENT CASHMERE WHEN, in fact, the fabric had been blended with woor

Of course, you can begin by closing your eyes and running your hands over sweaters. Cashmere is of a lush gaiaxy all its own, and you can understand the amazement of Napoleon's soldiers when they first pulled the exotic shawis off their dead and captured Mamiluk enemies in 1798. For years, the making of cashimere was a secret. People who swear by the fabric today may know that it is associated with royally and fine taste. But how many can tell you that it takes the sheddings of six goats to make alsingle cashmere sweater?

Every designer will swear to the Himalayas that he or she works with the finest goats. So then, how is it that a turtleneck. in a J.Crew catalog "spun of cashmere fibers from the necks of goats in Mongo ia's finest herds" is so'd for \$218, a Malo sweater from italy that "people with special hands and special eyes work over like gold" can retail for more than \$800, and the hand-knit sweaters of Lainey Keogh in ire and can be found in specialty shops for \$2,000? Calvin Klein, Ballantyne, Jii Sander, TSE Pringle, Prada, Loro Piana Brunelio Cuc nel I, Raiph Lauren—all are well-known for cashmere knitwear The more you look and feel and try to choose among them, the dizzier you become Keep in mind, however that although they all may work with real cashmere goats, not all of them can work with the best libers—the ones that come from the underbelly. The goats molt every spring, their hair patiently. collected by herdsmen who wash it to remove sand and wool grease. The longer and finer the fiber, the thinner and more. valuable the thread that can be spun from it.

You begin to wonder if the only solution is to buy vicuna shorp off camas in the Andes—which is even warmer and softer and costs up to \$3,000 a square yard Aras, your bank account te is you that that is not your solution.

You stop to recoup over a drink. And there right in your glass, ies the answer "it's like wine," says Massimo Alba of Malo "There may be a big difference between one bottle and another in quality, in price, in soul. You need to taste them to under-

So you take your cashmere closs, match them with your taste, and hope your wallet will support you

 The best cashmere does not come from Kashmir or Australia, Iran, or Turkey It comes from Mongolia and China where the goat is protected against brutal mountain winters. by a fleece of coarse hair that grows over the smooth, soft down that makes the best sweater if it's keeping the goat's ass warm at 30 degrees below zero, it 1 help you through a Packers game at Lambeau Field

+ The best cashmere is manufactured not in Asia but in Europe The Asian sweater is cheaper because of lower labor costs, but advanced technology it's sort of Tke choosing between a tape deck and a cost ier CD player for your car.

-- Cashmere two pty two threads spun so finely that, when twisted together they are no thicker than one) is softer, one-piy it's also less subject to pling, the tendency of yarns to develop tiny fluffs after some use. Obviously, you pay to avoid the pris. You can discern the pat tern formed by the knitting needle. of cashmere two-ply: It's shaped like a perfect V Two-ply can be worn under a sport coat. Four ply, a bit bulkier, is a beefy sweater weight. Ten-piy and you are walk. ing the Scottish moors. Sixteenply? Go we with the goats atop the Himalayas. Buy Ita an f you like smooth and listrous, go with Scottish flyou want soft but beefy

-- A handmade sweater is gen erally more expensive than a machine-made By turning a sweater nside out, you can tell it's handknit if it has large knotted at tches as opposed to precisely uniform ones, is it worth the extra money to pay a carpenter for handcraft. ed cabinets instead of powertooled prefabs? Your call

+ A sweater will first show wear at the elbows and on the sleeves, if yours is wearing thin there after a couple years, think about a different label. With prop-

er care (see sidebar), cashmere should last decades.

 Trust your eyes, trust your fingers. J.Crew and Maio both. make sweaters. Daewoo and Mercedes-Benz both make cars And though they'll both take you where you need to go, one's going to do it in style.

* If your budget is restricted, shiver through December and buy during after Christmas sales. Cashmere was sought by emperors four hundred years ago, and it ain tigoing out of

And flak this fals, you can always take a trip to Scotland where you never know what you'lif ind on sale -- Cal Fussman

CASHMERE CARE

Spend \$900 on a cashmere sweater and you il weep if it falls apart. But with proper care, it's a worthwhile investment that will last you for years Unfortunately, cleaning a cashmere sweater can be a most as confusing as buying one

A spokesman for Jr Sander says her sweaters should be dry cleaned only Neil Boyarsky, owner of Beckenstein's Men's Fabrics, does not recommend dry cleaning. He has his steamed, then set facedown, with the arms tucked next to the sides and folded over, and placed in a plastic bag to preserve color in their book Cashmere, Luxurious Fibre Elegant Fashion Claus A Proh and Pier Lu g. Galf suggest hand washing with a standard wool detergent Boyarsky recommends a water temper ature of about 40 degrees. After washing and mising, gently squeeze the article-do not wring it out-and place it on a spread-out terry towel. Roll up the towel, and carefully press out the remaining moisture. Then lay the piece. out on a dry terry towe. The knitwear should be dried at room temperaturenever in the sun or on a heater

Jan Mehalick of Ballantyne recommends a detergent called Spring Rain. which is sold at Crabtree & Evelyn. Saleswoman Renata Markowicz at Bergdorf Goodman Men adds a couple of drops of lemon to the scap.

As for long-term storage some claim that plastic bags don't let the cashmere breathe and recommend folding the sweater among a sprinkling of cedar chips.

Best advice for maintaining your cashmere knitwear Don't spill any can on it.



BY CHARLES BOWDEN. Two years ago, Gary Webb wrote a series of articles that said some bad things about the CIA and drug traffickers. The CIA denied the charges, and every major newspaper in the country took the agency's word for t Gary Webb was ruined. Which is a shame, because he was right!

HE TELLS ME I'VE GOT TO UNDERSTAND ABOUT WHEN THE BIG DOG GETS OFF THE PORCH,

and I'm get rag or nfused here. He is talking to me from a fishing camp up not the Canad an border and as he tries to te lim, bout the Big Dog, I can only amigine a wall of green and deep blue, were with northern pike. But he is very patient with me Make Helm did his hard stints in the Middle East, the Mann, station, and Los Angeles at the the United States Drug to iforcement Agency and he is determined that I fice the real ty he knows. So he storts again. He repeats. When the Big Dog. gets oil the porch watch out. And by the Big Dog, to means the fall might of the United States government. At that moment, he continues, you play by Big Boy. rules, and that me his he explains that there are no reles but to complete the mission. We've go to runto a brais so tooling because l'asked him about reports that he received when he was stationed in Mr. mithat Southern An. Transport a CIA-coatracked ur me was landing plane olds of cocame at Homestead Air Felice Base.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRAD WILSON



nearby Back in the eighties. Holm's informants kept telling him about these flights, and then he was told by his superiors to "stand down because of national security." And so he did He is an honorable man who be leves in his government, and he didn't ask why the flights were taking place, he simply obeyed. Because he has seen the Big Dog get off the porch, and he has tasted Big Boy rates. Besides, he tells me, these things are done right, and if you look mit the matter you'll find contract employees or guys associated with the c'IA, but you won't find a CIA case officer on a loading dock tossing kilbs of coke around. Any more than Mike Holm over saw a plane coded top to bottom with kilos of coke. He didn't have to He be lieved his informants. And he believed in the skill and power of the CIA. And he believed in the sheet might and will of the Big Dog when he finally decides to get off the porch.

As his words hang in the air I remember a convict who says he once worked with the United States government and who also tasted Big Boy rules. This man has not gone fishing

This convict insisted that I hold the map up to the thick prison glass as he jabbed his finger into the mountains. There he said that sithe place and his eyes gleamed as his words accelerated. There in the mountains, they have a colony of two thousand Colombians out of Medel in guarded by the Mexican army. I craned my neck to see where his finger was rubbing against the map and made an x with my pen. That's when the guard burst into the convict's smill cubicae and or dered him to sit down.

The convict is a man of little credibility in the greater world. He is a Mexican national highly intelligent and exact in his speech. He is a man electric with the memory of his days working as a DEA informant in Mexico, huddling in his little apartment with his clandestine radio. He said I must check his DEA file, he gave the names of his case officers, he noted that he delivered to them the exact locations of thirteen a rheids operated jointly by the drug cartels and the CIA. The man's eyes bugged out as his excitement shiedded the tedium of doing time and he returned to his former Lie of secret transmissions, cutouts, drinks with pilots ferrying dope bullshitting his way through army checkpoints.

He said "I'l, be out in six menths or one year depending on the hearing. We can go. I'l, take you up there."

I have always steered clear of the secret world because it is very hard to pencirate and because I you discover anything about it you are not believed. And because I remember what happened to one reporter who wrote about that world about the Big Dog getting off the porch, about the Big Boy rules. So I thought about the convicts information and did nothing with it

But this reporter who went ahead and wrote while I stopped, I kept thinking about him. When I mention him, and what happened to him to Mike Holm, he says "Ah, he must have drawn blood." Holm is very impressed with the CIA, and he wants me to slow down think, and understand something. "The CIA's mission is to break laws and be ruthless. And they are dangerous."

I had been thinking about boking into the claim that during the civil war in Nicaragua in the eightics, the CIA helped move dope to the United States to buy guns for the contras, who were mounting an insurrection against the leftist Sandinistas. So I called up Hector Berreilez, a guy who worked under Mike Holm in Los Angeles, a guy known within the DEA as its Eliot Ness, and he said. 'Look, the CIA is the best in the world. You're not going to beat them, you're never going to

get a smoking gun. The best you're going to get is a little story from me."

What Berreliez meant by a smoking gun is this proof that the United States government has, through the Central Intelligence Agency and its ties to criminals, facilitated the international traffic in narcotics

That's the trail the reporter was on when his career in newspapers went to rack and runn. So I decided to look him up

His name is Gary Webb

GARY WEBB LOVES THE STACKS OF THE STATE LIBRARY ACROSS

from the capitol in Sacramento, the old classical building framed with aromatic camphor trees. He enters the looby and becomes part of a circling mural called War Through the Ages, an after-flash of World War I painted by Frank Van Sloun in 1929. The panels start with the ax and club, then wade through gore to doughboys marching off to the War to End All Wars. This hot stop peace, the inscription on the west wall admonishes, shall stand while men fear not to die in its defense.

He was here in the summer of 1995 because of a call from a woman named Coral Marie Talavera Baca. She tood him her drug dealer boyfnend was in jail and one of the witnesses against him was "a guy who used to work with the CIA selfing drugs. Tons of it." Webb was brought up short. In eighteen years of reporting, every person who'd ever called him about the CIA had turned out to be a flake. Webb started to back away on the phone, and the woman sensed it and exploded. "How dare you treat me like an idiot." She said she had lots of documents and invited him to a court date that month. And so he went.

Coral's boyfnend turned out to be a big-time trafficker. She brought Webb a pile of DEA and FBI reports about, and federal grand jury testimony by, a guy named Oscar Danilo Blandon. Webb was intrigued by government files that told of Nicataguans selang dope in California and giving dope money to the contrast During a break in the hearing, he headed for the restroom and ran into the U.S. attorney, David Hal. Webb told him he was a reporter for the San Jose Mentury News and Hall asked why he was at a piddling hearing.

"Actually, I've been reading," Webb answered, "and I was curious to know what you made of Blandon's testimony about selling drugs for the contras in L. A. Did you believe him?"

Well, yean, 'Hall answered, "but I don't know how you could absolutely confirm it. I mean, I don't know what to tell you. The CIA won't tell me anything."

Webb followed a trail of crumbs some San Francisco newspaper clips, some court records in San Diego, where this strange figure, Blandón, had been indicted for selling coke in 1992 and, according to the documents, had been at it for years and sold tons. He and his wife had been held without bail be cause the federal prosecutor, L. J. O'Neale, said his minimum mandatory punishment would be afe plus a \$4 million fine. Blandon's defense attorney had argued that his client was being smeared because he'd been active in helping the contras in the early eighties. The file told Webb that Blandon wound up doing about two years, and that he was now out. The file recorded that at O'Neare's request, the government had twice quietly cut Blandon's sentence and that he was now working as a paid undercover informant for the DEA.

After about six weeks of this kind of foraging, Webb went to the state library. For six days in September, he sat at a microfiche machine with rolls of dimes and read an elevenhundred page report from 1989 compiled by a subcommittee of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee a subcommittee chaired by Senator John Kerry of Massachusetts that dealt with the contras and cocame

Baried in the federa, document was evidence of direct links between drug dealers and the contras, evidence dated four years before the American invision of Pinama, that Manuel Noriega was in the dope business, drug de, lers saying under oath that they gave money to the contras (and passing polygraphs), phots talking of tlying gans down and dope back and landing with their cargoes at Homestead Air Force Base in Florida

Suddenly, Coral's phone call didn't seem so crity

Webb called up Jack Blum, the Washington D.C., ow yer who had sed the Kerry inquiry, and said. 'Maybe I'm crazy but this seems are a huge story to me.'

"Well, it's nice to hear someone finally say that even if it is ten years later." Blum allowed, and then he proceeded to tell Webb almost exactly what he told me recently when I made a similar annocent phone call to him. "What happened was, our credibility was questioned, and we were personally trashed. The [Reagan] administration and some people in Congress tried to mike us look like crazies, and to some degree it worked. I remember having conversations with reporters in which they would say. Well, the administration says this is all wrong. And I'd say 'Look, why don't you cover the fucking hearing instead of com-

ing to me with what the administration says? And they disay, 'Well the witness is a drug dealer. Why should I do that?' And I used to say this regularly 'Look, the minute I find a Lutheran minister or a priest who was on the scene when they were delivering six hundred ki os of cocaine at some air base in contra land. I'll put him on the stand, but until then you take what you can get.' The big papers stayed as far away from this is studied as they could. It was like they didn't want to know.

Webb was entering contra land, and when you enter that country, you run into the CIA, since the contras were functionally a CIA army (The agency hired them, picked their leaders, plotted their strategy, and sometimes because of contra neompetence, executed their raids for them. This is hardly odd, since the agency was created in 1941 for precisely such toils and has over the decades sponsored armies around the world, whether to land at the Bay of Pigs or kick the Soviets out of Af ghanistan Alter a year of research in August 1000 Webb published a three-day fifteen thousand-word series in the Meitury News called "Dark Al ance" It is a story almost impossible to recapitulate in detail but simple in outline. Drug dealers working with the contras brought tons of cocaine into Cautornia in the 1980s and sold a lot of it to one dealer a legend called Freeway Ricky Ross, who had connec-

tions with the L. A street gangs and through this happen stance helped launch the national love of crack. That's it a thesis that mixes the realpolitik of the ends-justify the means with dollops of shit happens.

The series set off a firestorm in black communities where many suspected they had been deliberately targeted with the dope as an act of genocide (there is no evidence of that , and provoked repudiations of the story by The Washington Post The Nati

York Times, and the Los Angeles Times. The knockdowns of Webb's stery questioned the importance of Nicaraguan dealers like Blandon, the sign ficance of Ricky Ross, how much money, if any reached the contrast, and how crucial any of this was to the crack explosion in the eighties, and brushed aside any evidence of CIA involvement. But white raising questions about Webb's work, none of these papers or any other paper in the country undertook a serious investigation of Webb's evidence. A Los Angales Times staff member who was present at a meeting called to plan the Times's response his told me that one motive for the paper's harsh appraisal was simply pride. The Times wasn't going to let an out-of town paper win a Pulitzer in its backyard.

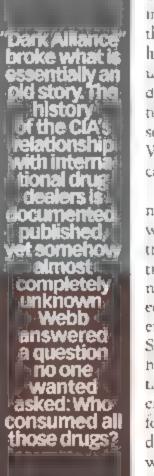
Later when it was adover. Webt spelled out exactly what he me int and exactly what he thought of the CIA's soils. The scries allocused on the relationship between the contrast and the crack king. It mentioned the CIA's role in passing, noting that some of the money had gone to a CIA run army and that there were lederal law enforcement reports suggesting the CIA knew about it. I never believed, and never wrote, that there was a grand CIA conspiracy behind the crack plague. Indeed, the more I learned about the agency, the more certain of that I became. The CIA couldn't even mine a harbor without getting its trench coat streck in its fly.

After a while, the Sai Jos Mereury News series disappeared except on a few byways of the Internet. Gary Webb was ruined, and things went back to normal. Things like Oliver North's di-

ary entry anking dope and guns for the contras, like Carlos Lehder, a big Columbian drug dealer, testifying as a prosecution witness in federal court during the Norlega trial about the Medelan cartel's six million donation to the contras, like the entire history of unscernly connections between the international drug world and the CIA all this went away as it has time and time again in the past. A kind of orthodoxy settled over the American press that assumed that Webb's work had been thoroughly related. He became the Discredited Gary Webb.

And so in June 1991, Webb wound up going to a mote, room he hated. The Moreury Netes's editors were supposed to fix him up with an apartment, but they never figured he'd show up for his dead end transfer from investigative reporter to pretty much a nothing. So they made no arrangements, just shunted him to the paper's Cupertino bureau on the south end of Scieon Valley his family 50 miles away in Sacramento Alter a few days of the moter he found himse f in a tiny apartment. He was in his early forties, and his life and his life's work were over. He endlessly watched a tape of Caddysh ick and fined to forget about missing his wife. Sue, his three sids, his dog, his work. He was an ordinary gay, by his lights, with the suparban home, an aquanum in the study. two games a week in an amateur nockey league Now, during the day he visited the bureau, and the

guys there treated him okay because they were all in the same bout people who had pissed off their newspaper and been shipped to its internal Siberial where they were paid to retool the press releases of the computer and software companies. Webb was fighting the paper through arbitration with the Newspaper Gu ad and so while his case dragged on he refused to let his byline run. But he did his assignments. After all, they were paying him a sould mid five figure wage, he was their star



investigative reporter, the guy they had brought in from The Cleveland Plain Dealer in 1987 to do, in their words "kick ass journaism." Within two years, he'd helped bring home a Pulitzer. with a team of Mercury News reporters who jumped on the San Francisco earthquake. Then he blew the lid off civil forfeiture in California—law enforcement's practice of seizing property from alleged crooks and then forgetting to ever convict, try, or even charge them. That series got the law changed. He was hot He was good. He kicked ass

Now Caddyshack flickered against his eyes nour after hour His thirteen-year old son asked, 'Why don't you get another job?" And Gary Webb told him, "That's what they think I'll

do But they're wrong I'm gonna fight "

But fight how? He was one fucking disgrace Oliver North described his work as "absolute garbage." Webb was stretched thin. The week the senes ran, he and the wife closed on a new house and moved in Payments So each morning, he went to the Cupertino bureau, and there were assignments from the city desk. Seems a police horse died, and he was supposed to hall down this equine death

So he did. He investigated the hell out of it and wrote it up, and, by God the thing was good. Went on page one, of

course, without his name on it

The horse died from a medical problem, constipation The horse was full of shit

HECTOR BERRELLEZ STUMBLED ONTO GARY WEBB'S STORY YEARS

before Gary Webb knew a thing about it. His journey into that world happened this way. Hector was not fond of cops He remembered them slapping him around when he was a kid. He was a barrio boy from South Tucson, a square mile of poverty embedded in the booming Sun Beit city. His father was a Mexican immigrant. After being drafted into the Army in the late sixties. Bertellez couldn't find a job in the copper mines, so he hooked up as a temporary with the small South Tueson police force to finance his way through college. And a was then that Hector Berrellez accidentally discovered his jones. He loved working the streets with a badge. The state police force hired him, and Hector still green, managed to do a one kilo heroin deal in the early seventies, a major score for the time. The DEA snapped him up, and suddenly the kid. who had wanted to flee the barrio and become a lawyer was a federal nare. He loved the life

In the DEA, there are the administrators, who usually have little street experience, the suits. And then there are the street guys like Hector, and they call themselves something else

Gunslingers.

His hobbies were logging, weight lifting, guitar playing And firearms

A Glock? Never "Only girls carry Glocks," he snaps "They're a sissy gun Plastic You can't hit anyone over the head with a Glock '

In September 1986, Sergeant Tom Gordon of the Los Angeles sheriff's narcotics strike force pieced together intelligence about a big-time drug ring in town run by Danilo Blandon. A month later, on October 23, Gordon went before a judge with a twenty-page detailed statement documenting that "montes gained from the sales of cocaine are transported to Florida and laundered The monies are filtered to the contra rebels to buy arms in the war in Nicaragua" He got a search warrant for the organization's stash nouses. On Friday, October 24, there was a briefing of more than a hundred law-enforcement !! another agent. He commandeered a cab to take the wounded

guys from the sheriff's office, the DEA, the FBI. That was the same day that President Ronald Reagan after months of hassle, signed a sion million and ball that reactivated a licit cash flow to the be eaguered contras. And on Monday. October 23, at daybreas, the strike force simultaneously hit fourteen L. A. area stash houses connected with Blandon

That's where just another day in the life of Hector Berrel ez got weird. Generally, at that early hour, good dopers are out co.d, the work tends toward long nights and sleeping in As Berrellez remembers. "We were expecting to end up with a lot of coke" Instead, they got coffee and sometimes doughnuts. The house he hit had the lights on and everyone, two men and a woman, was up. The guy who answered the door said, "Good morning, we've been expecting you. Come on in "The house was tidy, the beds were already made, and the damn coffee was on The three residents were polite, even congenial "It was obvious," says Berrellez "that they were told." The place was clean, al. fourteen houses were clean. The only thing Berrellez and the other guys found in the house was a professional scale

But there was a safe, and Berrellez got one of the residents to open it reluctantly. Inside, he found records of kilos matched with amounts of money an obvious dope ledger a photograph of a guy in thight dress in front of what looked to be a military et, and photographs of some guys in combat. Hector asked the guy who the hel, the people in the photographs were and the guy said, 'Oh, they are freedom fighters'

What the hell is this? Berreilez wondered. He left and went to a couple of the other houses that had been hit, and, Jesus, they were clean, the coffee was on, sometimes there were some doughnuts for the cops, and the same kind of docu ments showed up But no dope, not a damn thing

For a holy warnor, October 27, 1986, was a bad day. At the debriefing after the raid, Berreliez remembers one of the cops saying that the houses had been tipped to the raid by "elements of the CIA " And ne thought, What? "I was shocked," he says now "I was in a state of disbelief" He was supposed to believe that his own government was helping dopers? No way "I didn't want to believe," he says.

And so he didn't. He was that rock-solid first generation citizen, and he believed in America. He remembers having this ongoing argument with his dad about whether there was corruption in the U.S. like the old man had tasted in Mexico. His father would ask. Do you really think things are so clean here? And Hector would have none of it damn right they're clean here. And he was clean, and he was in a good outfit (a position he is still passionate about his absolute love for the troops he served with in the DEA), and he was in a holy war against a tide of poison

In 1987, he was transferred to Mazatlán in Sinaloa, Mexico, to run the DEA station. Sinaloa was the drug center for Mexico, in the history of the Mexican drug cartels, all but one leader has been Sinaloan norn and bred. He took the wife, got a beach house in the coastal city, and ran with the job. Two months into the assignment, narcotrafficantes chased his wife and two year-old daughter from the beach back to the house, and they had to be evacuated to the States

In October 1988, Hector and some Mexican federal police init a small hamlet that housed a ton of coke and twenty tons of marijuana. The firefight lasted three hours, with thousands of rounds exchanged. When three federales were moved down on the field of fire, Hector managed to pull them to safety with



to a hospital, then returned to the shoot-out. For this combat, Hector and two other agents at the scene were brought to the Winte House and given a medal by Attorney General Edwin Meese. He was on a roll that would eventually earn him twelve consecutive superior-performance awards.

In Mexico, Hector was running two hundred to three hundred informants, and he was bringing in a torrent of information on the drug world and its links to the Mexican government But something else happened down there in Sinaloa that stuck in his mind. His army of informants was constantly reporting strange fortified bases scattered around Mexico, but they were not Mexican military bases. American military planes would land at these bases and, his informants told him, the planes were shipping drugs Camps in Durango, Sinaloa, Baja, Veracruz, all over Mexico. Hector wrote up these camps and the information he was getting on big drug shipments. And each month, he would go to Mexico City to meet with his DEA superiors and American embassy staff, and he started mentioning these reports. He was told, Stay away from those bases they're training camps, special operanons He thought, What the hel, is this? I'm here to enforce the drug laws, and I'm being told to do nothing

THE EMPTY ROOM SAGS WITH FATIGUE AS THE SPORTS TELEVIsions quietly float in the corner California's ban on smoking has emptied the watering holes. The hotel squats by a fourlane highway amid bland suburbs that blanket Sacramento's eastern flank against the Sierra Nevada. Everything is normal here, this is the visual bedrock of Ronald Reagan's America.

Gary Webb orders Maker's Mark on the rocks. He is a man of average height, with brown hair, a trim mustache, an easy smile, and laconic, laid back speech, the basic language of Middle America. He moves easily, a kind of amble through life. His father was a marine, and his childhood meant moving a lot before finally coming to ground in Indiana, Kentucky, and Ohio. He's married to his high school sweetheart, they have three kilds and live on a tree-lined cul de-sac with a pool in back, a television in the family room, his Toyota with 150,000 miles in the drive, Sue's minivan, and on the cement the chalk outline of a hopscotch game. He looks white-collar, maybe sells insurance.

All he has ever wanted to be is a reporter. He started out as a kid, writing up sports results for a weekly at a nickel an inch. The Gary Webb who suddenly loomed up nationally with this bad talk about the CIA and drugs was a long time coming, and he came from the dull center of the country, and he came from an essay entitled, "What America Means to Me," for which he was runner up in the fifth grade essay contest, and he came from the smell of ink, the crackle of a attle weekly where he nailed cold the week's tumult in the Little League.

Webb is not a drinker, probably because his marine father was, but now in the empty hote, bar, he is drinking. He is not used to talking about himself, because he is a reporter, and a reporter is not the story, but now he is talking about himself. When Gary Webb talks, he sometimes leans back, but often as not, he leans forward, and when he is really into what he is saying, he grabs his left wrist with his right hand as if he were taking his own pulse, and then his voice gets even flatter, and the words are very evenly spaced, and he never goes too fast, hardly any hint of rat-a-tat-tat—he is always measured and unexcited. But when he grabs that wrist, you can tell now that the words really matter. Because he believes. In facts. In publishing

facts. In the fact that publishing facts makes a difference in how people look at things. Believes, without reason or question, believes absolutely. As for coincidence, it doesn't fit in with his mission. He also has no tolerance for conspiracy theories. By God, if he finds a conspiracy, it is not a theory, it is a fucking conspiracy, because it is grounded in facts.

When he was twenty-three, ne was kind of drifting, living in the basement at Sue's house with her parents. He was writing rock 'n' roll stuff for a weekly, still grinding away at college and about three units shy of a degree. His father walked out on the marriage, leaving his mother, a nousewife, and his younger brother without a check. So Webb quit college to support them. A teacher in his journalism department told him that the strange guy who ran the Post in Lexington, Kentucky, set as de one day a week for walk-ins. Webb walked in and said, "I need a job."

The editor said, "Go do two pieces and bring them back in a week."

One was on the barmaids and strippers of Newport. Kentucky, the sin town across the river from Cincinnati. The editor tossed it aside and said, "Thrice-told tale." The other was on a guy who carved gravestones, that one the editor kind of liked. He said, "Bring me two more." Webb was shaken, went home and sat in the backyard, and then he thought, Fuck, I can do this.

This goes on for weeks A kild calls the paper about the dog he's found run over in the street. He's taken it to the Hu mane Society, they want to put it to sleep, and the kild is very upset. Webb is sent out to see if he can do anything fit for a newspaper. He takes to the vet, who says it is hopeless, that the dog will never walk again, whether he operates or not. When Webb reports back to the editor, he says, "Get that guy on the phone," and after a few blunt words from the editor, by God, the vet is going to operate. And it works. The damn dog is leaping in the air. Finally, the dog goes home to the kild who found him, a kild in a wheelchair who seemed to identify with an injured mutt and was hornfied at the idea that a cripple should be done away with. Story and photograph on the front page. Webb is hired. Years later, the old editor would tell him, "If that dog hadn't walked, you'd have never been hired."

There is a guy in the newsroom who is kind of burned out, a city editor. He watches the new hire for a few weeks. He tells him he will teach him the ropes, how to ferret out facts, how to find out damn near anything, how to be an in vestigative reporter. On one condition. He says Webb has to swear never to become a fucking editor. Webb agrees.

His first series was seventeen parts on organized crime in the coal industry. Then he moved up to a good job on The Cieveland Plain Dealer and was in heaven. Ohio was the mother lode of corruption in government. He got an offer from the Mercury News in 1987. After a brief bidding war, he moved the family west, great place to raise kids, and besides, during his father's wanderings as a marine. Webb happened to be born in California. Everything was fine. He was in the Sacramento bureau and so hardly ever in the newsroom, much less around editors. In a big story for the paper, he took on one of the area's major employers. After the first day of the story, the company bought a full-page ad refuting it. After the next installment, the company bought a two-page ad. Webb looked around and noticed that nothing happened to him. The paper backed him up.

GARY WEBB'S "DARK ALLIANCE" BROKE AN OLD STORY THE HIStory of the CIA's relationship with international drug dealers has been documented and published, yet it is almost completely unknown to most citizens and reporters. Webb himself had only a dim notion of this record. And so he reacted with horror when the implications of his research first began to become clear to him, that while much of the federal government fought narcoties as a plague, the CIA in pursuing its foreign policy goals, sometimes facilitated the work of drug triffickers. "Dark Aliance" is surrounded by a public record that bristles with similar instances of CIA connections with drug people.

Alan Fiers, who headed the CIA Central American Task Force, testified during the Iran-contra hearings in August 1987, "With respect to [drug trafficking by] the resistance forces—it is not a couple of people."

In 1983, fifty people many of them Nicaraguans, were caught unloading a big coke shipment in San Francisco. A couple of them claimed an involvement with the CIA, and after a meeting between CIA officials and the U.S. attorney handling the case \$36,000 found in a bedside table was returned because it "belonged to the contras." This spring, when the CIA published its censored report on involvement of the agency with drug traffickers in the contra war (a report that exists solely be cause a firestorm erupted in Congress after Webb's series) this incident was explained thusly "Based upon the information available to them at the time, CIA personnel reached the erroneous conclusion that one of the two individuals was a former CIA asset." Logically, an admission that CIA 'assets' can sometimes be drug dealers.

In 1986, Wanda Palacio parted company with the Medell neartel and started talking to Senator John Kerry's subcommittee, which was looking into the byways of the contra war and dope

Palacio said she'd witnessed two flights of coke out of Barrangulla, Colombia, on planes belonging to the CLA-contracted Southern Air Transport She also had the dates and had seen the pilot She also said Jorge Ochoa, another drug boss, said the flights were part of a "drugs for guns" deal. On September 26, 1986, Kerry took her eleven page statement to William Weld, who was then the assistant attorney general in charge of the eriminal division of the Justice Department Weld allowed that he was not surprised to find claims of "burn agents, former and current CIA agents' dabbling in dope deas with the Colom bian carte.s. On October 3, Weld's office rejected Palacio's statement and offer to be a witness because of what it saw as contradictions in her testimony On October 5, 1986, the Sandinistas shot a CIA plane out of the sky and captured one of Oliver North's patriots, one Eugene

Hasenlus Palacio was sitting in Kerry's office when a photograph of Hasenfus's dead phot flashed across the television screen. She whooped that the pilot was the same guy she'd seen in Colombia loading coke on the Southern Air Transport flight in early October 1985. An Associated Press reporter Robert Parry investigated the crash and obtained the pilot's logs, which showed that on October 2-4, and 6, 1985, the pilot had taken a Southern Air Transport plane to Barranquina, Colombia Palacio took a polygraph on the matter and passed.

Through much of the contra war, SETCO Air an airline run by Juan Ramon Matta Ballesteros out of Honduras, was the principa airline used to transport supplies and personnel for the contrast Hector Berrellez later sent Ballesteros to Manon Federa. Prison in Llinois to serve a couple of lite sentences for dope peddling

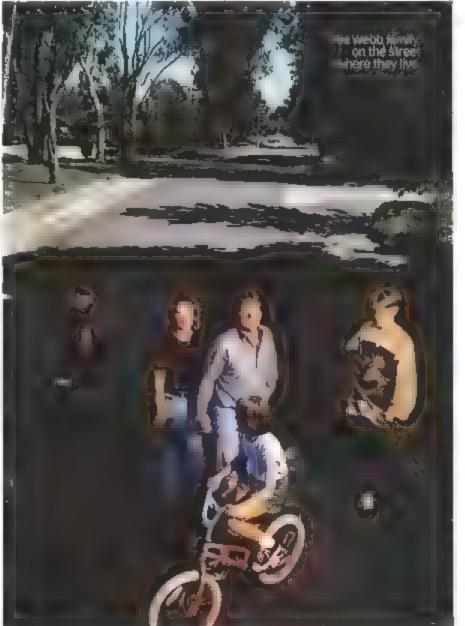
ABOUT THE SAME TIME GARY WEBB WAS MAKING HIS BONES AT

The Candand Pain Peater and winning part of a Pulitzer at the Mortan Near Hector Berre let; was becoming a legend. After two years of living at ground zero in Sinaioa, he was brought nome to Los Angeles in 1989 to take over the most significant investigation in DFA history that of the murder of DEA agent Enrique. Kiki: Camarena. Camarena had been bagged in broad daylight from in front of the American consulate in Guadilajara in February 1986. His tortured body was found a month later. The investigation had stalled, so the DEA tossed it in Hector's up. He ran with the new power the raft of igents under his command, the huge budget for buying informants in Mexico. The case was a core matter for the DEA. The murder of Cal

marena was the event that gave the ragtag agency its martyr The investigation was called Operation Leyenda, "Operation Legend"

During Operation Levenda, a major drug guy in Sinaloa called Cochi Loco, "the Crazy Pig," put a contract on Hector's nead In the drug wor'd there are so many possible reasons for murder that a simple one is seidom clear. Whatever the immediate cause, in the early nincties a nit team was sent north to kill Hector.

One day in iggi in the underground parking garage of the building in Los Angeles where the DEA and a bunch of federal agencies rent office space someone walked up to a guy sitting in a car and clipped him in the head with a 22 The man died instantly and fell forward onto the steering wheel, and the sound of a car norn waned through the garage Hector remembers that they found him with the motor running, and



156 ESQUIRE SEPTEMBER 1998 ESQUIRE 157

neatly placed on the floorboard of the car was the gun, in a Mexican tooled holster, and the two latex surgical gloves that had been worn by the hit man. So meone wanted a clear mis-

The dead man was a guy from the General Services Admin istration who happened to work in the same building is the DFA. He had been in some kind of a hurry and had puded into a DEA parking space. The guy was a ringer for Hector's partner.

Three days after the hat Hector picked up the phone in his office and heard the voice of Chichon Rico Urrea, a significant drug figure who was doing a stint in a prison in Gaadala ira-Chichon told Hector, You see what happened to your guy in the garage? That's going to happen to more of your guys

Hector told the guy to go fuck nimsed, said he could kill

all the fucking GSA gays he wanted

But Hector was questioning his faith. The faith wis the war on drugs. The faith was that he was a righteous sold er in this war. The faith was that he was risking his life for the forces of light against the forces of darkness. And he was Fliot Ness, god dammit, he was the most decorated guy invone could remember in the DEA, the man running its key investigation, the guywho had killed people, the guy bloodled in the world of Mexcan corruption. All of that Hector could nandle-none of that could ever touch the faith

But other things could. Things he saw and earned in Mexco. And things he saw in the United States. He began to doubt

that there was a real commitment to win this war on drugs. He saw his government winking at too many narcotics connections. He took Kiki Camarena's murder personally, because as agents they were mirror images gung ho, commated drugbusters. And impediments to his investigation pissed Hector off So in 1992, four years before Gary Webb sprang "Dark Alliance" on the world, Hector Berrellez sat down in his federal office in Los Angeles and picked up the phone and recommended action to the DEA Things had come to his attention, and he thought, Somebody's gotta investigate this crap. In fact, he hoped to be that invest gator

Hector Berrelle, wanted a criminal investigation of the Central Inteligence Agency H's \$3 million snitch budget had brought in an unseemly harvest. report after report from informants that in the eight ies CIA-leased aircraft were flying cocaine into places like the air force base in Homestead. Flonda. and the airfield north of Tucson long believed to be a CIA base. And that these planes were flying guns south. One of his witnesses in the Camarena case told him about flying in a U.S. military plane loaded with drugs from Guadalajara to Homestead Other informants told him that major drug figures anduding Rafael Caro Quintero, the man finally impris-

delivered through CIA connections. Everywhere he turned he ran into dope guys who had CIA connections and to a nare this didn't look right. "I can't beheve," he told his superiors, "that the CIA is handling all this shit and doesn't know what these pilots are doing." His superiors asked if he had hard evidence of actua. CIA case officers moving dope, and he said no, just lots of people they employed. All intell. gence services use the fabled cutouts to separate themselves

from their gruppy work

The DFA in Washington asked for a memo, so Hector fired off a sammary of his telephone request. Agents were assigned and Hector snipped every snippet of new information to this team. Nothing came of the investigation. The DFA team came out and debriefed him and some of his agents

Hector's Camarena work had burrowed deep, very deep, in side the Mexican government and found endless rot. With the vote on NAFTA in the air in the fall of 1993, his investigation started to get pressure then his budget was cut. By 1904, after Justice Department officials had been in Mexico City, he was told "Don't report that crap anymore" It was clear to Hector that the Mexican government wanted this Camarena investiganon remed in. In early 1905, he learned of his future in a curious way One of Hector's informants in Mexico City called another one of his informants in Los Angeles and said. Hector's getting trans cried to Washington. The guy in Los Angeles said, No, no, Hector's still here. Two months later in April 1905. Berrellez was tr. insterred to Washington D.C. Over the years, Hector had be come used to a cert in amount of duplicaty in the DEA. Some of his tell we agents, he had come to believe were actually members of the AIA. The DEA had been penetrated

At headquarters. Hextor sat in an office with nothing to do 'There and no tucking drug war" he says now "I was even called an American Nobody cares about this shit." He started going a little crazy. Each day, he checked in to a blank schedule. So he caught a lot of double features.

> In September 1996 he retired He had had enough. The most decorated sold er in the war on drugs kind of laded out at the movies

> IN THE NEWS BUSINESS, IF YOU HANG AROUND LONG enough, you get a chance to find out who you are Gary Webb was determined not to find out he was something ugly

"I became convinced." he remembers "that we're going to look back on the whole war on drugs filty years from now like we look back on the McCarthy era and say. How did we ever at this stuff get so out of hand? How come nobody ever stood up and said, This is bullshit? I thought I had an obligation because I had the power at that point to tell people, Don't be lieve what you are being told about this war on drugs, because it is a lie. Very few people were in the position I was in, where I was able to write shit and get it in the newspapers. It was a very rare priv lege-The editors at the Mercury gave me a lot of freedom because I produced. Then I got into this thing "

In December 1995, Webb wrote out his project memo, and suddenly. I realized what we were say ing here. I'm sitting at home, and this e-mail comes from a friend at the Los Angeles Times. And I had told him vaguely about this interesting story I was working on I told him that he had no idea what his fuck

ing government is capable of

And I was depressed because this was so normble. It was like some guy told me that he had gone through the looking glass and was in this netherworld that 99 percent of the American public would never beheve existed. That's where I felt I was. When I sat down and wrote the project memo and said. Here's what we're going to say, and we're going to be accusing the government of bringing drugs into the country, es-

sentially, and we've spent billions of dollars and locked up Americans for selling shit that the government helps to come into the country is just. If you believe in democracy and you believe in justice, it's facking awful "

For six weeks after his senes came out, Werb waited in a kind of honeymoon. His e-mail was exploding, he recills, "from ordinary people who said, 'This has restored my faith in newspapers. It was from college students, housewives that heard me on the radio, it was ready remarkable to think that journalism could have this kind of effect on people, that people were out marching in the streets because of something that you had written. There was a chance that this scab was going to come off, and we were going to see all the stuff that had been hidden from us all these years. The thing that surprised me was that there was no response from the press, from the government. It was total shence."

Finally, in early October, The Washington Post rain a story by Roberto Suro and Waster Pincus headlined, THE CIA AND CRACK EVIDENCE IS LACKING OF ALLEGED PLOT The story focused in part on the fact that Webb had given a defense it torney questions to ask Oscar Danilo Blandon about his CIA connections. It also quoted experts who denied that the crack epidemic originated in Los Ángeles, disputed that Freeway Rick Ross and Blandon were significant national players in the cocame trade of the eighties (pegging Blandon's coke business at five tons over the decade, whereas Webb had evadence that it was more like two to five tons per year). And, the article continued, there was no evidence that the brack community had been deliberately targeted ,the "plot" referred to in the headline and a claim never made by Webb). that the CIA knew about Bandon's drug deals (also a claim never made by Webb, who in the series merely connected Biandon to CIA agents), or that Blandon had ever kicked in more than \$50,000 to the contra cause (the Post based this number on unnamed law enforcement officials. Webb based his estimate of millions of dollars to the contras from dope sales on grand-jury testimony and court documents). Perhaps the best summary of the Post's retort to Webb came from the paper's own ombudsman, Geneva Overholser, some weeks later "The Rost showed more passion for snithing out the flaws in San Jose's answer than for sniffing out a better answer themselves. They were stronger on how much less money was contributed to the contras by the Menury News's villains than their series claimed, how much less cocame was introduced into L. A., then on how significant it is that any of these assertions are true '

In late October, the Los Angeles Times and The New York Times weighed in on consecutive days. The Los Angeles Times had two years before described Freeway Rick Ross vividly 'If there was an eye to the storm, if there was a criminal mastermind behind crack's decade-long reign, if there was one outlaw captalist most responsible for flooding Los Angeles's streets with mass marketed cocaine, his name was Freeway Rick Ross did more than anyone else to democratize it, boosting volume, slashing prices, and spreading disease on a scale never before conceived. While most other dealers toiled at the bottom rungs of the market, his coast-to coast cong omerate was sele ing more than five hundred thousand rocks a day, a staggering turnover that put the drug within reach of anyone with a few dollars." In the 1996 response to Webb's series, the Los Angeles Times described Ross as one of many 'interchangeable charac ters" and stated, "How the crack epidemic reached that extreme, on some level had nothing to do with Ross "Both stories were written by the same reporter Jesse Katz, and the 996 story falled to mention his earlier characterization. The long New York Times piece the following day quoted unnamed government officials. CIA personnel drug agents, and contras. and noted that "officials said the CIA had no record of Mr Blandon before he appeared as a central figure in the series in the Menury Nees!

A common chord ran through the responses of all three pa pers. It never really happened, and if it did happen, it was on a small scale, and myway it wis old news, because both the Kerry report and a few wire stories in the eighties had touched on the contra-cocaine connection. What is missing from the press responses, despite their length, is a sense that anyone spent as much energy investigating Webb's case as attempting to refute it The 'Dark Adiance' series was pass onate not clinical The headlines were tabloid not restrained. But whatever sins were committed in the presentation of the series, they cannot honest-A be used to dismiss its content. It is puzzing that The New York Times felt it could discredit the story by quoting anonymous in tel, gence offic a si, a tack it hardly followed in publishing the Pentagon Papers. In contrast, what is striking in Webb's series. is the copious citation of documents, (In the Mercury News's Web site version leg, simercary comparings postscriptfeatures. htm-are the hyperlinked fiesamles of documents that tug one into the dark world of drugs and agents. But when Jerry Ceppos, the executive ed tor of the Menury News, wrote a etter in response to the Post's knockdown, the paper refused to print a because a defense of Webb's work would have resulted in spreading yet more "misinformation"

Despite Ceppos's initial defense of the series, the Mercury News seemed to choke on these attacks, and Webb could sense a sea change. But he kept on working, building a bigger base of facts following its implications deeper into the government When the Mercury News forced him to choose between a \$600,000 movie offer and book deals and staying on the story. Webb picked the story. He kept discovering people who had flown suiteases full of money to Marm from dope sales for the contras. He documented Blandon's contra dope sales from '82 through '86 Gary Webb was on a tear, he was going to advance the story Almost none of this was published by the Mercury News, the paper grudgingly ran (and buried) one last story on

The paper had printed the story of the decade the one with Pulitzer prize written al. over it and now was unmistakably backing off it. Webb entered a kind of Orwell an world where no one said anything, but there was this thing in the air. The Menury News assigned one of its own reporters to review the series, using the stones of the L. A. Times. The New York Times, and The Washington Post as the benchmark for what was fact

Webb wouldn't admit a to himself, but he had become a dead man walking

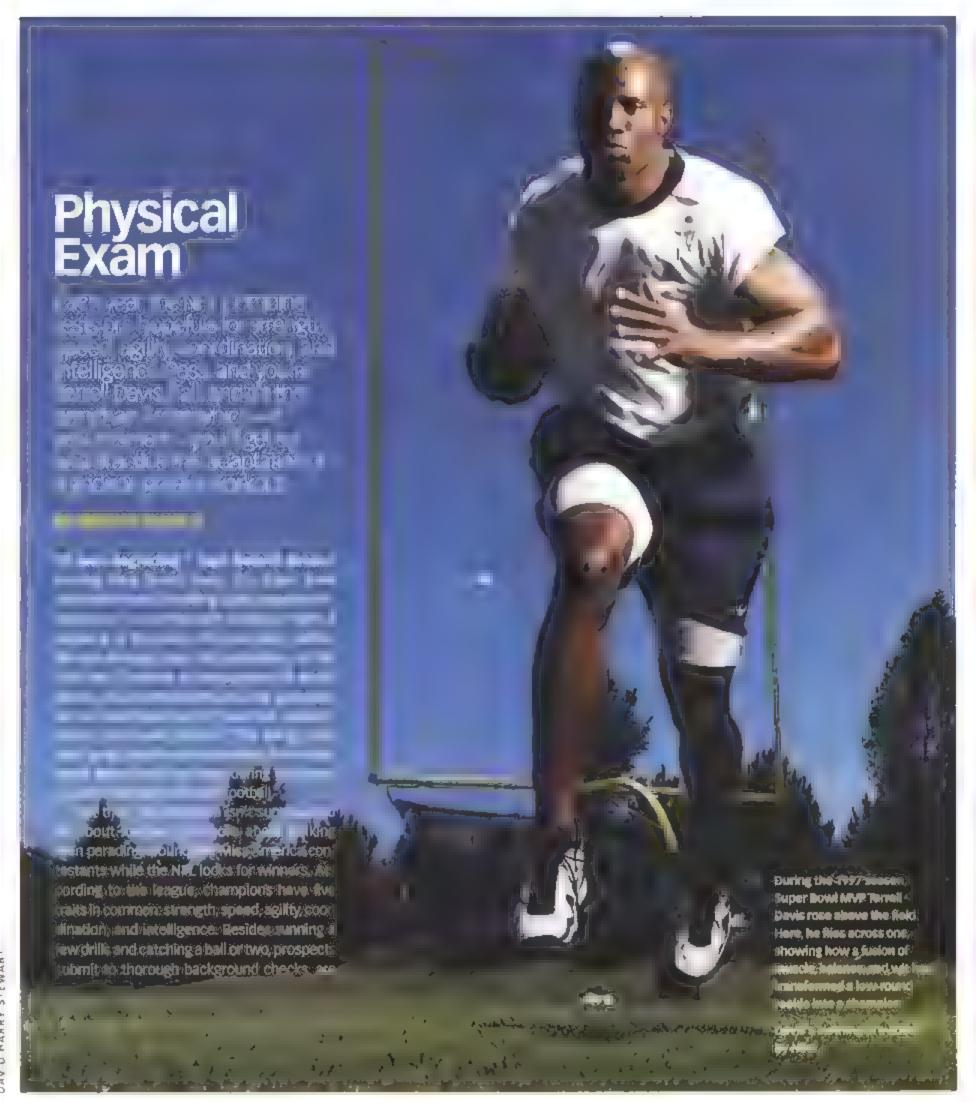
WHEN HECTOR BERRELLEZ SPENT HIS YEAR GOING TO MOVIES IN

Washington, he knew he was finished in the DEA. One day in October 996, a month after he retired, Hector Berrellez picked up a newspaper and read this big story about a guy named Gary Webb. Hector had lived in shadows, and talking to reporters had not been his style. 'As I read, I thought. This shit is true" he says now. He hadn't a doubt about what Webb was saying. He saw the reporter as doomed. Webb had hat a sensitive area, and for a he would be continued on page 181

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT TALIESIN TABLE LAMP

in 1925 Frank Lloyd Wright created a wooden table lamp for his own home. Tallesin. We are now offering a new min version in a more efficient and adaptable scale. The solid birch construction and laminated paper shade evoke the sheltering pagoda form so favored by Wright. The Mini Table Lamp, 16" high by 1 .- " wide by 12" deep, gracefully addresses the needs of the contemporary home and office. Each fixture bears the FLW trademark which certifies authenticity of the Frank Lioyd Wright Design. Each is individually tagged and bears its own serial production number as a further guarantee of authenticity. A portion of the sales are donated to the FLW Foundation, Available in three finishes #30267; Cherry Wine (shown) #302672 Vandyke Walnut #302673 Ebony \$350.00 TO ORDER CALL **800+666+6421** DEPT. EQ982

The Male Animal



Or send check or money order to: CREATIVE SHOPPING

Dept. EQ982, P. O. Box 400821 Des Moines, IA 50340-0821 Please add \$9.95 for shipping & handling



Introducing the first and only pill clinically proven to treat hair loss in men.

PROPECIA is a medical breakthrough – the first pill that effectively treats male pattern hair loss on the vertex (at top of head) and anterior mid scalp area.

By all measures, the cinical results of PROPECIA in meniare impressive *

- •83% maintained heir hair based on hair count (vs. 28% with placebo).
- 66% had visible regrowth as rated by independent dermatologists (vs. 7% with placebo)
- 80% were rated as improved by clinical doctors (vs. 47% with placebo).
- Most men reported an increase in the amount of hair la decrease in hair loss, and improvement in appearance.

*Based on vertex studies at 24 months of men 18 to 4 with mild to moderate hair loss

Scientists have recently discovered that men who suffer from male pattern hair loss have an increased level of a substance called DHT in their scalps. PROPECIA blocks the formation of DHT an apparent cause of hair loss. The benefit, however of lowering DHT has not been determined importantly. PROPECIA helps grow natural hair inot just peach fuzzinand is as convenient to take as a vitamin one pull a day.

Only a doctor can determine if PROPECIA is right for you. PROPECIA is for **men only.** Further, women who are or may potentially be pregnant must not use PROPECIA and should not handle crushed or broken tablets because of the risk of a specific kind of birth defect. (See accompanying Patient Information for details.) PROPECIA tablets are coated and will prevent contact with the active ingredient during normal handling.

You may need to take PROPEC A daily for three months or more to see visible results PROPECIA may not regrow all your hair. And if you stop using this product, you will gradually lose the hair you have gained. There is not sufficient evidence that PROPECIA works for recession at the temporal areas. If you haven't seen results after 12 months of using PROPECIA, further treatment is unlikely to be of benefit.

I ke all prescription products. PROPECIA may cause side effects. A very small number of men experienced certain side effects, such as less desire for sex, difficulty in achieving an erection and a decrease in the amount of semen. Each of these side effects occurred in less than 2% of men. These side effects were reversible and went away in men who stopped taking PROPECIA. They also disappeared in most men (58%) who continued taking PROPECIA.

So start talking to your doctor. And stop living with the fear of further hair loss

CALL 1-800-344-6622 or visit our website at www propecta comitoday to receive detailed product information, including clinical "before and after" photographs. Please read the next page for additional information.



The Male Anima



Patient Information about PROPECIA®

(Pro-pee-sha)

Generic name, finasteride (fin-AS-tur-eved)

PROPECIA" is far use by MEN ONLY.

Please read this leaflet before you start taking PROPECIA Also read the information included with PROPECIA each time you renew your prescription, list in case anything has changed. Remember this leaflet does not take the place of careful discussions with your doctor. You and your doctor should discuss PROPEC A when you start taking your medication and at regular checkups.

What is PROPEGIA used for?

PROPECIA is used for the treatment of male pattern hair loss on the vertex and the anterior mid scalp area

PROPECIA is for use by MEN ONLY and should NOT be used by women or children.

What is male pattern bair loss?

Male pattern hair loss is a common condition in which men experience th aming of the hair on the scalp. Often this resilts in a receding harring and/or balding on the top of the head. These changes typically begin gradually in men in their 20s

Doctors believe male pattern hair loss is due to hered ty and is dependent on hormonal effects. Doctors refer to this type of hair loss. as androgenetic a opec a

Results of clinical studies.

For 12 months, doctors studied over 1800 men aged 18 to 41 with mild. to moderate amounts of ongoing hair loss. All men, whether lede ving PROPEC A or piacebol a pir containing no medication, were given a med cated shampoo (Neutrogena T/Ger *** Shampoo Of these men approximately 1200 with hair loss at the top of the head well studied for an additional 12 months in general men who took PROPEC A maintained or increased the number of visible scalp hairs and noticed improvement in their hair in the first year, with the effect mainteined in the second year. Hair counts in men whold dingt take PROPECIA. continued to decrease

In one study patients were questioned on the growth of body hair PROPEC:A did not appear to affect hair in places other than the scalp.

Will PROPECIA work for me?

For most men, PROPEC A increases the number of scalp hairs, he ping to fill in thin or baiding areas of the scalp. Men taking PROPEC A noted a slowing of hair loss during two years of use. Although results will york generally you will not be able to grow back all of the hair you have lost. There is not sufficient evidence that PROPEC A works in the clearment of receding hairling in the temporal area on both sides of the head.

Male pattern hair loss occurs gradually over time. On average healthy hair grows only about half an inch each month. Therefore if will take time to see any effect

You may need to take PROPEC A daily for three months or more before you see a beneith from taking PROPEC A PROPEC A can only work over the long term if you continue taking it. If the drug has not worked for you in twelve months, further treatment is unlikely to be of benefit. If you stop taking PROPECIA you will likely lose the hair you have gained within 2 months of stopping treatment. You should discuss this with your doctor

How should I take PROPECIA?

Follow your doctors instructions

- Take one tablet by mouth each day
- You may take PROPEC A with or without food
- If you lorger to rake PROPEC A do got take an extra tablet pust. take the next tablet as usua

PROPECIA will not work laster or better if you take it more than once a day

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Who should NOT take PROPECIA?

- PROPEC A is for the treatment of male pattern hair loss in MEN ONLY and should not be taken by women or children
- Anyone altergic to any of the ingred ents

A warning about PROPECIA and pregnancy.

- Women who are or may potentially be pregnant: must not use PRDPECIA should not handle crushed or broken tablets of
- If a woman who is pregnant with a male baby obsorbs the active ingredient in PROPECIA, either by swallowing or through the skin, if may cause abnormalities of a male baby's sex organs. If a woman who is pregnant comes into contact with the active ingredient in

PROPECIA, a doctor should be consulted. PROPECIA tablets are

coaled and will prevent contact with the active ingradiant during normal handling, provided that the tablets are not broken or crushed.

What are the possible side effects of PROPECIA?

Like all prescription products, PROPEC A may cause side effects. In conical studies side effects from PROPECIA were uncommon and did not affect most men. A small number of men experienced certain sexual side effects. These men reported one or more of the following less: desire for sex, difficulty in achieving an erection, and a decrease in the amount of somen. Each of these side effects occurred in less than 2% of men. These side effects went away in man who stopped taking PROPECIA. They also disappeared in most men who continued taking

The acriveingred entin PROPEC A is a splused by older men at a five times higher dose to treat enlargement of the prostate. Some of these men reported other side effects and uding problems with ejaculation. breast swelling and or tenderness and allergic reactions such as lipswelling and rash In clinical studies with PROPEC A, these side effects occurred as often in men taking placebolas in those taking PROPECIA.

Tall your doctor promptly about these or any other unusual effects. ■ PROPECIA can affect a blood test called PSA (Prostate-Specific Antigen) for the screening of prostate cancer If you have a PSA lest done, you should tell your doctor that you are taking PROPECIA

Storage and handling.

Keep PROPECIA in the original container and keep the container. closed. Store if in a dry place at room temperature. PROPECIA tablets. are coated and will prevent contact with the active ingredient during norma: handling, provided that the tablets are not broken or crushed.

Do not give your PROPECIA tablets to anyone else. It has been prescribed only for you Keep PROPEC A and an medications out of the reach of children.

THIS LEAFLET PROVIDES A SUMMARY OF INFORMATION ABOUT PROPECIA. F AFTER READING THIS LEAFLET YOU HAVE ANY QUEST ONS OR ARE NOT SURE ABOUT ANYTHING ASK YOUR

1-800-830-7375, Manday through Friday, 8:30 A.M. TO 7:00 P.M. (ET).



asked dozens of questions while a video camera records their answers, and even take a finger up the assion demand.

Players exhibiting the five magic skir's. ke 1998 standouts Ryan Leaf of Washington State and Michigan's Heisman Trophy-Winning cornerback Charles Woodson get drafted high and sign fat NFL contracts. The most memorable participant. Combine insiders say was Deion Sanders, who ran a 4.2 second 40 yard dash at the 1989 event

Such import is placed on Combine results. that even players with extraordinary game.

TERRELL DAVIS RUSHED FOR 1.750 YARDS LAST YEAR NO OTHER AFC BACK CAME CLOSE HALF THE TEAMS IN THE LEAGUE DIDN I GAIN THAT MANY YARDS ON THE GROUND.

stats don't ink big contracts if they don't attend (Marshall University's Randy Moss supped noticeably in the 1998 draft partly because he missed the Indianapoi s event.) The cold truth. A third of 1998 attendees weren't. drafted at all Rather, they skulked back to South Bend and Tallahassee and ruminated on the weekend the glory died

If statistics ordained fate Terrell Davis would have joined that rabble Instead, he got lucky. The Denver Broncos saw an intelligent, agile back they could moid and took him in the sixth round. And he got smarter. He continues to improve upon the very skills emphasized at the Combine Davis has knocked three tenths of a second off his 40-yard dash time-down to 4.4 seconds from 4.7 in 1995, and has added agility, strength, and bulk. In essence, he has used his brain to build an NFL worthy body.

That's the lesson Not because you're going to play in the NFL or live up to the f thess level of your icons, but because the Combine standard is the modern standard in fact. Joe Juraszek, strength and conditioning coach of the Dailas Cowboys, thinks that Combine skills shouldn't be exclusive to the pros. "Anyone with the desire to realize his full potential can exhibit the same. characteristics as an NFL player" he says. Put another way the consummate American male must be as adept with his muscles as he is with his mind. Such fitness pays off when you have to help a buddy move a dresser up three lights of stairs, sor nt to catch a bus, or teach your son how to defend in hoops. Here show to be that lit

Strength -

Strength is the foundation, according to form De-Long, a strength and-conditioning professor at UCLA At the Combine, it is measured in lower body explosiveness (vertica leap) and upper torso brute force bench-press reps). Strength is developed best in the weight room. Lift heavy weights at low reps to develop bulk and lighter weights at high reps for tone and endurance. Three sets of any exercise are sufficient, with twice, weekly sessions needed to produce results. (Davis hits the iron four times a week, even in the offiseason.

FOR THE UPPER BODY' Bench presses, dumbbell flys, jat pull downs, reverse flys, bicep curls, and tricep extensions

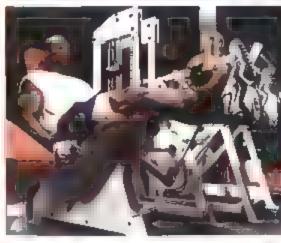
FOR THE LOWER BODY: Squats, hamstring curis, quadricep extensions, and calf raises

Work big muscle groups like legs, chest, and back first. Then focus on small muscle. groups, ke forearms, shoulders, and calves, For example do bench presses for the chest, should ders, and arms before dumbbell curis for the b. ceps and forearms











Enames 1 through 5 offer a few examples of Roper form: Davis sid He games with atome ing stinger getting by lifting stowny while it hans though y what you can could 1. Harriston & Cor & Bring heers to rear lawer gently letting weights stief integs in descent 2. Seate a haif ciris With a ms bent a, 90 de grees for earms on thighs, raise ban to chest then lower. Hint, keep pall is facility as to m crease definit and 3 cut point, whis Crasp har with a wide grip in the down in front of neck rear pic downs and, magery tatoric, if. (Bint By not wrapp, it is tham is around the bar Davis. men mizes dicey, revolvement to doing his back to tak(the high 4. Quadricep extensions Straighte the ear do thick wint To increase kope of the in incregatators with iess Weight the Field 5. Hey Stray Brigthe growthers at in work with in throught ennemotive vitroshou as a lines that same

The Male Animal

Speed is a by-product of strength in other words, it's partly power in motion, and power comes from the glutes, hamstrings, and hip flexors, al. of which get worked when you do squats. Davis does a simple plyometric drill known as **BOUNDING** (leaping with huge strides in slow motion, sideline to sideline across a footbal field) which further develops explosiveness.

But to become a truly fast runner -t's necessary to learn how to run all over again Stride frequency must be increased and time in the air decreased. Three simple drills will accomplish this. SKIPS (just like it sounds). HIGH KNEES (same here), and BUTT KICKS (touch the heel to the backside with each stride). To develop speed and endurance, do these drills around a high school or college track, covering a hundred meters with each exercise, then sprinting the final hundred Repeat (if you can) until fatigue induces sloppy form. Davis reduced his time in the 40 through such drills



Speed taxes more devotion than muscle You must institute form. You must build power You must create anaerobic endurance And you must 1, bound, 2, skip 3, high knee and 4. butt-kick your way around a field like a hinny if this lets you sprint 40 yards in 4.4 seconds, however you will have no critics









Agility is the ability to change the direction of the body or body parts controllably. Any regimen that teaches directional change at speed anyone can after course while movng slowly) engenders ag I ty Davis does what are called shuttle runs and cone drills. a good variation on both is the "T" DRILL. Sprint ten yards, then abruptly shuttle left for ten yards, reverse direction, and shuttle

right for twenty yards, finally, return to the middle, then run backward for ten yards.

More than even strength or speed, Davis focuses on agility drills in his conditioning and cautions against minimizing such trainng. Being poised trans ates into balance and body awareness, whether you're on the football field, on the dance floor or in bed Think of it as grace learned

5 Davis averaged 4.7 yards a carry last year He did this because above at erse he focused on agrity and balance. The payoff is visible when you see i m doing shuttle runs. His torso and head are square to the field, so he can see and react to the defense), and his feet stay under him regardless of his lower body. orientation 6 Although he's a ways averaged more than four yards a carry, getting into the end zone was once a weak spot. for Davis, Having a Marcus Allen, like nose for pay dirt means finding ho es that are barely there and reacting quickly enough to pop through them. Coordinat on is key here and by dr ling Davis managed to double it is rookie TD production, scoring fifteen in the 97 season 7 intelligence



Producing strength, speed, agility, and coordination demands more than physical gifts, you need the mental focus to keep after your goal. According to Juraszek, having the vision to lock yourself into a program you will actually follow s the key to progress.

What does this have to do with the Combine? Everything, if a player can't use his mind to harness his body how will be ever get through the league's toughest challenge? The Wunderlic test is how the NFL finds out which players are smart enough to manage its compiex playbooks, with their shunts and feints and mathematical potentials. Stupid guys don't play in the NFL - period it six nd of nice to know that about life. No matter how physically overwhelming a man might be he's nothng without interligence

Esquire readers need do nothing here to



Coordination

Coordination is what allows a player to make the splend diend zone grab or thread the needle with a perfect spiral. Of the five Combine characteristics, coordination is the most difficult to develop, as it's the training of a motor system to fire in a specific manner Throwing a football for instance requires a refined chain reaction. Such skills

can come only through repetition But it's not practice that makes perfect it's perfect practice that makes perfect. Many players even consult special coaches to earn a fawless throwing motion. Weekend jocks should do the same, whether you play tenhis or golf, taking lessons is the only way to increase coord nation



SEPTEMBER 1998 ESQURE 167 166 ESOJIRE SEPTEMBER 1998

Fee-Fi-Fo-Fum, I Smell... Orange Peel, Leather, and My Daughter's Diaper

Wherein our bloodhoundlike nero learns that his nose knows the score when put to the sn ff test

By Cal Fussman

There are moments when a man knows he is ready for battle. That hight, sitting among friends in Charlie's bar, knew

The four shot glasses had been set, filled with whisky, and clinked. One by one, all around the table, the liquid tumb ed down the hatch with that spasm of the flesh that brings warmth to the soul to a that is. but mine. My glass lingered under my nose.

You know how it is when men slam down shots. The other three fired me allook that shouted. Eunuching

"Apricot," I said "I sme traces of apricot." My tablemates were flabbergasted But / knew. After all these months of plunging my nose into dirty socks, papaya pits, and the nape of my wife's neck. I was finally prepared to cross the Atlantic and face the challenge a Scottish mait man had flung be neath my nostrils. Victory, and the treasure would be mine a long swallow of the finest whisky ever conceived, a forty year old sin gle-malt Scotch that cost \$7,000 a bottle Defeat? Oh, but the consequences were too hum liating even to consider

If you find it difficult to magine a battle by nose, then you've stumbled upon the point. We've lost our sense of sme ! Thousands of years ago, our noses needed to be keen in order for us to be the hunters. not the hunted But our world has been tamed it's now so over baded with artifcial aromas that we don't even bother to sniff A iving room sme is like furniture

poish, a bathroom like air freshener Supermarkets pump the artificial fragrance of baking bread through their vents to seduce our appetites. Could a man stepping into the twenty-first century reclaim his hunter's scent?

The more tried to become The Perfect Man by improving my walk and elocation chise ing my abdomen, and uncovering the secrets of tantric sex, the more I realized it was imperative to return to basics—to hone the five senses.

And just in time! The power to smel, discovered in a book at the library, does not peak until middle age. While we must rely on

only three quarters of a square inch of oifactory equipment—as opposed to ten square inches on a dog and twenty-four square feet on a shark, which can smell a drop of blood from miles away the human nose can still be turned into a powerful antenna. Unlike at other brain cells, which are lost forever when they die io factory cells, praise the ord are born again. There had to be hope Most people are able to distinguish two thousand to four thousand smers, but we are capable of deciphering up to ten thousand in the smallest of quantities. How could we take our noses for granted?

"Smets," Kipling wrote, "are surer than

sounds and sights to make your heartstrings crack ' Not only do they hold memones, but they lead us. I ter ally by the nose, to our women and control our capacity to taste If you closed your eyes and held your nose, you wouldn't be able to tel the difference between a hunk of apple and a piece of garlic

On and on I read but nowhere was there any advice on hasal improve ment Then a friend to dime. that Scot and has bred men of egendary proboscises because Scotch whisky is tested at distiller es not by taste but by sme. He made a few phone calls. and soon I was seated across a lunch table from the ambassador for Morrison Bowmore Dist ers McEwan, his name raconteur, craftsman poet phi losopher for the ages, and world-classish ffer

Jim McEwan explained that a nose could be exercised and improved just ike abdominal musclesthrough daily training All had to do was stop and take time to smell everything around me and new vistas would begin to open So certain he was that he proposed a chailenge if I could improve my nose and pass the official Scotch Whisky Research Institute smell

test, he'd arrange for me to taste the jewel of a single malt, which only a rare few on God's earth will ever lift to their lips.

"And filfar the test?" asked

"Then you I put on a kit," he said "and we'll defrock you in public "

shrugged Hadnit purchased another three-pack of trusty Fruit of the Looms only a few days earlier?

"You are aware." McE wan added, "that no underwear is worn under a k it "

So there I was in Scotland, walking along what had to be the most pristine earth on earth "Take it in take it in!" McEwan exhorted my nostrils, clapping my back "know, he said "where the taste of our single mait comes from

From atop a mountain overlooking waves crashing upon boulders, I pointed my nose toward the ocean, almost a mirror of the absolute blue sky in the distance. Yes, the ease with which I didetected a first of iodine in the seaweed and a trace of coconut in the exotic yellow spiky budded whin plant proved I was ready. McEwan transported me around the Hebridean sland of Islay stopping for traffic ,ams of sheep or to admire intricate stone wails and snaggy faced. Highland cattle. Now there's an aroma!" McEwan believed thrusting back his head

"Work very very guick y" McEwan sa d "You ve experienced all these smells at some point in life lot down what you think no matter how ridiculous. You've got fifteen minutes." The Scotch Whisky Research institute demanded a test score of seventy of any applicant to merit further sensory training. McEwan shut the door on the bottles, an answer sheet la pen laig assi of water and me

opened the first bottle and passed it under my nose it smelled like my infant daughter's diapers, but I has tated. My response would be graded on a scale of zero. to five points "Piss-drenched diapers" might get me only three That's 60 percent not

"Even while he was asleep, a man's sense of smell WAS LIKE RADAR," MCEWAN SAID. "SMOKE FROM A FIRE WOULD CAUSE LITTLE NOSE HAIRS TO TWITCH AND SEND A SIGNAL TO THE BRAIN: DANGER! DANGER! DANGER!

"Ah, yes, Scottish Chanel "

I inhaled with all my new powers and took in a perfumy blast of cowidung Let me tell you on a clear day on siay, even steer shit is cologne

Riding back to the distillery in Bowmore we stopped to watch a most amazing every day occurrence—the birth of a lamb.

"It'll die if it doesn't get its mother's milk soon " McEwan said "The crows will come. down and peck out its eyes."

On unsteady legs, the lamb bent and groped and finally nuzzled in beneath its

" wonder how it knows where to find the mik? Isaid

McEwan smiled "By sme" "

Twenty old friends from all across Europe.

I was told each anted up \$350 recently to purchase a single bottle of forty year oid Bowmore so that they could convene in Amsterdam and each have the honor of a single shot. That privilege would be mine for free if could describe the scents contained in the twenty miniature bottles set before me

I d followed McEwan's advice to the let ter exercised, showered but used no underarm deodorant or aftershave i was not intimidated For inspiration Lenvisioned my mother who, in her days of selling real estate had such a keen sniffer she could discern mold growing in a house as she escort. ed prospective buyers up the front walk Yes, it was in my genes

good enough. I needed to be more specific. Damn what filmissed a together? Zero! vinegar? Was that smell vinegar?

Sweat broke out on my forehead, not to mention on my soon-to-be-naked but tocks, as I opened the next two bottles and drew a blank i took a drink of water Closed my eyes. Opened another bottle unmistakable Vicks VapoRub Next came cinnamon Butterscotch Then that aroma that you get in a dentist's chair Damn, inceded to jot down more than "dentist's office skipped it and moved on Honey was a shap ammon a a no brainer Suddenly, I was on a rol. Maraschino cherries. Wood. fire smoke Bubble gum. An sell went back to the bottles of skipped. Thirty seconds eft took a stab at two of them window putty and disinfectant. Nineteen blanks were filled What is that smell in a dentistis.

"Time's up!" McEwan announced He whisked away my answer sheet and immedate v faxed it to the Scotch Whisky Research Institute in Edinburgh, Nobody had ever received 100 percent on this test. The highest grade was 94 but that hotshot wash tifacing the prospect of a public dan gling in Bowmore's town square. The dimy breath "Your score," declared sensory ana lyst Graeme Richardson over the phone "s a very high one with no reservations Between 85 and 90 percent "

I et out a holler that surely awoke the Loch Ness Monster and you'd have thought I'd just turned Scottish by the glow on

The Perfect Man

McEwan's cheeks as he hurried off to prepare my reward.

In my left fist was a massive Scottish sword that McEwan had procured just for this occasion in my right was an elegantly crafted Bowmore glass. Surround ing my feet was the barley that would go into Bowmore 1998. Before me lay a handblown decanter resting on an oak chest crafted by cab netmakers to the queen of England Around my waist was Jim McEwan's very own kilt. You ve got to hand it to the guy He understands what in cared a moment is

We stood in the large mait barn where McEwan, his father, and his grandfather had raked parley He opened the bottle and poured amber into the chalice, which I never wash and will keep forever

"You," McE wan said, "are the first man in the world to taste it in its cradle "

Hifted it to my nose and inhaled a soft ar ray of fruits. My eyes closed with anticipal tion as littled it to my ips.

"Before you drink," McEwan said, haiting me "know its story For twenty years, the whisky lay maturing quietly in a five hundred liter sherry cask that had been imported from Spain One Monday in 1975 my mentor, old Davy Beil, and I not ced a truly strong sme I of whisky in the warehouse. One of the staves on the sherry cask had cracked, and it had been dripping all weekend We quick vigot a smalter cask, an Ameri ican-bourbon one and transferred what was left "

Again I ran the I p of the chaice under my nose and caught soft peat smoke and the sea I was inhaling Islay in all her glory Smelling was no longer enough

"All its big brothers were sent to Glasgow a year later for bottling the twenty-one-yearold Bowmore, but this little vat remained in the corner Years passed I was transferred to Giasgow Old Davy he retired Nobody paid much attention to the ionely barrel until there was an audit in the warehouse in 1995 I spotted this I ttle cask, and immediately the memories came flooding back. opened it with some trepidation, feeling that after forty years the whisky might have gone. flat. But it knocked me out I just could not be leve the complexity. Because it had been transferred from one cask to another something miraculous had happened in the first twenty years, it picked up the flavors of the ocean, the peat, and the dark cherries, over ripe grapes, even banana in the bourbon.

cask, the characteristic you get is coconut, fudge, caramel, toffee A creme bruiee. The combination well, wait until you taste?

raised the glass.

"There were thirty five men working here to make that particular whisky in 1955," he went on, staying my hand "Today only one of them still lives. But the personality of the people who are no longer with us in body are here in spirit in that

I swallowed my Adam's apple

"No, it shall never happen again "he de-

Right And now to-

FREET PROBOSCIS

"There are only 306 bottles in the

"Do not forget that the hand of God is at

And the hand of The Perfect Man was now tremb, ng. Was he bent on making me. wait another forty years? Finally when my good host took a guip of air I took a sip of Bowmore 1955. Can a man actually taste co ors as they slide down his throat? No. of course he can't it was a taste that really cannot be put into words. My apologies, but will say this lift lifted me from the barn floor then carried me straight through the roof. up and up past the treetops, and then off above the mountains

Next month. The Perfect Man breaks clean through the clouds and becomes a jetfighter prot

Smell Like The Perfect Man

You can enhance your sniffer's skills by repeatedly trying to identify and label what you smell. Recurrent exposure to, and recognition of, various aromas builds a vocabulary, which in turn en-

hances one's ability to make sense of the olfactory world. In other words, your noggin is the real scent-detection tool, your nose is just the conduit. But how do you know if your beak's up to snuff? Have a friend blindfold you and then administer one of these tests. Est a spoonful each of chocolate and vanilla ice cream Or try a red je lybean and a yellow jellybean. If you can't differentiate between these pairs of flavors, you might have a problem. You might also just be suffering from a sinus. infection. Get more answers by calling the American Academy of Otolaryngology at 703-836-4444

NASA, KNOW FOCE

. Homo sap ens have the ability to detect up to ten thousand odors. Dogs nose ahead of mars, however, with anywhere from a handred to a hundred thousand times more precise snouts (depending on the breed)

. Cockroaches will not only inherit the earth, but they'd be great Scotch blenders, since their smell receptors are one hundred thousand times more accurate than those

 A male silkworm moth can detect the scent of a female moth from a distance of thirty miles.

 According to a recent study, the most arousing aroma to women is the combination of Good & Plenty candy and a cucumber. Men are most turned on by the equally odd duo of lavender and pumpkin pie

. Don't start packin cocumbers, though, since you already smell sexy to your ideal partner That is, everyone may have a DNA-derived "smell print" prospective mates whose genetic immunity to disease is most unlike yours (remember Darwin?) are the ones most likely to get off on

. Women have a better sense of smell than men.

- A woman's reproductive cycle affects her ability to smell, she's at her peak two days before
- In one study, dursing women were able to detect their own babies by smell alone.
- Sense of smell gets more acute later in the day
- . On a hot day, you can smell forever, since heat increases the circulation of aromatic molecules, hum:dity enhances this effect
- Chemosensory (taste and smell) ski is vary widely. Some people are virtually 1,000 percent. better sniffers than others.
- The aroma of Jemon on the skip increases one's perception of healthfulness.
- A complete loss of the ability to smell may indicate the onset of Alzheimer's disease
- . Like other protuberances, your nose needs to be used to keep it working well. Once you're over the age of fifty, your sense of smell can deteriorate if neglected

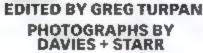
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TOOLS THAT WORK

Until You Get That Valet.

brushes and rags in the garage for the car, and a shed packed with lawn mowers and hedge clippers for the yard. So why is it that you've got the tools to take care of all your most important possessions except your clothes? That's right, clothes. After all, scuffed shoes say as much about you as peeling porch paint, and if you're at work, the shoesunlike the porch—say it ali day long. Put simply, you need to care for your shoes as much as your porch. And you can, With these, Think of them as hardware for the soft stuff,



Air tzy route to off-season storage. This posh herringbone-twi-garment bag from Harrison James (212, 541, 6870) has hangability to keep a suit from acquiring creases and lamb's wool construction. That a lows garments to preathe The catch in tonly comes with one of the clothier's suits, which range in price from \$1,995 to \$4,000.



VACUUM BAG

Your conier and frozen vegetables, maybe but vacuum-packed ciothes? When it comes to long-term storage of quality sweaters and the like, yes By storing them in an airtight contain er your Jwn Hoover by the way sucks out the air like this vacuum Sealed Storage Bag from Hold Every Ining \$35,800,421,2264, you don't have to worry about off-color age

Remember Pigpen from Peanuts? You might not see it, but you've got one of those swirling clouds of dirt. too Bus furnes, windblown street grime, evening ross as it sounds—your own shedding skin cells it is a pollufed world. That is why a man should brush his suit at day siend with a high quality wild-boar hair-bristle number like this one from G. Lorenz (\$150) for more information, call 011 39:27 602:2848, It's the best way to keep it fresh and out of the dry cleaner's hands.

1 6

SHOE TREES
Good shoes ast a lifetime if that is, you care for them in addition to the shine kit and shoehorn, then, you need trees. A wooden shoe tree heips retain the shoe's shape prevents that eiflike curling at the toe (which might be cute on someone in green tights, but it and tight you and absorbs much of the sweat men lose through their dogs each day These pop ar babies are from J. M. Weslon (\$75 per pair 212 535-2100)



Oppose dry cleaning it's sort of Esquire editor a policy since nothing runs a suit faster than the chemicals and industria strength pressmercial cleaner Of course that means you vegotta keep your Stats wrink e free yourself First hang emup when you take emoff And when nec essary use the lifty Professional Garment Steamer from Frontgale \$195-800-



You don't slip off your shoes without untying them. You nev er try to wiggle your foot back in without loosen ng the laces. You know that destroys even the most sturdily built kicks. Which is why you use a shoehorn, like the completely utilitarian Folie version, top 530, available at Moss, 212-226-2190), the very cool, sculptural Atex Poid, above (\$65,860-354-8765, or the one ron. M Weston, right (\$50 212 535 2100)

SMOE-SHINE KIT

Nomen notice shoes it's been said (by us, on page 144) Which is why the great masculine ritual of stepping up into the chair for a professional shine is not only a luxury but a necessity Sadly, it sinot al-ways available, which is why a decent leather care. tilike this one from J. M. Weston (\$198, 212,535) 2100) must be it comes with two cans of polish, two applicators, and two buffing brushes.

You leave a suit on a wire hanger and it doesn't quite hang it sort of slumps forward at the shoulders and causes. creases to form up and down the lapeis. You need a moided-shoulder moder, like the bottom one shown here from Henry Hanger \$60, 212 279 0852) For the trousers, it's either one with a wide bar ke the one nathern ddie (Henry Hanger \$45), which prevents the marks that a nar rower blade can create in plush labrics like flannel or moleskin or the cip fastener at the top from Bern stein Display (\$49.50; 800-936-3676)

CLEANING SUPPLIES

Did we say we con t believe in dry cleaning? Yes right over there in that capt on at the far right. Enter Woolite (\$2.99) and Litrativory dish liquid \$1.15: The Wool tels for sweaters and other de leate garments, and the lypry, according to Avery Lucas, a wardrobe consultant at Dormeu in New York, can spot clean the nastiest. good from the niftiest suit



You will not send out your shirts. Nothing turns rich Sea island cotton into a fattered rag faster So unless you can pay someone to hand wash and press your shirts, you need the Professional Steam Iron from Rowenta ,\$125, available at Hold Everything, 800-421-2264. The power-steam feature allows for both vertical and hor zontal froming and the three stage electronic auto shut off ferction ensures that you won't be builting down the house.



172 ESQUIRE SEPTEMBER 1998

[continued from page 120] in pastels "How you doing, old gal?"

"I never know," says Lucy She is a small woman with large, brown glasses and short, gray hair, sitting on the edge of the narrow bed She giggles a nervous laugh, Ha ha ha.

"I like that black-and-white outfit."

"Do you?" She looks down to see what she's wearing, adjusts the drape of her blouse. "I have to stop and think. Where am I? Who am I?" She giggles again, Ha ha ha

"That's all right, dear," says Glenn. "I have to do that, too." He reaches out with a trembling hand and cups her cheek.

Lucy sighs, leans her face into his palm. "Oh, well," she says. She has been in the constant-care center for almost two years. Her Alzheimer's is still at an early enough stage that in her good moments, she seems to be aware of what is happening to her, this process that is slowly taking her away from the world. It seems to embarrass and frustrate her, yet at the same time she seems resigned and good-humored, willing to accept what comes She no longer complains about the food, no longer asks about going home Rarely is she sad or angry anymore. During her active lifetime, she was smart, pleasant, witty, a little feisty, willing to see the silver lining. Now it is as if the disease is slowly distilling her to her essence, rendering her a fond memory of herself "It's really a very nice day," she says She is a bit difficult to understand without her dentures.

"A little breezy out there right now" "It's a little tricky."

"It's always a little tricky," says Glenn, He laughs nervously, Ah ha ha! He is embarrassed and frustrated, too. He visits three times a day. He makes it a policy to stay upbeat, though he secretly wonders sometimes why he bothers to come at all He always hopes, whenever he walks through the door to her room, that this time things will be different, that this time Lucy will show signs of getting well. He knows she won't get well. More often than not, a few moments after he arrives, he feels ready to leave. He sticks it out anyway. It's a rough deal, this thing Having her here is very tough. A real push/pull, if you know what he means. If he didn't show up, she probably wouldn't know Yet something deep compels him to return time after time, day after day, with a cheery expression on his face a deep gratitude for the years they spent together, for what they meant to each other A deep solace in knowing that he is not alone here in Sun City. He steps to the bed, turns, slowly lowers

himself down next to her

Glenn and Lucy met many years ago in Minneapolis She and her husband, they called him Bake, lived near the Sanbergs. He was an accountant for the railroad. The two couples were quite friendly, members of the same social club Glenn and Bake hunted together Lucy worked for a time as Glenn's secretary Years later, her daughter had a summer job with him. When Glenn and Joan came to Sun City for the first time to check it out, the Bakers and another couple were their hosts.

When Joan died in 1987, just before Thanksgiving, Glenn got a call late at night from the hospital, saying she was gone. It all happened so fast. That summer, vacationing in Logan, Utah, she had fallen and hit her head Four months later, she was dead. Fifty-eight years of marned life were over. He never thought he'd be the one who was left behind. He listened to the words, delivered by a stranger, a nurse, over the telephone. Then he replaced the receiver on its cradle "I'm all alone," he said, speaking out loud into the darkness. He will forget a lot of things before his time is up, but he

will never forget that

It was rough for a while, real rough, boy oh boy oh boy, though he came to enjoy the parade of widows with their casseroles who started showing up at his door He learned how to sort the laundry and make coffee, how to fend for hunself after so many years as a husband. He was doing okay, it wasn't great, but he was getting along. Then one day he ran into Lucy Bake had died a few years before, Joan and Glenn had helped her through her grief. Now, coincidentally, both Glenn and Lucy were on a walking kick. He began phoning her in the mornings to say he was leaving for his walk, and she'd leave, too, and they'd meet at the water fountain on the golf course, a point equidistant from their houses At first, they'd just hang around and talk. Soon, they were giving each other a little hug. That's the thing you come to miss the most: a little hug, the warmth of someone next to you, her body against yours, her breath on your neck They began eating meals together, some days at his place, some at hers Lucy took Joan's place in a way that was very positive. Glenn beheves, and he thinks he took Bake's place in the same way. After a few years, they decided to cut out the foolishness and move in together

Before they finalized their plans, however, they went to see the pastor of Lucy's church. They told him their intention, to live together in the open, out

of wedlock. He regarded them gravely. Then he cracked a smile. "Go for it!" he said. Three other words that Glenn will never forget

Glenn and Lucy had similar likes and dislikes They both played golf and bridge, enjoyed dancing. They both cared about who was president, who was senator, what was going on in the world She was easy to be with, very accessible, had a sense of humor, was a very sharp gal, a college graduate, very involved throughout her life with the American Field Service. You couldn't put anything over on her She was that kind, like Joan in many respects They went on trips to see each other's children, drove all the way to Florida, took a cruise once through the Panama Canal In the years they lived and traveled together, they slept in the same bed-he on the right, she on the leftbut never had sexual intercourse. Thinking about it, Glenn wonders if it was kind of unusual to be so close and yet never be intimate in that way. Their spouses had been their lifelong lovers, their only lovers. And so it remained, though it wasn't like he couldn't have, physically-he still feels the call now and then No matter They were at an age in life when that wasn't very important anymore.

Then one day Lucy fell against the curb in the parking lot. It didn't seem hke that big of a deal-a few cuts and scratches, a badly bruised hip. But tests at the hospital revealed Alzheimer's. She never returned home. He still keeps her things in their proper places in the house, the way they were the day she left with him to go out for a simple lunch at the Lakes Club-the wig hanging from a hook on the towel rack, the pictures of her family on the walls. To do otherwise would be unthinkable.

Lucy leans her head against Glenn's shoulder Glenn looks distractedly around the room Through the doorway, he can see the slow procession of Royal Oaks residents up and down the central corndor, aged figures caterpillar-walking in their wheelchairs, pushing with their hands and padding with their feet, eyes fixed on the distance. A woman is slumped in her wheelchair just outside Lucy's door She is holding a teddy bear "Help me," she calls again and again. "I have to make a BM."

Glenn notices the rose in his hand, holds it out in front of Lucy. "I brought you this rose It's from our yard."

"No kidding?"

"Yeah, right from our yard." "Our yard?"

"The one at the house"

"It's lovely this time of year"

"Yes it is, dear, yes it is " He puts the rose on the dresser "I had breakfast this morning with Harold and Pearl. Frank was there, too."

"How are their families doing? Or are you only interested in whether or not the little boy can jump the fence?"

"I guess so," says Glenn He laughs, Ah ha hal Lucy looks at him questioningly She seems to realize that she is not making sense. She laughs. Ha ha ha.

"My whole back is bad," says Lucy.

"It's just wonderful when they come by and scratch "

"Here, allow me, madam," Glenn says with mock formality He shifts his weight, moves his arm slowly behind her back, begins to scratch.

A look of pure bliss crosses Lucy's face. "Oooooooh, ahhhhhhh, ooooooo," she purrs. She closes her eyes, shrugs her shoulders, wriggles her back. "It's almost worth paying extra," she says. "Ahhhhhh."

"You can leave me a tip."

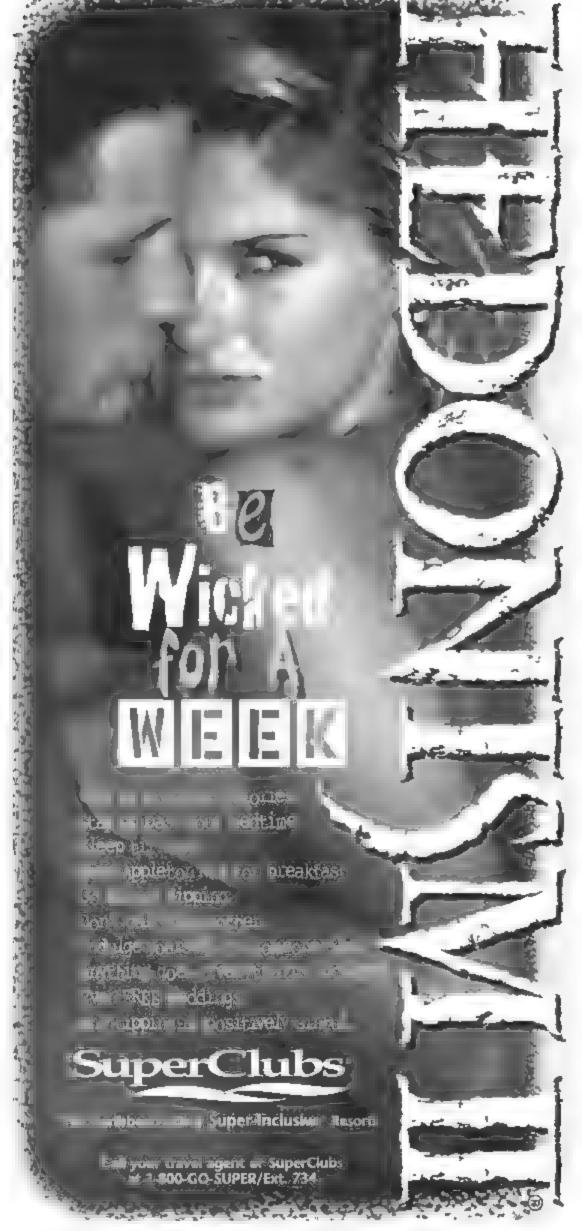
"Absolutely!"

"Boy oh boy oh boy," says Glenn He laughs, Ah ha ha! He continues scratching.

GLENN SLIPS BENEATH THE FLORAL SPREAD, rolls effortfully onto his left side, one hand resting beneath his cheek Street light filters through the bedroom win-

dow, a night bird sings, a single voice. Glenn breathes deeply. He thinks of the beautiful birch tree that guarded the breezeway at Spikehorn The carpenter from across the lake thought he was crazy, but he couldn't bring himself to cut it down He ended up building the roof with a big zigzag in it, leaving plenty of room for the stately oid tree to grow He thinks of playing runsheep-run and kick-the-can and gyp, playing trombone in the high school band, shaking hands with John Philip Sousa, listening to Stan Kenton on a superheterodyne radio. A Model T milk truck A flapper in a beaver coat, dancing the Charleston A thank-you note from Wendell Willkie. A letter from Bennett Cerf Pounding nails into a scrap of twoby-four on the back porch while his mother snaps beans. Lucy in her squaredance outfit Joan leaning against the radiator in his office in the collection department at the Mayo Chine, drying her stockings on a cold, rainy day

Water gurgles in an ornamental pond The air conditioner kicks over, cycles up, begins to blow Glenn sighs. He pushes his head deep into the feather pillow It feels soft and cool The clock radio on the night table whirs and vibrates, the number card flops. 10.35. M



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NIC CAGE

continued from page to Cage says. Is there sire to make it when I see what my life a paper or something I can sign? You ser. ously want me to write up there"

"I senously want you to yes " She pulls out a dinette chair for him to stand on "I scripts,y want you to

"All right says Cage stepping up

At Ellen's prompting, he writes, "To Enc. Shannan Steve, and Filen. Hove this house," and signs his name

"So you have good memories here" asss Ellen

"Yeah Wel I have memories yeah "His voice trails off "Well," he says, "that was very kind of you, to let us come by All right God bless you"

He edges out the door He wants to walk. We wask up the book and around to an alley that runs behind the house

He seems pensive distant. I ask if he's

"Yeah," he says "It's kinda sad It's hard It's draining I mean, just, you know you know there's an overwhe ming kind of combination of things I'm feeling right now Sort of a melanchotia and sort of a release a freedom. It looks better than I thought it was gonna look. I'm not talking about the house the whole area, the whole neighbor hood, everything. It looks charming All this staff that I've tried to do, this drive, the decould have been, the simplicity of it, the charm of Just not trying so hard. And I won der-it I d just stayed here somehow

This is the danger of wading too deep anto nosta gir into that ocean of a child's feesing memory to be swept under and out of sight by the tow of Illusion of what might have been. The happy family inticithe tidy ale becamed by sanity. But real says life terra firma is a strugg e Divorce de parture, usanity the ferocity of drive the burning desire to get out move on. That sometimes, is life. And sometimes art

be afra d of anymore?

I fear in some way losing bulance I know that my ide is and feelings are applicable to the nature of the work I do I d rather that they go somewhere productive young Nic? than explode on myself in other words it seems that I'm avording some kind of in ways workin. If my wife was here she'd sandy That's why I work so hard "

We're coming back around the block now, back to where the Ferrari is parked Word of his return has gotten out and sad denly Cage is surrounded by old neighbors whose children he grew up with They shake his hand, they go to get their cameras

"Yeah," says one, a skinny old man in a red and white gimme cip "I was sittin" there, just startin' to move the lawn, and I saw that Ferrari Boy that's a be untiful thing. And I thought, That's of Nic.'

"Yean" says Cage standing in the street plans out "I came back just sort of fee ing nosta gic about where I grew up It realy ooks good, you know It's really peaceful here

"You're doin rather we " the old man

"On I guess so"

Gettin' mong

"Yeah." says Nicolas Cage standing in the sunlight the echo of mourning in his What drives Cage now? What can he woice dredged up from the bottom of some far off wel "le, h I am "

> When Cage moves off to chat with a couple on the sidewilk. I sidle up to the old man What does he remember of

> "Very little to tell vaithe truth. I was a. tack your leg off Several years ago, on the Fourth of Jalv. he stopped by him and his mom and his brother

> I turn and see Cage standing beside the Ferrari, his right arm looped around the shoulders of a woman her left arm looped around his waist. Her husband is snapping a picture preserving the hard evidence of

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AMERICA

continued from page 104] the gate agents, one tor the flight crew and one for the cockpit and finds himself instantly upgraded to first class

Fiesta casino wants his doughnuts, and Circus Circus the Gold Coast, the Barbary Coast, the Orleans, the Las Vegas Hilton. New York New York, and Binlon's Excusives, nonexclusives, whatever deal Line feets like striking. Penn & Teiler want to videotape magic tricks from the store for their new cable variety show. Station Casinos is offering to sell him a possible next site in the upscale suburb of Green Valley and Line is thinking about four thousand square feet and opening by the end of the year

It's AT THE IMPLOSION party two months after the opening that I realize he's changed Lincoln doesn't be ong to us anymore to his old friends and family. He belongs to the doughnuts, and he belongs to the store and to Pat Scott and Hada and Lisa and Flo Snow The smell of Manhattan is gone from his skin, too. He belongs to Las Vegas now. and he has become part of its sou, in a funny way. He's arrived with a piece of what had been missing.

Fantasies have a way of wearing out, I guess You get tired of ancient Rome and go for ancient Egypt. You get sick of a western saloon and move on to Monte Carlo. The parate fantasy is fun for a while at Treasure Island but pretty soon you are craving New York New York Once you've been there the old casinos downtown, like Binion's and Lady Luck, start looking better and bet ter-more like the real thing. What I some body built a casino and called it Home?

We leave the party and walk down the strip. A dark cloud of dust is rising in the sky. The Aladdin ascending to heaven. Line heads us in the direction of the Brown Derby. It's a place from my youth, my girlhood, an old L. A. place that closed up long ago but was recentry purchased by the MGM Grand, the plates the menus the carreatures of old movie stars on the walls, the unforgettable recipe for Copp salad- and Lincoln taxes me there because he understands something about the desert and desolation and transitory ite. He understands something about what people need after an implosion. And he un derstands something about the human heart

He looks up at the sky, at the gray cloud of dust

"I have an idea to run by you." he says "What?"

"It's like 120 degrees here in the summer " he says "When it gets really hot are that people just don't want doughnuts. I don't anyway So I was thinking. What if we took two hot glazed put a scoop of really good vanima ice cream between them, and poured some hot chocolate sauce on top? Does that sound good?" M





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[continued from page 159] attacked and disbelieved. Hector knew all about the Big Dog and the Big Boy rules.

Hector's body aches from the weight of secrets. When we meet, he is in a white sport shirt, slacks, a blue blazer with brass buttons, and a shoulder-holstered omm with fifteen rounds in the clip and two more clips strapped under his right arm. He may be a little overarmed for his Los Angeles private-investigation agency (the Mayo Group, which handles the woes of figures in the entertainment industry-that pesky stalker, that missing money—for a fat fee up front and two hundred dollars an hour), but not for his history. For the rest of his life, Hector Berrellez will be sitting in nice hotels like this one with a cup of coffee in his hand, a gmm under his jacket, and very quick eyes.

He saw a lot of things and remembers al-

most all of them. He wrote volumes of reports. In 1997, he was interviewed by Justice Department officials about those unseemly drug ledgers and contra materials he saw during the raid on the fourteen Blandón stash houses back in 1986. His interviewers wanted particularly to know whether anyone besides Hector had seen them. They then told Hector that they couldn't find the seized material anymore.

Before he retired, Hector was summoned to Washington to brief Attorney General Janet Reno on Mexican corruption. He talked to her at length about how the very officials she was dealing with in Mexico had direct links to drug cartels. He remembers that she asked very few questions.

Now he sits in the nice lounge of the nice hotel, and he believes the CIA is in the dope business; he believes the agency ran camps in Mexico for the contras, with big planes flying in and out full of dope. He now knows in his bones what the hell he really saw on October 27, 1986, when he hit the door of that house in the Los Angeles area and was greeted with politeness and fresh coffee.

But he doesn't carry a smoking gun around. The photos, the ledgers, all the stuff the cops found that morning as they hit fourteen sterile stash houses where all the occupants seemed to be expecting company, all that material went to Washington and seems to have vanished. All those reports he wrote for years while in Mexico and then later running the Camarena case, those detailed reports of how he kept stumbling into dope deals done by CIA assets, never produced any results or even a substantive response.

Hector Berrellez is kind of a freak. He is decorated; he is an official hero with a smiling Ed Meese standing next to him in an official White House photograph. He pulled twenty-four years and retired with honors. He is, at least for the moment, neither discredited nor smeared. Probably because until this moment, he's kept silent.

And Hector Berrellez thinks that if the blacks and the browns and the poor whites who are zombies on dope ever get a drift of what he found out, well, there is going to be blood in the streets, he figures-there is going to be hell to pay

He tells me a story that kind of sums up the place he finally landed in, the place that Gary Webb finally landed in. The place where you wonder if you are kind of nuts, since no one else seems to think anything is wrong. An agent he knows was deep in therapy, kind of cracking up from the undercover life. And the agent's shrink decided the guy was delusional, was living in some nutcase world of weird fantasies. So the doctor talked to Hector about his patient, about whether all the bullshit this guy was claiming was true, about dead men and women and children, strange crap like that. And he made a list of his patient's delusions, and he ticked them off to Hector. And Hector listened to them one by one and said, "Oh, that one, that's true. This one, yeah, that happened also." It went on like that. And finally, Hector could tell the shrink wondered just who was nuts-Hector, his patient, or himself.

ON SUNDAY, MAY 11, 1997, GARY WEBB WAS

hanging wallpaper in his kitchen when the San Jose Mercury News published a column by executive editor Jerry Ceppos that was widely read as a repudiation of Webb's series. It was an odd composition that retracted nothing but apologized for everything. Ceppos wrote, "Although the members of the drug ring met with contra leaders paid by the CIA and Webb believes the relationship with the CIA was a tight one, I feel we did not have proof that top CIA officials knew of the relationship." Fair enough, except that Webb never wrote that top CIA officials knew of the contra-cocaine connection. The national press wrote front-page stories saying that the San Jose Mercury News was backing off its notorious series about crack. The world had been restored to its proper order. Webb fell silent. He had to deal with his own nature. He is not good at being politic. "I'm just fucking stubborn," he says, "and that's all there was to it, because I knew this was a good story, and I knew it wasn't over yet, and I really had no idea of what else to do. What else was I going to do?"

What he did was have the Newspaper Guild represent him in arbitration with the Mercury News over the decision to ship him to the wasteland of Cupertino, "I'm going to go through arbitration, and I'm going to win the arbitration, and I'm going to go to work," he says. "I was just going to fight it out. This was what I did, this was me, I was a reporter. This was a calling; it was not something you do eight to five. People were not exactly beating down my door, saying, Well, okay,

come work for us. I was . . . unreliable."

So he went to Cupertino, and he wrote stories about constipated horses and refused to let his byline be printed. And then he went to his apartment and missed his wife and family and watched Caddyshack endlessly. He was a creature living a ghostly life.

The only thing he didn't figure on was himself. Webb slid into depression. Every week, the 150-mile drive between his family in Sacramento and his job in Cupertino became harder. Every day, it was harder to get out of bed and go to work.

And he was very angry most of the time. He says, "I was going to live in my own house and see my own kids. At some point, I figured something was going to give." Finally, he couldn't make it to work and took vacation time. When that was used up in early August, he started calling in sick. After that, he went on medical leave. A doctor examined him and said, "You are under a great deal of stress," and diagnosed him as having severe depression. He couldn't sleep. He couldn't do much of anything. He decided to write a book about "Dark Alliance," but this time no one wanted it. His agent was turned down by twenty-five publishers before finding a small press, Seven Stories, that operates as a kind of New York court of last resort.

A job offer came from the California state legislature to conduct investigations for the government-oversight committee at about the same money he made for the Mercury News. His wife said, Take the job. Why hang around in this limbo? Webb thought about her words and told himself, What do I win even if I do win in arbitration? I get to go back to my office and get bullshitted the rest of my life. He watered his lawn, worked on the house, read more and more contra stuff. Drifted in a sea of depression.

"I didn't know what to do if I couldn't be a reporter," he says. "So all of a sudden, I was standing there on the edge of the cliff, and I don't have what I was doing for the last twenty years-I don't have that to do anymore, I felt like I was neutered, I called up the Guild and said, 'Let's see if they want to settle this case.' They sent me a letter of resignation that I had to sign."

Webb carried the letter with him from November 19 until December 10 of last year. Every day, he got up to sign the letter and mail it. Every night, he went to bed with the letter unsigned. His wife would ask, Have you signed it? Somebody from the Mercury kept calling the Guild and asking, Has he signed it yet?

"I mean," he says softly, "writing my name on that thing meant the end of my career. I saw it as a sort of surrender. It was like signing," and here he hesitates for several seconds, "my death certificate."

But finally he signed, and now he is functionally banned from the business. He's







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the guy nobody wants, the one who fucked up, the one who said bad things. Officially, he is dead, the guy who wrote the discredited series, the one who questioned the moral authority of the United States government.

If Gary Webb could have talked to a Hector Berrellez in the fall of 1996, when his stories were being erased by the media, Hector would have been like a savior to him. "Because he would have shown what I was reporting was not an aberration," Webb says now, "that this was part of a pattern of CIA involvement with drugs. And he would have been believed." But Webb was not that lucky, and the Hectors of the world were not that ready to talk then. So Webb was left out there alone, one guy with a bunch of interviews and documents. One guy who answered a question no one wanted asked.

that I will never find a smoking gun. I can hear the critics of Gary Webb explaining that all he has is circumstantial evidence. And I remember that American prisons are full of people put there by circumstantial evidence. Like anyone who dips into the world of the CIA, I find myself questioning the plain facts I read and asking myself, Does this really mean what I think it means?

• In 1982, the head of the CIA got a special exemption from the federal requirement to report dealings with drug traffickers. Why did the CIA need such an exemption?

O Courthouse documents attest to the fact that the Blandon drug organization moved tons of dope for years with impunity, shipped millions to be laundered in Florida, and then bought arms for the contras. Why are Gary Webb's detractors not looking at these documents and others instead of bashing Webb over the head?

The internal CIA report of contra cocaine activity has never been released. The Justice Department investigation of Webb's charges has never been released. The CIA has released a censored report on only one volume of Webb's charges. The contra war is over, yet this material is kept secret. Why aren't the major newspapers filing Freedom of Information requests for these studies?

The fifty-year history of CIA involvement with heroin traffickers and other drug connections is restricted to academic studies and fringe publications. Those journalists who find themselves covering the war on drugs should read Alfred McCoy's massive study, The Politics of Heroin CIA Complicity in the Global Drug Trade, or Peter Dale Scott and Jonathan Marshall's Cocaine Politics Drugs, Armies, and the CIA in Central America.

Following the release of "Dark Alliance," Senator John Kerry told The Washington Post, "There is no question in my mind that people affiliated with, on the

payroll of, and carrying the credentials of, the CIA were involved in drug trafficking while involved in support of the contras." Why has the massive Kerry report been ignored to this day?

On March 16, 1998, the CIA inspector general, Frederick P. Hitz, testified before the House Intelligence Committee. "Let me be frank," he said. "There are instances where CIA did not, in an expeditious or consistent fashion, cut off relationships with individuals supporting the contra program who were alleged to have engaged in drug-trafficking activity, or take action to resolve the allegations."

Representative Norman Dicks of Washington then asked, "Did any of these allegations involve trafficking in the United States?"

"Yes." Hitz answered

The question is why a mountain of evidence about the CIA and drugs is ignored and why the legitimate field of inquiry opened by Webb remains unpursued and has become journalistic taboo.

Maybe the CIA is great for America. But if it is, surely it can roll up its sleeves and show us its veins.

WEBB AND HIS WIFE, SUE, ARE STANDING IN the driveway with me after a Thai dinner in Sacramento. The night is fresh; spring is in the air. A frog croaks from the backyard on the quiet and safe suburban street. Sue has just finished rattling off details from one facet of the contra war, the CIA drugairline operation run out of Ilopango airfield in El Salvador. She seems to have absorbed a library of material over the last three years of her husband's obsession. Before, he always worked like hell, she knows, but on this one he brought it home. He could not keep it separated from his wife and family and his weekly hockey games. So Sue, with her winning smile and cheerful ways, has become an authority on America's dark pages. And we stand there in the fine evening air, the rush of spring surging through the trees and grass and shrubs, talking about the endless details of this buried episode in the secret history.

And I wonder how Webb deals with it, with all the hard work done, with all the facts and documents devoured, and with all this diligent toil resulting in his personal ruin, depriving him of the only kind of work he has ever wanted in his life.

And I remember what he said earlier that day while he sat in his study, leaning toward me, his right hand gripping his left wrist: "The trail is littered with bodies. You go down the last ten years, and there is a skeleton here and a skeleton there of somebody that found out about it and wrote about it. I thought that this is the truth, and what can they do to you if you tell the truth?" Me can they do to you if you write the truth?"

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Live Like an Argentine, p. 131; Helmut Lang suit and shirt it Helmut Lang, New York, P. 132: Salvatore Ferragamo suft and shirt at Salvatore Ferragamo rumonwide, Saks Fifth Avenue nationwide Tommy Hilliger Collection tie and pocket square at Tommy Hilliger, Beverly Hills P. 133: Prada suits, shirts, ties, and shoes at Prada, New York and Beverly Hills. P. 134: Donna Karan jacket and trousers at Bergdorf Coodman Men, New York Shirt at Neiman Marcus, Beverly Hills, Bergdorf Goodman Men, New York, Tie at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, Gianluca Issia vest (part of a three-piece suit) at Neiman Marcus nation wide Prada suit and shirt at Prada, New York and Beverly Hols. P. 136: Hermes sweater at Hermes nationwide. Polo by Ralph Lauren sport coat, vest, shirt, and tie at Polo/Ralph Lauren, New York, P. 137; Ralph Lauren Purple Label suit and shirt at Poko Ralph Lauren, New York and Beverly Hills, Polo by Ralph Lauren tie at Polo/Ralph Lauren, New York, Bloomingdale's New York P. 138: John Bartlett vest and trousers at Trend, San Jose, CA; David Lawrence, Seattle; Davis for Men, Chacago, Paul Smith shirt at Paul Smith, New York; Saks Fifth Avenue nationwide Polo by Raiph Lauren tie at Polo Raiph Lauren, New York, Bloomingdale's, New York, Helmut Lang shoes at Helmut Lang, New York, Gianluca Isata Suit at Mario's, Portland, OR. Large Borelli shirt at Bergdorf Goodman Men. New York, Neuman Marcus nationwide Donna Karan tle and shoes at Sales Fifth Avenue, New York P. 139: Tommy Hilliger Collection overcoat, shirt, and tie at Tommy Hilliger, Severly Hills P. 140: Calvin Klein suit at Calvin Klein, New York. Shirt at Sake Fifth Avenue nationwide, Barneys New York, New York, P. 141; Coorgio Armani overcoat, shirt, tie, trousers, and belt in Ciorgio Armani, New York, P. 142: Ermonegildo Zegna overcoat, suit, and shirt at Ermenegildo Zegna nationwide. Giorgio Armani tie at Giorgio Armani, New York and Beverly Hills. J. P. Tod's shoes at I. P. Tod's nationwide P. 143: Good suit vest shirt tie and shoes at Gucei, New York, Jil Sander suit, shirt, and tie at Jil Sander, Costa Mesa, CA, Barneys New York, New York: Shoes at Jil Sander, San Francisco; Bengdorf Goodman Men, New York Giorgio Armani Classico suit, shirt, tie, and shoes at Giorgio Armani New York

Six Goats to a Sweater, p. 146: Malo gloves, hot-water-bottle cover, hats, scarf, and blanket at Malo. New York and Falm Beach, FL. Ermenegildo Zegna polo at Ermenegildo Zegna nationwide P. 147: Raiph Lauren Purple Label shirt at Polo/Ralph Lauren, New York. Calvin Klein neckties at Calvin Klein, New York. Tommy Hilliger Collection V-neck at Tommy Hilliger. Beverly Hills. Hermes shirt at Hermes nationwide. Polo by Ralph Lauren turtleneck at Polo/Ralph Lauren, New York. Malo sweater and blanket at Malo. New York and Palm Beach, FL. Doke & Gabbana trousers at Doke & Gabbana, New York and Houston. Donna Karan beniey at Saks Fifth Avenue select stores. P. 149. Loro Piana slippers at Loro Piana, New York. TSE sweatpants at TSE, New York and San Francisco. Malo Scarf, pillows, and blanket at Malo. New York and Palm Beach, FL. Ralph Lauren Purple Label sweater at Polo Ralph Lauren. New York: Louis Boston, Bosson. Doke & Gabbana Slippers at Evice & Gabbana, New York. Ermenegido Zegna robe.

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Photographs & Illustrations

Table of Contents, p. 17: Cage: Amon Corban, Sanberg. Dan Winters, Webb: Brad Wilson; p. 22; Curtis: Moshe Brakha, Spoor Deborah Schwartz, Davis David Harry Stewart, Shirt and tie: Michael Grimm; Dancers: Koto Bolofor Shoe trees: Davies - Starr. Man at His Best, p. 51: Scyling by Erica Saltiel Levin, grooming by Terrence Ranger for Koko Represents; suit by Armani Exchange, Tahart by the Gap: p. 54; Wilde: Corbis Bettmann; pp. 56-57; Styling by Guillermo Castillo for Mark Edward Inc.; p. 60: Bacteria: Biophoto Associates/Photo Researchers; p. 62; Makeup by Agostina Farhat, hair by Robert Verica for Nubest & Co., Manhasert, NY, p. 66: Delmonico's Couriesy Primavera Public Relations, Inc.; Oyster Bar: Corbis-Bettmann. The Culture, p. 81: Prop created by Ron Terrill. The Lives of Men, p. 84: Styling by David Youkhannah for Clouber Fiction, pp. 88 and 90; Styling by GK Reid. Nic Cage's Suburban Nightmare, p. 106: Cashmere cardigan by Prada, sunglasses (5300) by LA Eveworks, p. 111: T-shirt by Frada. Things a Man Should Know, pp. 144-145: Styling by Severin for Tiffany Whitford, NYC, fedora (\$15) available t Arnold Hatters, 520 Eighth Ave., New York, NY 10018. The Perfect Man, pp. 168-169: Styling by Louise Godwin for Tiffany Whitford, NYC.

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The Spawning Bed

immy wasn't allowed to fish in the pond because the bluegill were spawning. Jimmy's dad said a man never took a spawning fish off a bed. So Jimmy hung around the house while his sister breathed all the air. She lay on the floor in gym shorts, twisting the phone cord around her finger, talking to one of her bitch friends. Which boys she would kiss, which boys she wouldn't. The whole house smelled like lip gloss. Jimmy couldn't look anywhere without seeing her legs. He flipped through the channels: Gilligan, Jeannie, Gomer. Gilligan, Jeannie, Gomer.

the groceries, glad, that once, for the chore. At the water. The rod vibrated in Jimmy's hand. kitchen table, he looked into each bag to see if it held anything good. His mom handed his sister a large pink box. Jimmy said, "Did you bring

me anything?" His mom laughed and stuck out her lower lip. "Poor Jimmy," she said. "Did Mommy forget to bring his tampons?" Jimmy felt the rims of his ears go hot. His sister shook her head. "God," she said, "I'm glad you'll never reproduce."

Jimmy climbed the poplar tree in the backyard. The tree had budded for spring, but each leaf was still tiny, a miniature of the leaf it would be. Behind the garage, Jimmy saw his cat attempting to screw the neighbors' cat. The neighbors' cat wait-

ed, tail up, while Jimmy's cat walked around in a circle, spasmodically humping the air. Jimmy's dad walked across the yard carrying the trash. He watched the cats for a moment, dropped the trash, and went inside. He brought Jimmy's mom back with him and pointed at the two cats. Jimmy's cat whirled and hissed at its tail. Jimmy's mom reached over and grabbed his dad's crotch; his dad grunted, scooted back, and reached between his mom's legs from behind. She jumped and squealed and ran toward the house in little mincing steps. Jimmy's dad chased her across the yard, snapping his hands at her ass like lobster claws.

Jimmy got his fly rod out of the garage and sneaked off to the pond. The woods had gone dark, but blooming dogwoods still glowed among the trees. The sky lit the surface of the pond, and Jimmy watched the reflection of a bat skitter across it. The water roiled and splashed in the shallows near the dam, as if something large and uneasy wallowed just beneath. Jimmy sneaked closer and saw the fingerlike outlines of the beds dug into the sandy bottom. Around the beds flitted the shadows of the spawning bluegill. Jimmy tied a spongerubber spider onto the end of his leader. He stripped enough line from the reel to cast into the middle of

the beds. He worked the rod forward and back, chanting under his breath, ten o'clock, two o'clock. The line curled and straightened over his head. The spider landed with a soft splat. The water stilled for a moment and then bulged behind it. Jimmy raised his rod tip

When Jimmy's mom got home, he carried in to set the hook. The fish cut at a sharp angle for deeper

Jimmy held the bluegill-a female trailing a thin, almost transparent string of roe-in his right hand. He pulled softly on the leader with his left. The fish had swallowed the spider all the way down to its gut. He knew that he couldn't remove the hook without killing the fish. He wrapped the leader around his left hand and yanked hard. The spider ripped loose and swung free, a small, bloody, unrecognizable thing. Jimmy threw the fish tar out into the pond. His right hand was almost black with blood. The white lines on his palm stood out plainly, thousands of them twisted together. Jimmy studied them in the twilight, a map he could not read. to

